The Saturday Evening
POST
November 17, 1956 - 15¢

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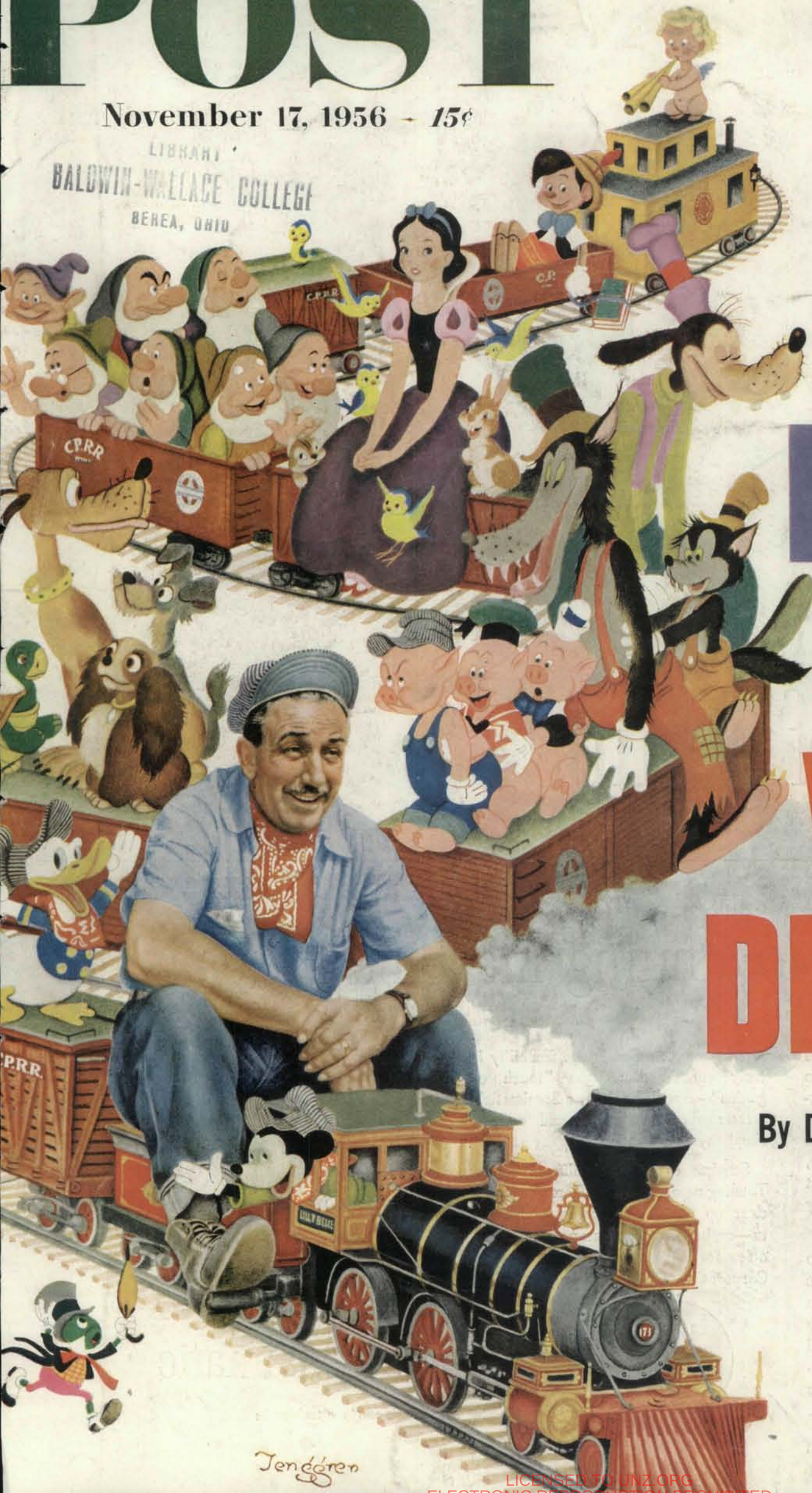

AT LAST
the intimate story
of America's
best-loved, least-
known genius,
told by his
daughter . . .

MY DAD WALT DISNEY

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER

The remarkable
private life of the man
who gave the world
Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck
and

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JUST FLICK THIS KNOB (highly magnified here, of course) on a Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machine and you switch from job to job.

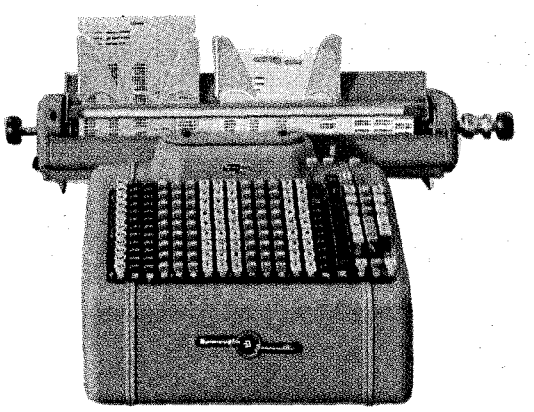
turns one accounting machine into four

UP FRONT JOB SELECTION. This *four-job* selector knob connects with the "brain," or sensing panel, inside a Burroughs Sensimatic Accounting Machine. The panel's hundreds of tiny metal "reflexes" divide up into *four* separate, specialized accounting jobs. You select the job you want instantly, automatically with a simple turn of the knob.

That's why your Sensimatic is so versatile . . . and why *today's* Sensimatic will stay modern *tomorrow*. For when you change accounting methods, you simply change the panel—not the machine. And that's why *big* firms as well as *small* depend on Sensimatics to cut accounting costs . . . to do far more work in far less time.

This complete Sensimatic flexibility is truly another Burroughs "touch of genius"—equalled only by a Sensimatic's greater speed, accuracy, and over-all simplicity of operation.

Sensimatics come in six different series. Totaling capacities range from two totals clear up to 19. We suggest you write us—or, better yet, call our nearest branch office for a demonstration. Burroughs Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan



Burroughs

Burroughs Sensimatic

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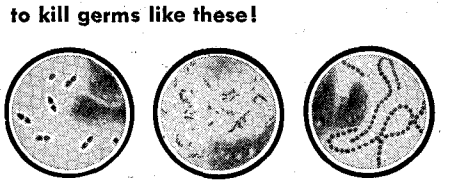
How do you *fight a Cold?*

Nose drops often help relieve congestion . . .
anti-histamines, aspirin, cough syrups can help.
But remember . . . these non-antiseptic
cold remedies don't kill germs the way
Listerine Antiseptic does . . . and germs cause
much of the misery of colds and the sore throats
they bring. Listerine kills germs instantly . . .
by millions. No matter what else you do
for a cold—use Listerine Antiseptic!
Use it full-strength!

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC
to kill germs like these!



Pneumococcus Type III | Hemophilus influenzae | Streptococcus pyogenes

At the first sign of a cold . . .

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

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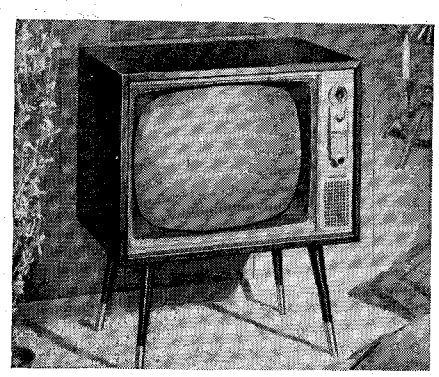
PHILCO FOR '57 . . .

Startling new mastery of Sight and Sound!

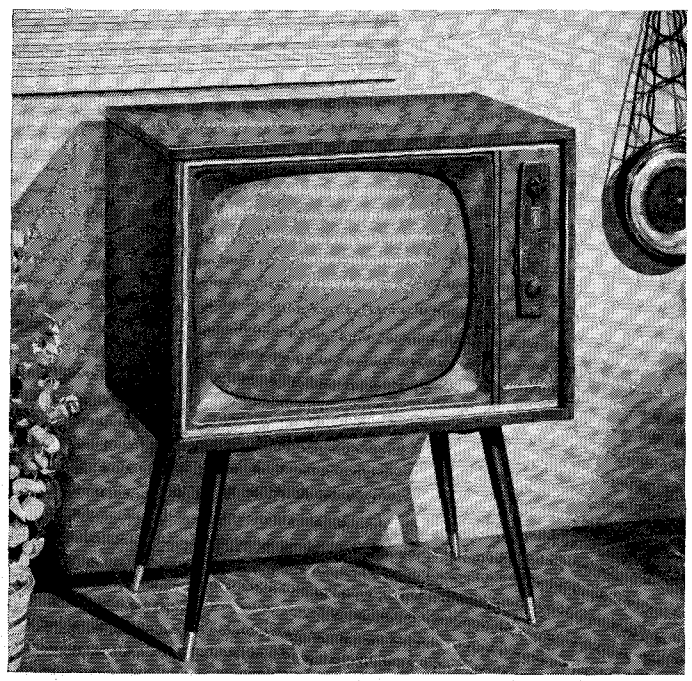
If you've held out for something *really new* in TV, now's the time to get that set of the future. Philco and only Philco has the big news this year! Diamond D Television. Up to 50% *brighter picture* than any other TV offers today . . . a fact, reported by delighted new Philco owners everywhere! And a whole new concept of TV sound . . . room flooding *Sound Out Front*, even in horizontal consoles at low table model prices. Once you see and hear Philco Diamond D Television you'll know there's nothing like it in sight and sound. Philco TV prices start at $119.95.



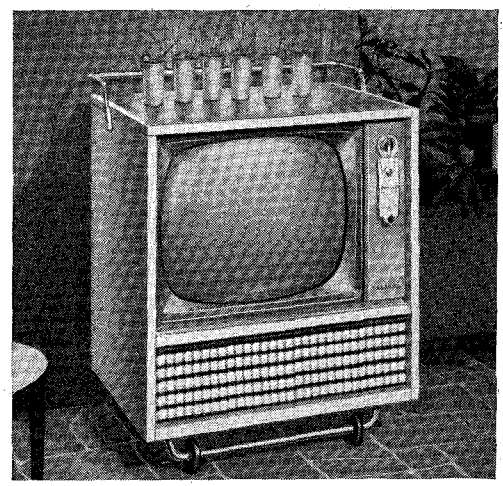
SOUND OUT FRONT in horizontal console at table TV price. Philco 4204.

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR giant screen console. Choice of African mahogany or white oak veneers. Dual up-front speakers. Automatic Top Touch Tuning, plus 4-way remote control. Philco 6610.

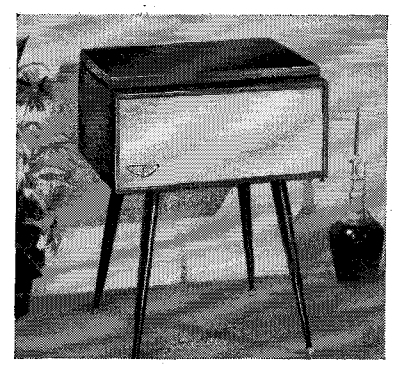
PHILCO DIAMOND TELEVISION



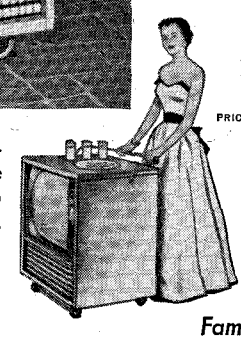
ROOM FLOODING SOUND pours out the front of this luxurious "Swivelet." Classic cabinet blends with mahogany furniture, turns right or left for easy viewing. Brilliant 21-inch overall diagonal picture. All-in-one control center puts *all* controls at your fingertips. Philco 4208.



NEW "RUNABOUT" TV. Big screen console on wheels—doubles as mobile snack bar. Aqua blue serving top resists spills and stains. Philco 4612-G.



HIGH FIDELITY PHONOGRAPH, "Micro-Mix" 4-speed automatic record changer. Electrostatic speaker. Philco 1363.



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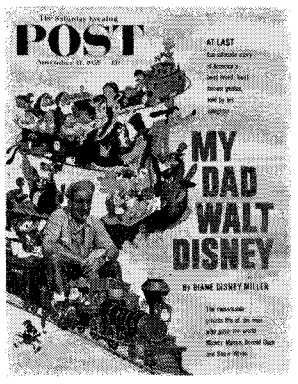

THE COVER

Thanks to the fanciful brush of Gustaf Tenggren, here's a trainload of beloved—oh, let's call them all people. How many of them do you know, or better said, how few don't you? A three-dot pause while you think . . . To be sure, Walt Disney would have Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck engineering his miniature train; and that's Jiminy Cricket down below, running feverishly as usual. Next on the train are Timothy the Turtle, Pluto, the Lady and the Tramp; then the Three Little Pigs, the Big Bad Wolf, one of the baddie's sons, and wonderful wacky Goofy. Finally, Snow White and the proper number of Dwarfs, and delightful Pinocchio, and going along for the caboose ride, a cherub piping sweet strains of Fantasia. Hail to the man who created for us these precious friends!

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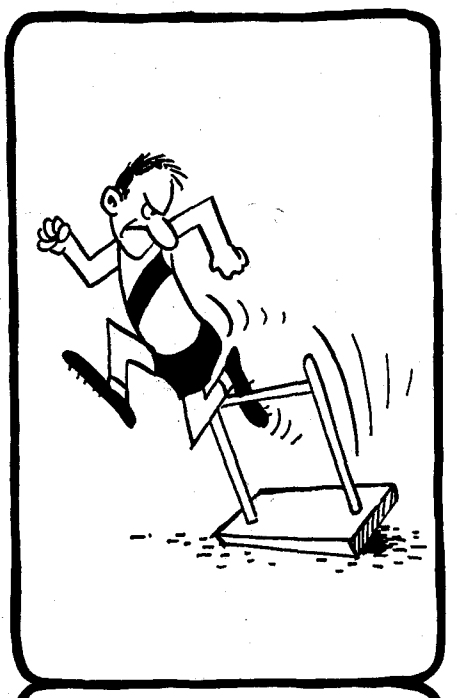

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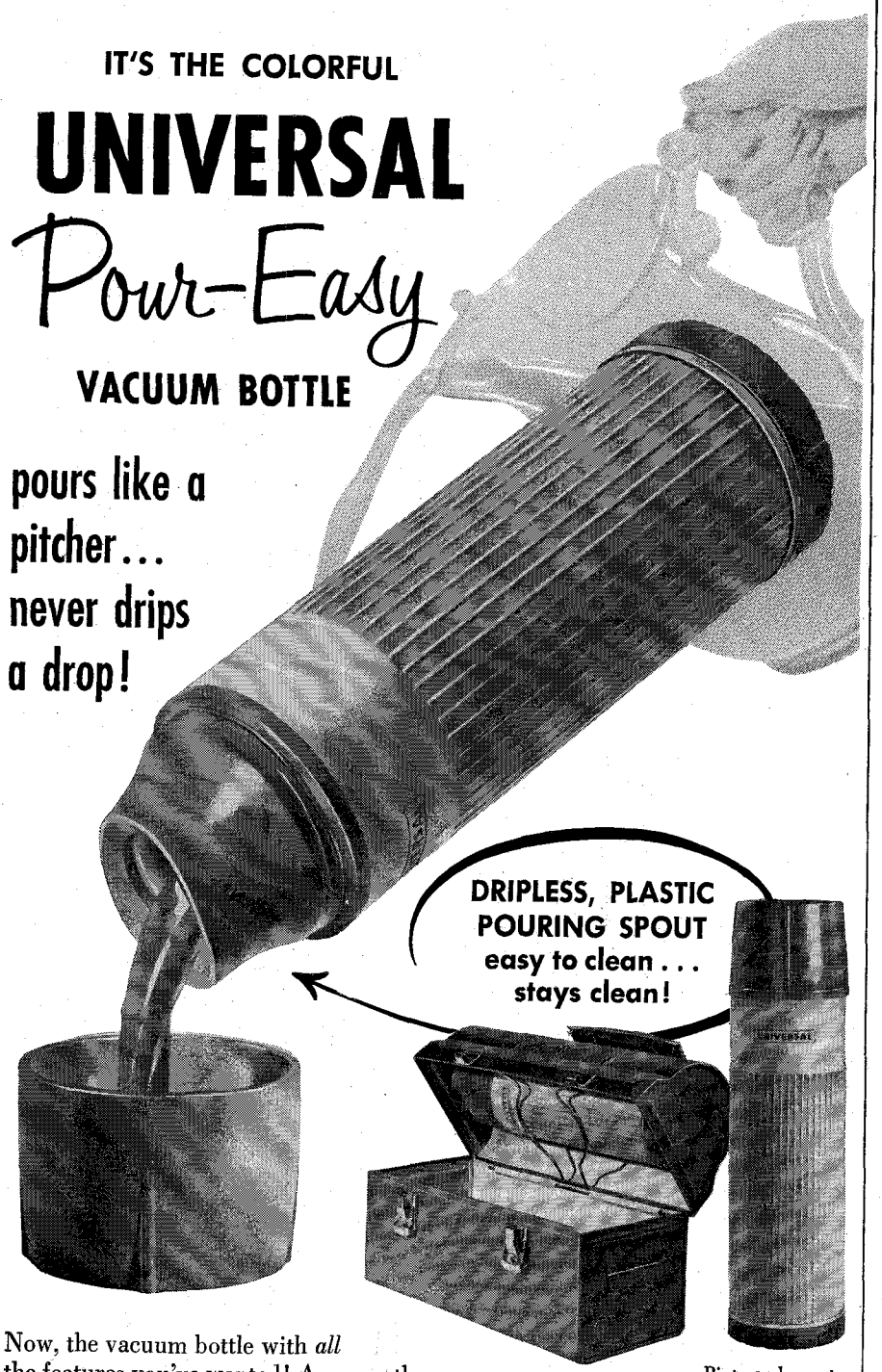
IT'S THE COLORFUL

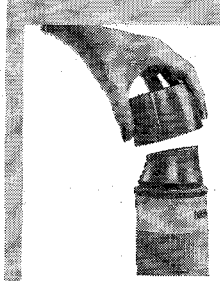
UNIVERSAL Pour-Easy VACUUM BOTTLE

pours like a pitcher... never drips a drop!



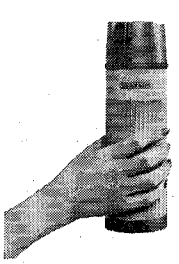
Pints and quarts in red-orange with blue-green cups or yellow with violet-blue cups. Lunch kits have yellow pints.

Now, the vacuum bottle with *all* the features you've wanted! Among others, the new spout that makes pouring easy . . . permanently sealed to the case to prevent leakage . . . a stopper that stays "put." There's a shock absorber inside, too, giving long, rugged life. And all this in sparkling, new pastel colors to brighten up picnics or luncheons. In pint or quart sizes, some with nested cups. At better stores everywhere! from $2.15



EASY-ON EASY-OFF CUP

New, shock-resistant plastic cup seals tight, or comes off with a twist of the wrist. Can't jam!



SHUR-GRIP CASE

Hands won't slip — it's corrugated! Filler has shock-absorber mounting for more rugged use.

KLEEN-SEAL STOPPER

New flexible stopper for positive seal. Stays "sweet," easy to clean. Tab for easy removal.

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Letters

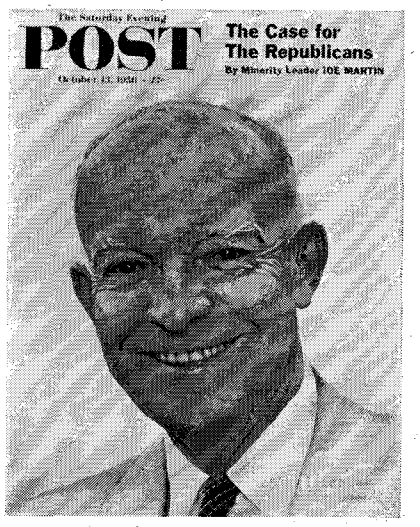
Rockwell, Ike & Adlai

Dear Sirs:

When I saw SEP's October 6 cover, I thought: "I didn't know Norman Rockwell is a Democrat."

This week's [Oct. 13] convinces me that he is a Republican.

DEAC MARTIN
Valley City, Ohio



Dear Sirs:

Norman Rockwell is a wonderful artist and belongs to the school of realism, which I love. . . .

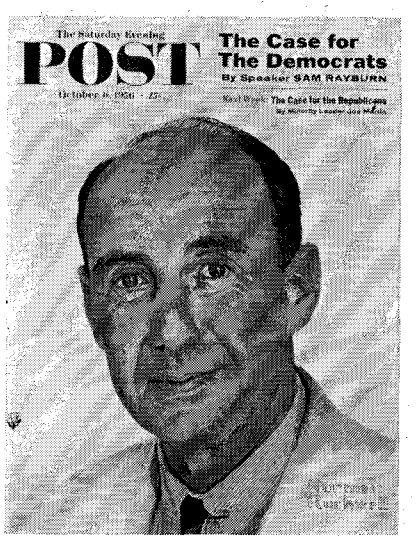
But he sure as hell ain't no portrait painter because this picture of Stevenson don't look no more like him than it looks like my tomcat. . . .

I *saw* Stevenson when he was in Indianapolis. I was standing where I got a real close look at him. Why heck, I even shook *hands* with him, and so I know what I'm talking about.

I think this is a damned Republican conspiracy!

DEDE SMITH
Indianapolis, Ind.

● *The Democratic National Committee, on the other hand, liked the portrait so much that they asked us to present it to Mr. Stevenson, which we are happy to do.* —ED.

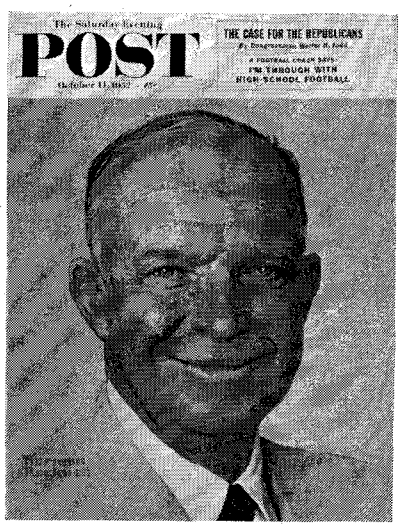


Dear Sirs:

As soon as I received the Post with President Eisenhower's picture on it, I immediately got out the picture Norman Rockwell had painted of Mr. Eisenhower four years ago [Oct. 11, 1952].

I compared them and found that the more recent picture shows President Eisenhower has aged just a little, but what is most important is that the qualities of sincerity and honesty still show through in his twinkling eyes and merry smile.

MRS. BARBARA J. DAILEY
Fredonia, N.Y.



Dear Sirs:

Did it ever occur to you that there is a resemblance between President Eisenhower and the actor Clark Gable? Here is the proof. (See cut.)

VITTORIO PELLEGRINI
San Francisco, Cal.

"The Quiet American"

Dear Sirs:

As a naturalized citizen I wish to compliment and thank you for your editorial [To Get Rave Reviews, Write an Anti-U.S. Novel!, Oct. 6] on Graham Greene's book The Quiet American.

RICHARD F. WOLFE
Forest Grove, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Graham Greene's The Quiet American has been judged by reviewers and the literate public as a magnificent piece of writing. This fact alone proves that most Americans are ultimately above rabble-rousers who see everything through political-thickened glasses, and who scare the world with their myopia.

FRANCES LYONS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I regretted to see the case against the book argued in part by a personal attack on the author. One misleading comment you make is:

(Continued on Page 6)

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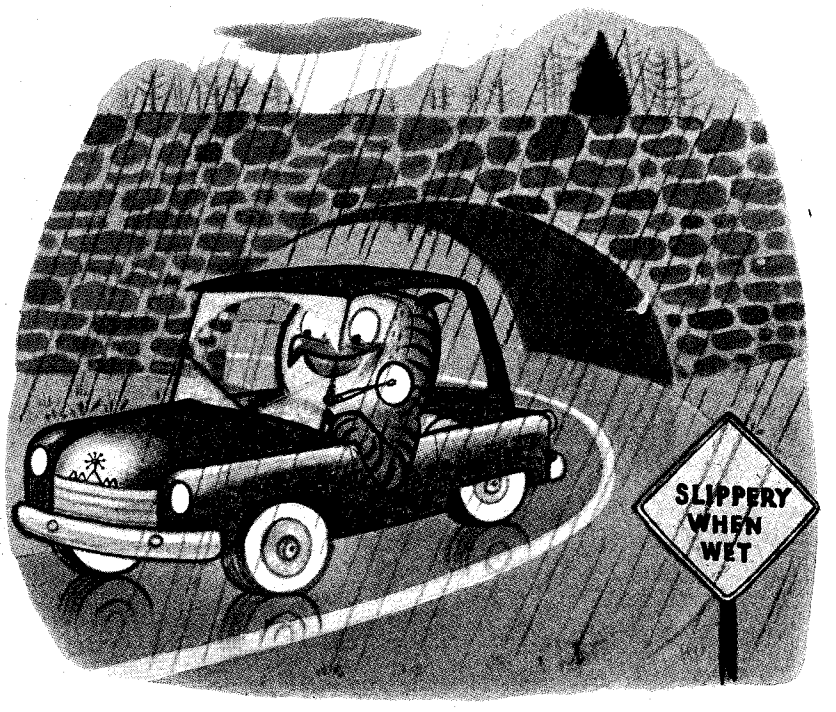
ROAD BIRDS

a series by Ethyl Corporation

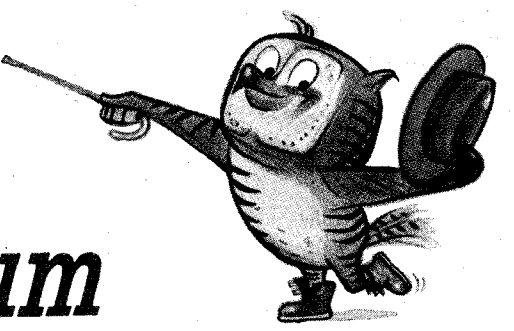
The Skiddy Swallow cuts quite a figure when he lands on a slippery road. Come ice, sleet, rain or snow . . . he maintains full speed. And when he has to stop in a hurry, it's just too bad.



The Smart Bird realizes that slick roads demand extra caution. He always cuts down his speed in bad weather. And when there's snow on the ground, he uses snow-tread tires or chains.

The Smart Bird, whether in snow or summer sun, always uses premium gasoline. He knows that the power a gasoline can deliver depends on octane rating. Premium gasoline is higher-octane gasoline—gives top power, performance, driving pleasure.

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



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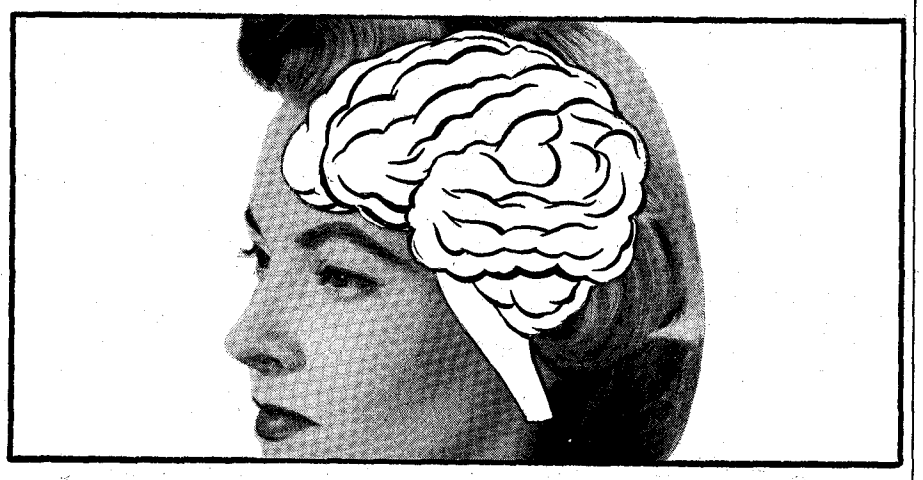

Get faster relief with

STRONGER YET SAFER ANACIN®

Also goes to work instantly to relieve pains of Neuritis, Neuralgia, Normal Periodic Pain and Distress of Colds.

Anacin not only gives *stronger, faster* but also *safer* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets can not upset the stomach. They contain no narcotics or habit-forming ingredients. Despite their great strength, you can take Anacin Tablets as directed as often as needed without the slightest harm.

You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients.

The highest medical authorities in the nation declare that the Anacin way — a formula combining smaller quantities of a *number* of highly effective pain relievers — gives faster, more effective and safer relief than a large dose of one *single* drug. This is one of the first fundamentals of medicine taught in all schools of medicine and dentistry. Just ask your own physician or dentist if this isn't true.

So whenever stronger yet safer medication is needed — you can depend upon Anacin. Remember — no single drug can give you the same strong safe relief of Anacin's combination of powerful pain relievers. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

If pain persists — see your doctor.

Highest medical authorities have established beyond a shadow of a doubt that Anacin's *combination* of potent pain relievers acts smoother and more efficiently than any *single* drug.

Can not upset Your Stomach!

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

"Besides, he was a communist for a short time in his youth. . ." . . . .

By saying that he was a communist you are implying that the fact is relevant to your discussion of his book. Now it is fairly well known and accepted that Mr. Greene joined the Communist Party when he was a student, on the hopeful assumption that he would get a free ride to Russia and back. He joined with a friend of his who was really won over by the communists and stayed with the party. Greene, however, quit.

I suppose that if he was able to satisfy the immigration authorities with his explanation, we should also be content. And we should not use this point to argue against a book which can be validly criticized on more relevant grounds.

MICHAEL F. GIBSON
Houston, Texas

High Style

Dear Sirs:

MIGHTIEST MENU IN MANHATTAN, by Will Grimsley, Oct. 6, was read with much interest, as I had a rather unusual experience there a few months ago. With the sweltering heat in New York City I was quite unprepared for the refrigerated indoors. As we entered Leone's, a very dignified waiter seated us in the center of the room . . . directly under the blower. In a few minutes my teeth and shoulders became convulsive-like and my escort politely offered his jacket. I needed no further persuasion and accepted it as he quietly slipped it under the table. Like a flash, the waiter appeared, requesting him to put his coat back on, saying, "We

have extra wraps for the ladies!" As I sat imagining a fur cape, he reappeared and, with precise eloquence, unfolded a tablecloth, made a neat triangle and draped my shaking shoulders. The chortling and chuckling throughout the place produced some embarrassment; however, this was compensated by the delicious feast spread before us. So I finished dinner in my red, green and orange gaily striped wrap . . . and made a memo to go prepared next time.

SOCORRO MUNOZ
Bakersfield, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Since out-of-town friends seem always to insist on dining at Leone's because they've "read about it," I have been force-fed there four times. As a native New Yorker, I have eaten many excellent Italian meals, none of them at Leone's. The best ever to cross my palate was at Asti's, on East 12th Street. The only thing they lack at Asti is a press agent. The only thing they lack at Leone's is a chef.

LOUIS FISHER
Wantagh, N. Y.

A Cop is a Cop is a Cop

Dear Sirs:

In Letters to the Editors, Oct. 13th, Mrs. Estelle Lloyd states that there is no such word in the English language as "cop." If she will look in Vol. 1 of Funk's Standard dictionary she will find it meaning police or policeman.

The word dates back a long, long time to the City of London Watch, whose members wore a copper chain or collar to identify them, the forerunner of the present police shield. Later, when the London Metropolitan Police were organized, during the time Mr. Peel was Prime Minister of England, the police were also called "peelers," but the word "cop" still remains.

G. N. WHITMAN
Annapolis Royal, N.S.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps Mrs. Estelle Lloyd would think more kindly of the word "cop" if she knew of its origin:

In England the functionary we know as a "peace officer" or policeman is widely known as a Constable. Certain reports required of them were formally signed, "J. Bull, Constable on Patrol."

Inevitably these words were reduced to their initial letters and "Cop" was the result.

G. E. JOHNSON
Richmond, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

When a Chief of Police signs his name and designates his position with his initials, it may look like this:

John Jones, C.O.P.

Is it any wonder he became known as Cop? So, you see, "Cop" is an honorable title and not undignified. Every police officer should be proud to be called "Cop."

R. M. GENTHON
Jackson, Miss.

● *Our dictionary says the origin of the word cop is "obscure." We agree.* —ED.

Kim Novak

Dear Sirs:

Of all the disgusting tripe, your Kim Novak story [HOLLYWOOD'S MELANCHOLY BLONDE, by Dean Jennings, Oct. 6] takes the prize!

MRS. ANTHONY A. FIRLEY
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

One of the best articles ever written about Miss Novak.

CARROLL PAYNE
Mobile, Alabama

Post Picture Credits

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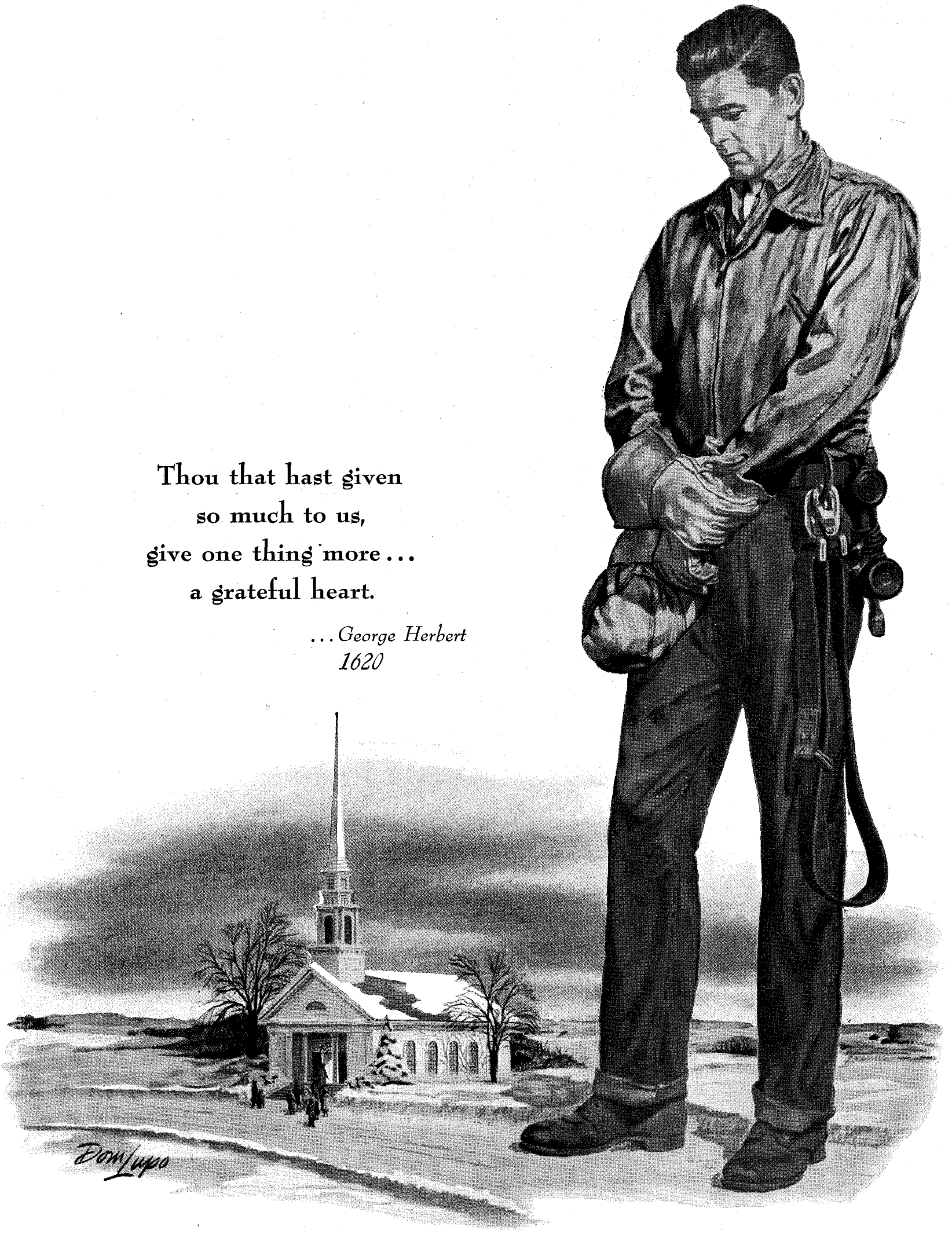
Thou that hast given
so much to us,
give one thing more...
a grateful heart.

...George Herbert
1620



GENERAL SYSTEM

GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT TELEPHONE SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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THE NEW Pontiac is

Fresh from 100,000 miles of road tests, the '57 Pontiac is on display!

Better go see it because this is the biggest surprise package of *any* year—the car that beat them all to the big-time changes in every department of motoring.

Even a brief once-over of Pontiac's sleek new styling tells you that you're in at the start of an automotive revolution. Those taut, wind-tunnel lines literally point the way for the others to follow.

And there's plenty for them to follow! That glistening sheath conceals a carload of engineering "firsts!"—all polished to watch-work perfection in the toughest test ever given a new car.

A prototype of this '57 Pontiac pounded the road through 100,0(miles of tests . . . over country lanes, city streets and superhighway Through it all Pontiac engineers refined, redesigned and perfected.

They made Pontiac's big new power plant even more efficient than i predecessor, the engine that set over fifty new world records and led a eights in miles per gallon! They perfected the new suspension system, ne controls and new Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic* to give you the smoothe riding, easiest handling—and safest—new car ever to hit the road!

See and drive this new '57 Pontiac before another sun sets. Samp in a single mile all that's been proved by 100,000 miles of testing.

*An extra-cost optic

IT'S AMERICA'S NUMBER (1) ROAD CAR!

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Torque of '57!

Completely New from Power to Personality

...ND THE FIRST CAR AT ANY PRICE WITH...

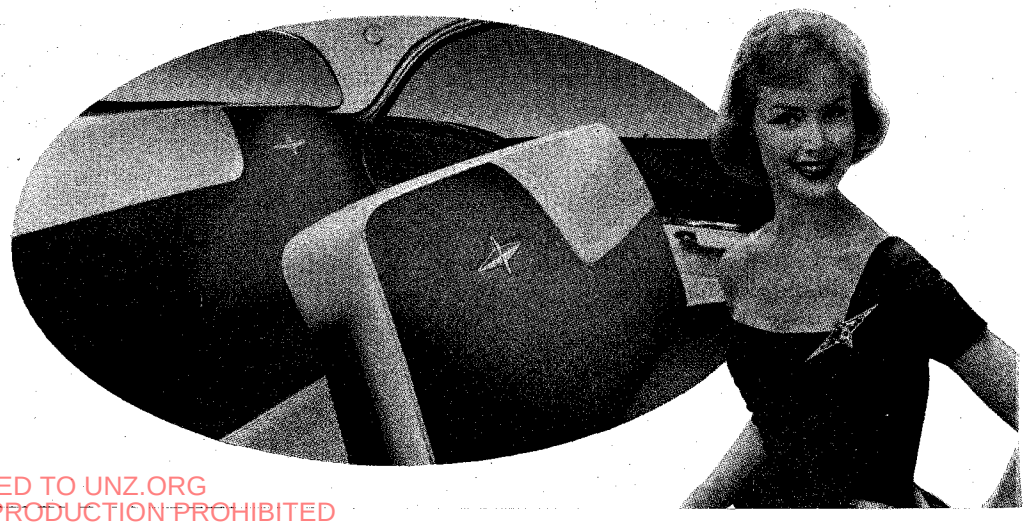
...lar Flight Body Design—*a Pontiac Exclusive—longer and lower ...n ever before—'57's most distinctive new automotive styling.*

...e "Off-the-Shoulder" Look Interior Styling—*a fashion ...rst" for '57—perfectly color-matched with the exterior of your choice.*

...ew World-Record V-8 Engine—*270 h.p. in Star Chief and Super ...ief, 252 h.p. in the Chieftain—with smoother Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic.*

...oud-soft, Level-Line Ride—*the ride sensation of the year—a new ...pension system based on a big, road-hugging 124- or 122-inch wheelbase.*

Popular-Priced Series: *Star Chief • Super Chief • Chieftain.*



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Editorials

Nasser Can't Restore Good Faith Just by Keeping the Canal Open!

One of the consequences of what might be called atomic diplomacy is a willingness to settle for almost any solution of a problem if it appears likely to avoid war. Thus, in this country, interest in the Suez Canal crisis is summed up in the frequently heard statement that "the canal is still running, and anyway it wasn't worth a war."

Satisfying as these facts undoubtedly are, they leave many things unsettled. After all, the miscreant who steals your automobile can usually keep it running, but few would think it fair to award the thief permanent possession on account of his mechanical skill. On the contrary, most people would insist that the authorities repossess the car and jail the thief even if at the risk of a Thieves' Revolt. That is how the French and British owners of the Suez Canal Company feel about the matter.

Looking back on the Suez affair, one finds it hard to avoid speculating on what would have happened if Secretary of State Dulles had turned his back and let the French and British have a go at taking back the canal. They surely need no assistance from us against the Egyptians. If they do, Western Europe has declined past all help. Certainly, practitioners of traditional diplomacy would shudder at the idea of announcing that "force" was out before the negotiating had even begun. Doubtless Colonel Nasser had reason to believe that force was unlikely, but was he entitled to be assured in advance that nobody was going to do anything rough?

The governments and some of the people of Great Britain and France are outdone with Secretary Dulles for refusing to back them in drastic measures against Colonel Nasser's seizure of the canal. Their irritation is easy to understand, although it might be tempered somewhat by recollection of their own coolness toward American efforts to thwart Soviet aggression via Korea. Surely the British Foreign Office can understand that Mr. Dulles had to consider the possibility that the use of force against Egypt, even if the case for it were undisputed, might not be just a gunboat expedition, but could fan out into a general war, with the United States inevitably involved. It was a matter of American national interest—to the defense of which Mr. Dulles is committed—to limit the conflict, or at least try.

The "canal is still running," despite some dispute as to whether the legal owners or the grabbers are entitled to collect the tolls, and we have no war. Nevertheless, at least three less advantageous developments must be set down on the debit side of the ledger. First, the inability of the West to act quickly and drastically has convinced the nations of the Middle East that the "wicked imperialists" are weaker than they actually are. British power is derided as a paper lion. Secondly, Soviet influence has been stepped up in the Middle East because of failure to meet the Kremlin's challenge. Third, the good faith upon which small nations must depend if they are to obtain new capital and assistance from the West has been dangerously undermined.

Perhaps this third "side effect" is the most serious—at any rate for Egypt and similarly situated nations. If their standard of living is to be improved, they will need credit, capital and all the things which one cannot get without a reputation for honoring commitments and carrying out contracts. In a recent issue of The Lamp, a publication of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which has long experience in the Middle East, the issue is clearly stated: "If we were to accept the idea that nations, simply by virtue of being nations, could, without censure or penalty, break their word and unilaterally alter or repudiate contracts, then a contract with a nation would become utterly meaningless and worthless." America could not be expected to invest good dollars in such an uncertain area.

Where then would the needed capital and all that it implies come from? Colonel Nasser pretends to rely on the Soviet Union. But that appears to be a poor gamble because, as the bitter experience of Moscow's satellites makes pitifully plain, the Soviet Union has little capital to export. Her interest in the nations in her orbit is that of an exploiter, not an investor.

Despite all the loose talk about "colonialism" and "exploitation," the economic betterment of "underdeveloped nations" must depend on the industrialized and capital-exporting countries. If Colonel Nasser and others similarly tempted learn the rules by experience, nobody can reasonably regret that he was not taught them by force. But if the rules are not learned at all, the development of countries like Egypt will be long postponed.

There's Still a Lot of Old-Fashioned "Englishness" Left in Great Britain

All this talk about how foreigners hate us Americans left one traveler of our acquaintance unprepared for what happened to him in England. It seems that he could not slacken his stride on Piccadilly to decide whether Dover Street was this street or the next one, without some Englishman bustling up to ask, "Are you lost? May I help?" Even in the provinces, publicans forced ice upon him when he was trying to pass as an Englishman by taking his drink at room temperature. When he fell ill of a fever, the local practitioner visited him twice and fended off energetic offers of payment with a debonair "Oh, dear, no! Entente cordiale and all that."

Connoisseurs of British justice should not have missed the case of Gold vs. Brighton Corporation, in which the Court of Appeal ruled on the question whether or not Gold, by adding a secondhand line to his clothing business, had "lowered the tone of the district," as alleged by the municipality of Brighton. The learned justices kicked the thing around in high style, but Lord Justice Birkett really settled the matter by reminding his colleagues that "it is notorious that many people who go to magnificent functions do not go in their own clothes; and they would be very shocked to think that what they were doing was lowering the tone of the district"—including Buckingham Palace.

There have been vast changes in England. Ice cream is advertised everywhere, in contrast to the days when a watery approximation thereof was obtainable only at places which cater to Americans. But a lot of things haven't changed. For example, the cricket team representing Honiton in Devonshire canceled its match with a neighboring village because the latter's players came on the field in gray flannel trousers instead of white.

In the House of Commons a bill to increase to £200 the liability of innkeepers for losses by guests was defeated after Mr. Nigel-Nicolson (Bournemouth, East, and Christchurch, C.) declared that, although he didn't know what a peer might have in his luggage when he stopped at an inn, his own "usually consisted of a pair of pyjamas, a tooth brush, razor and a copy of the day's Hansard (laughter)," and he found it hard to believe that the ordinary person's suitcase contained much more. Hansard, of course, is the British version of the Congressional Record.

On the dumb-animal front, the British S.P.C.A. has been trying to decide whether duck racing as practiced at Wantage, Berkshire, for the past two hundred years, constitutes cruelty within the meaning of the act. The sponsors of the races said they could see nothing cruel in the sport and that "spectators come for the fun of watching the competitors falling over in the water."

There is a Conservative Government in England now, but don't imagine that all traces of bureaucracy have disappeared. Only a few weeks ago the Ministry of Agriculture issued a report 171 pages long recounting hearings on the marketing of the egg. It seems there are plenty of eggs now, but the bureaucrats still want to put their O.K. on each individual egg before the customer gets it.

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Hi Ho loves company... and company loves Hi Ho!

Company naturally takes a shine to Sunshine Hi Ho Crackers. Hi Ho's finer, buttery flavor lifts your party fixings way out of the ordinary. Works wonders with snacks and all kinds of spreads, too!...You'll *taste* the *difference* when you and Hi Ho get together. Make it soon!

the all-'round round cracker

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PRESS CONFERENCE—Some of America's outstanding newspaper men interview Tom McCahill after his dramatic high-speed tests of the new General DUAL 90 at Detroit proving grounds. His verdict: "This tire with two treads is so strong and safe it will reduce accidents and save lives."

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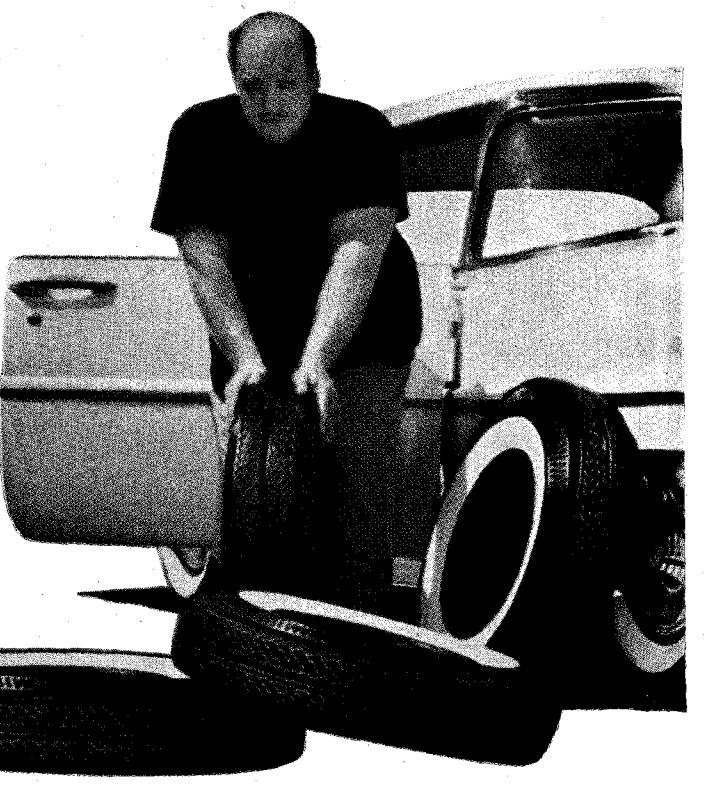
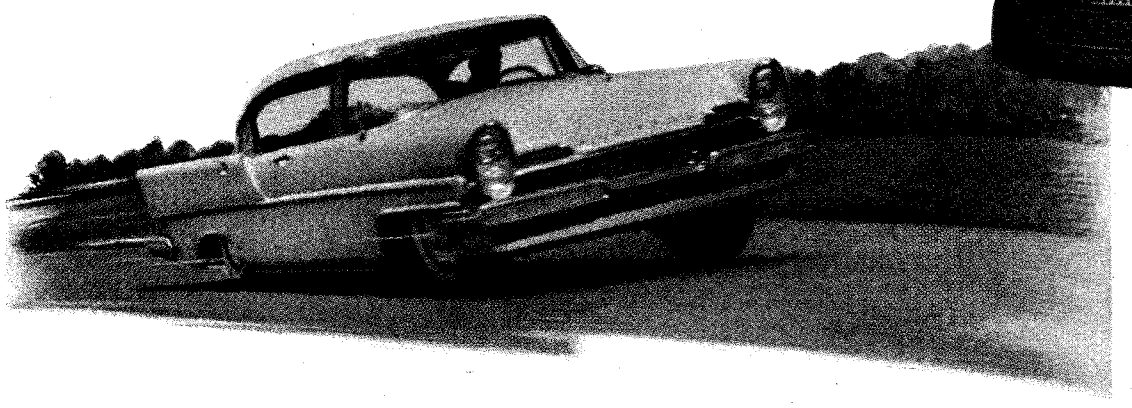
I've ever tested"

THE TIRE WITH TWO TREADS

so strong and safe it will save lives





GENERAL DUAL 90's inspected immediately after gruelling proving ground tests, show no tread wear or distortion. Such toughness means long life and safety.

QUICK, STRAIGHT-LINE STOPS from speeds up to 105 miles an hour because when brakes are applied, the Dual 90 twin-treads grip and "squeegee" instantly.

by TOM McCAHILL, *noted automotive writer, Director of Annual Daytona Beach Time Trials, recognized as "Mr. Car Tester."*

Ripping the hide off a charging rhino barehanded would prove easier than bruising General's all-new DUAL 90—the tire with two treads.

To test this tire, I borrowed a 1957 model of a leading car manufacturer and the use of his Detroit Proving Grounds. While making a trial run with my own car on other tires, I ripped one tire apart in the 360-degree turn.

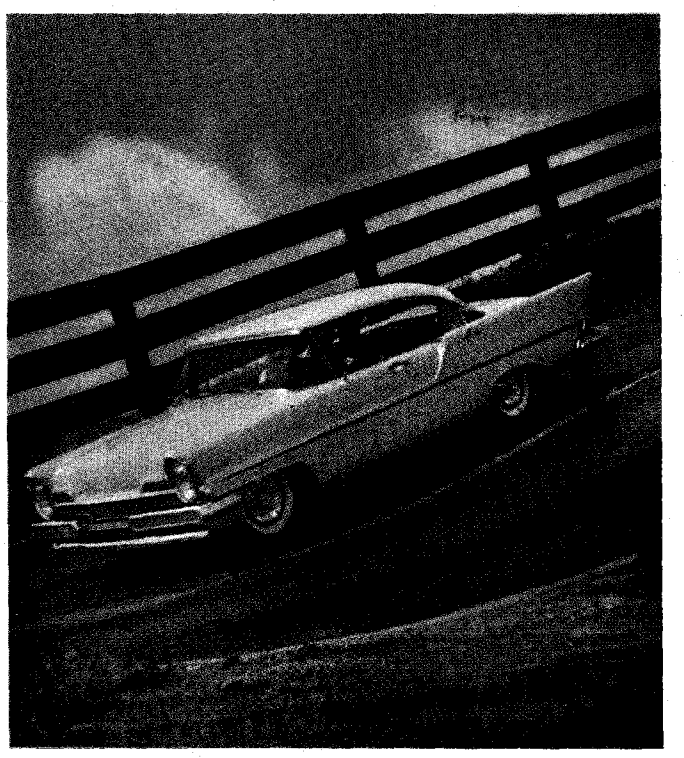
"Here," I thought, "is the spot to get the hide off the Dual 90's." Well, in 40 miles of hard driving around a tight 360-degree turn at roll-over speed, I succeeded only in making myself dizzy.

I made *nine full panic stops* on rough concrete at speeds of between 95 and 105 mph. These emergency stops were so severe all four tires momentarily caught fire and smoked. BUT, in an immediate tread check after the brake stops we could find no distortion.

To further check stopping safety, the 35% test grade (steeper than a San Francisco cable car hill) was thoroughly wetted down. The idea was to drive this five thousand pound car down the wet, slick grade and bring it to a fast, straight-line stop. It seemed like trying to stop the Super Chief at full bore with a flyrod. I didn't know what to expect of this test, aside from landing on my head or in East Nova Scotia.

Therefore, no one was more surprised than I when, half-way down, I jammed the brake pedal to the floor—the DUAL 90's bit in and brought the car to a gentle stop in a straight line, without the slightest trace of whip or breakaway.

These are the toughest tires I've ever tested. Toughness means long life and safety. There's nothing "just as good" when your life is on the line.



WET PAVEMENT on test hill—steeper than is found on any U. S. Highway—furnishes dramatic proof of how Dual 90 wipes a dry track, stops fast and straight.

GENERAL DUAL 90

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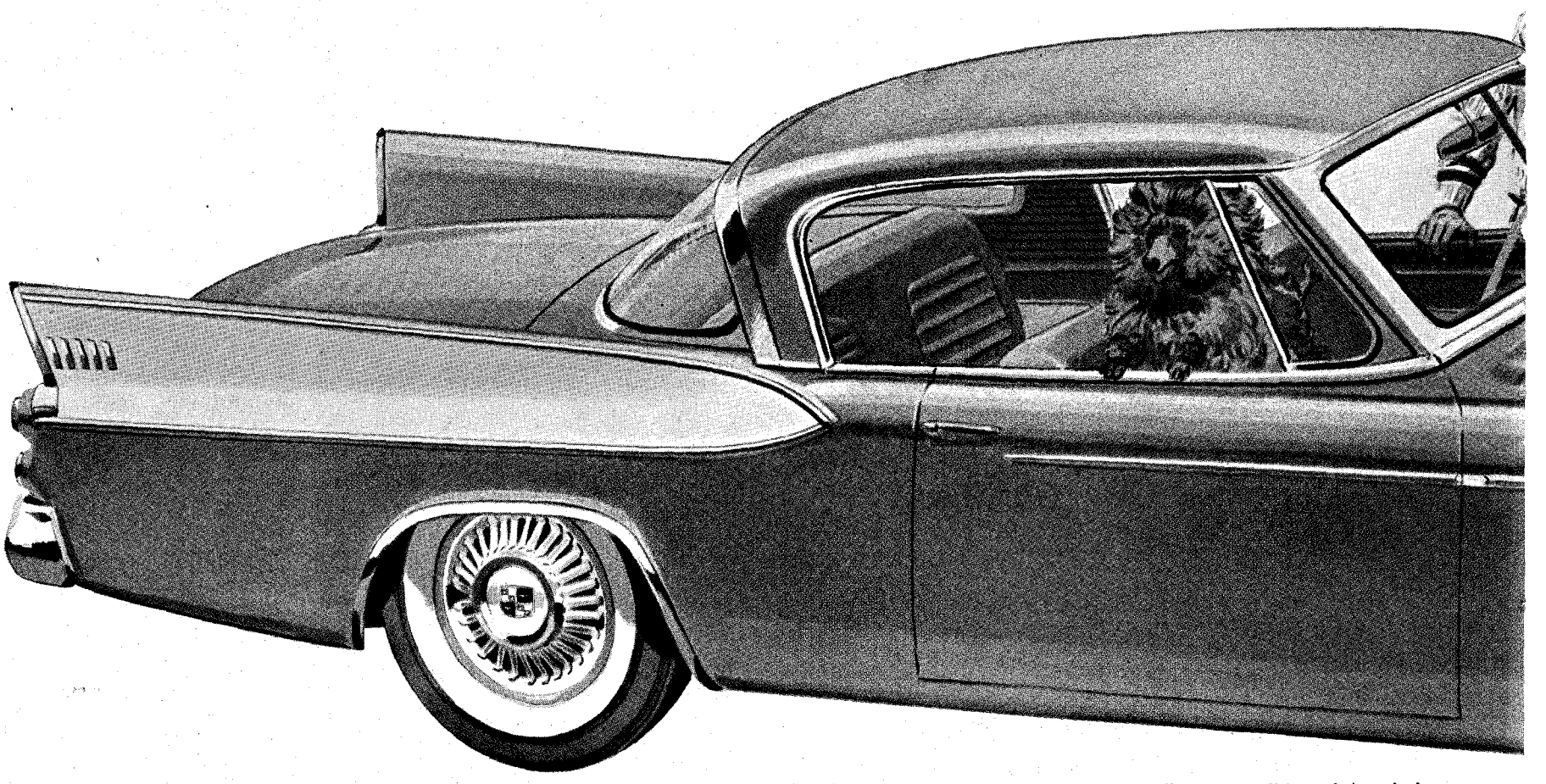
This year—Craftsmanship makes the big

STUDEBAKER

only car in America with Supercharge(



✦ NEW BROADMOOR 4-DOOR STATION WAGON. America's most glamorous 4-door station wagon, with room to spare for work or play. Only Studebaker makes station wagons that ride as comfortably as fine sedans.

✦ NEW SUPERCHARGED GOLDEN HAWK. Thrilling new edition of America's largest-selling sports cars. Brilliant new Jet-Stream Supercharged Engine! Blazing acceleration when you want it—when you need it... steers and handles as though it knows your mind. Seats five passengers in luxurious comfort.

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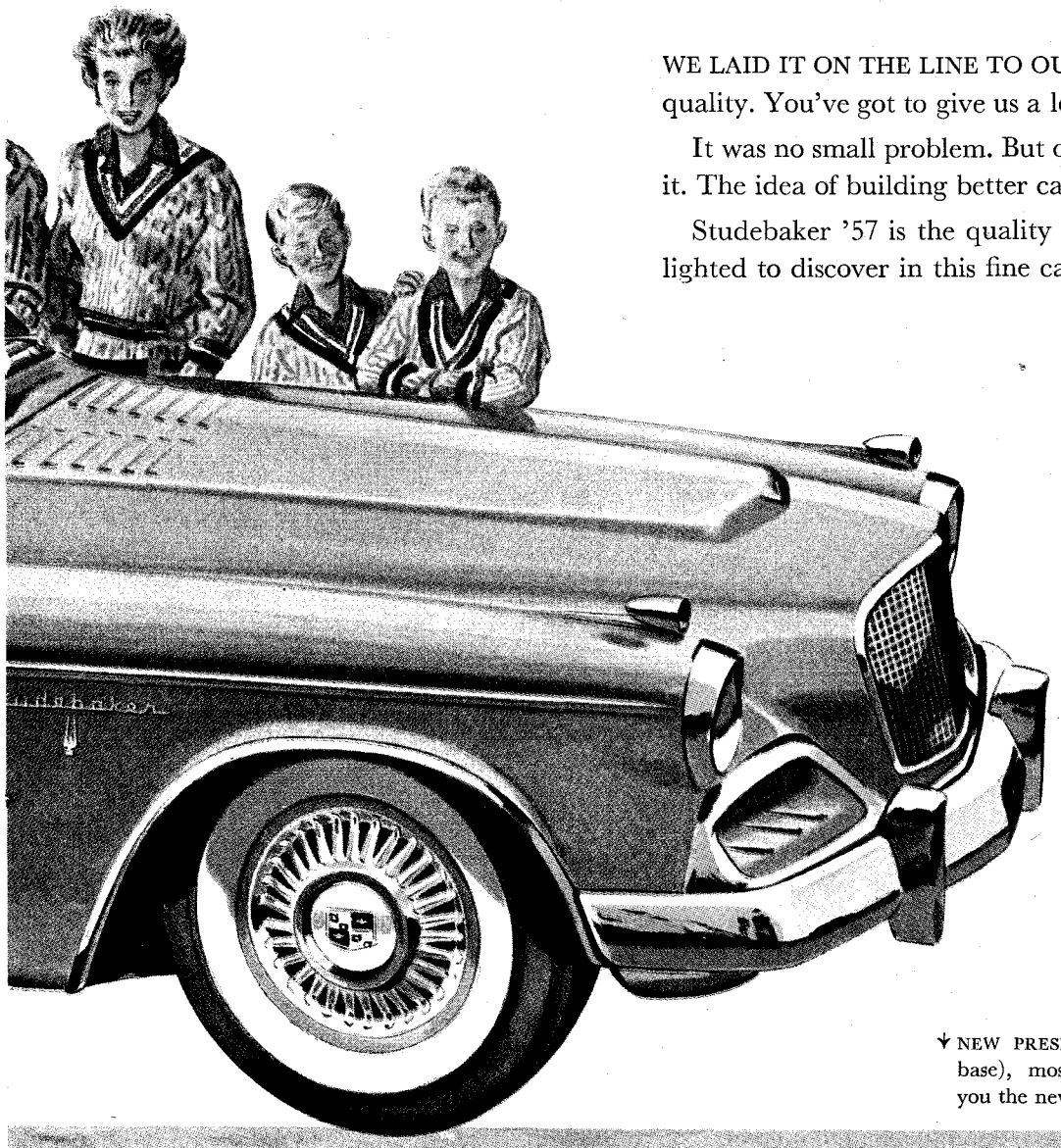
ifference in the low price field!

57

'ower, Twin Traction, Slipstream Styling



WE LAID IT ON THE LINE TO OUR ENGINEERS. " . . . the only way to beat them is with quality. You've got to give us a low price car that's *unmistakably* way ahead of the rest."

It was no small problem. But our men grew more and more enthused as they got into it. The idea of building better cars instead of more cars . . .

Studebaker '57 is the quality result. You who enjoy good workmanship will be delighted to discover in this fine car the true meaning of *Craftsmanship with a flair!*

A pledge to you from Studebaker

Your new Studebaker is the result of fine craftsmanship that has kept us first in quality for more than 100 years. To remain first in quality, we pledge ourselves to bring you:

Craftsmanship
in a car more solidly built.

Performance
in a car more thoroughly tested.

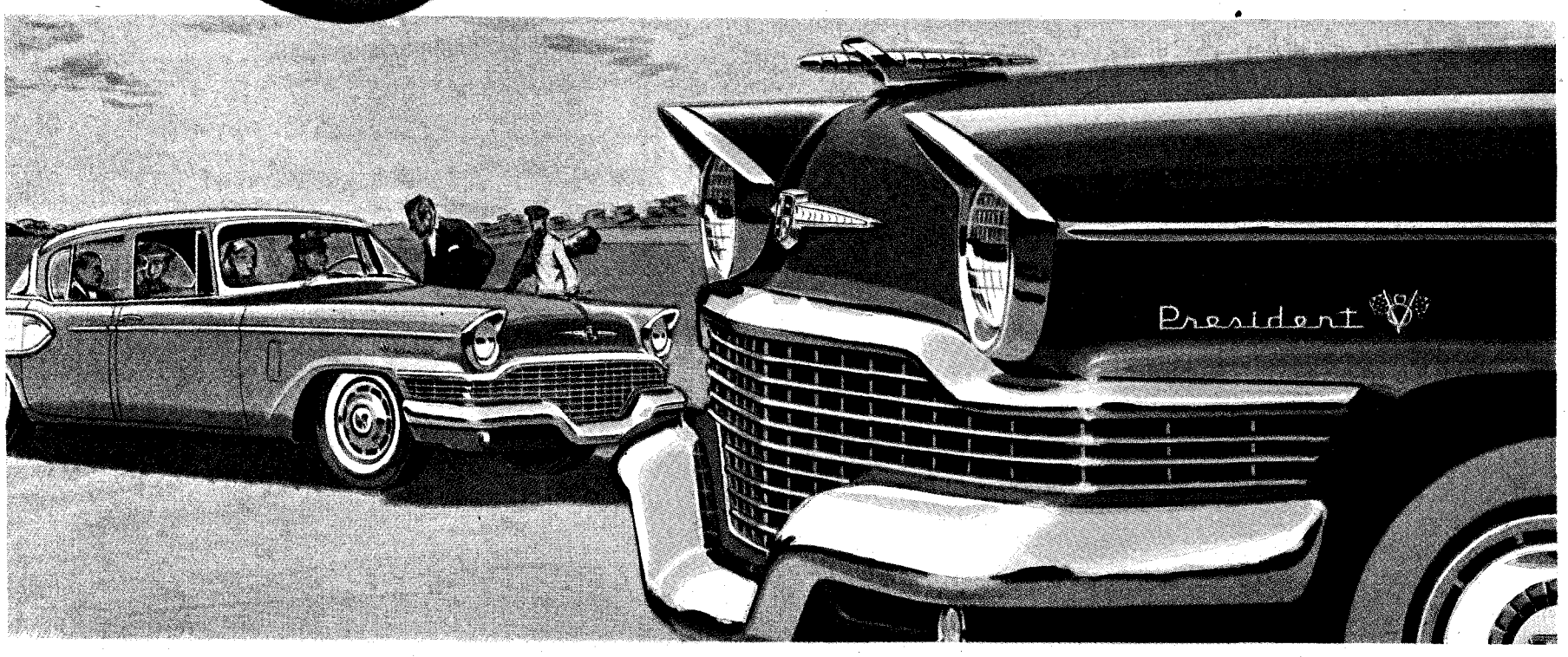
Dependability
in a car more completely inspected.

Satisfaction
in a car you'll enjoy longer.

STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION

Where pride of workmanship always comes first!

✈ NEW PRESIDENT CLASSIC SEDAN. Here's the longest (120½-inch wheel base), most beautiful, high-powered car in the low price field. Brings you the new Luxury-Level Ride—the smoothest you've ever known.



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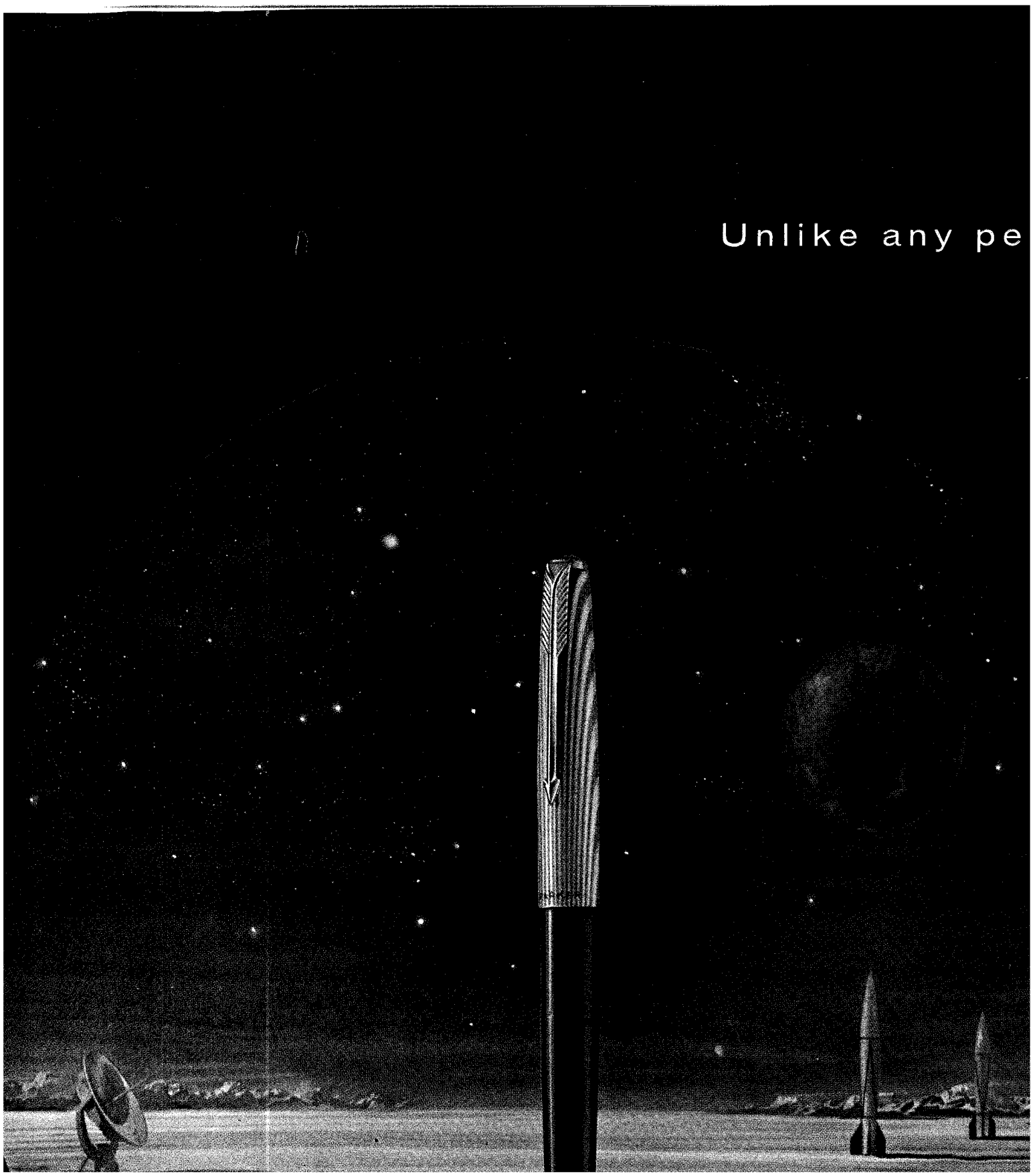

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orld ...or any other!

Parker 61

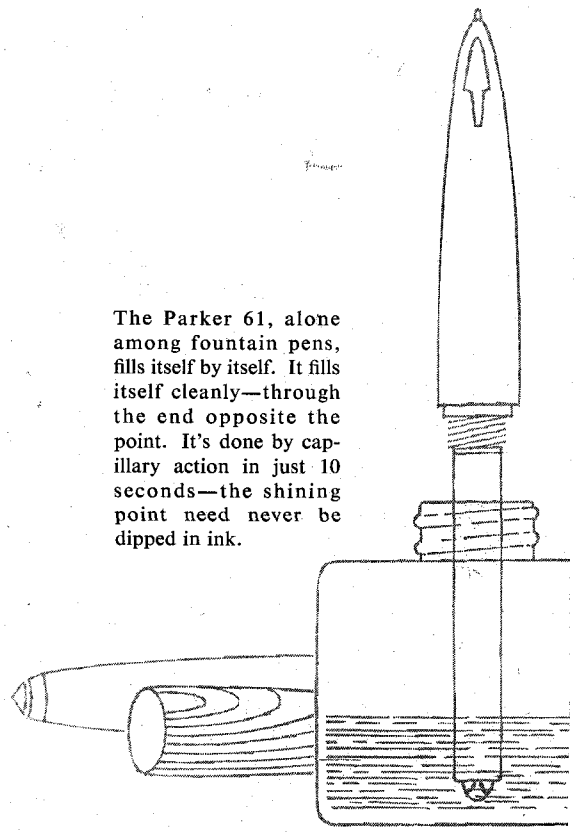
The only fountain pen that fills itself by itself

...it has no moving parts!

Startling in its newness is the Parker 61. It is more than improvement — it is invention, inspired invention, *tomorrow* in the form of a pen. This pen is further proof that with each new creation Parker makes history in the field of writing.

Its crisp, sophisticated lines show the skill with which it has been designed—it has the elegance of great simplicity. And great simplicity marks its operation, too, for the Parker 61 pen fills itself by itself in 10 seconds—no pumping, squeezing, twisting, nothing. It has no moving part to get out of order. Its ink capacity is oversize. The 61 rewrites every specification for the perfect writing instrument. With its new capillary ink system the Parker 61 writes a clean, clear line—even when it's upside down or high in the sky.

The classic beauty and the utter newness of the Parker 61 make it the distinguished gift whenever luxury and taste are of importance. Rage Red, shown here, is just one of the rich, fresh colors—the cap is sheathed in sterling silver and 12 carat gold. The Parker 61 is $20.00 or more.



The Parker 61, alone among fountain pens, fills itself by itself. It fills itself cleanly—through the end opposite the point. It's done by capillary action in just 10 seconds—the shining point need never be dipped in ink.

COPYRIGHT 1956 BY THE PARKER PEN CO., JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.; TORONTO, CANADA

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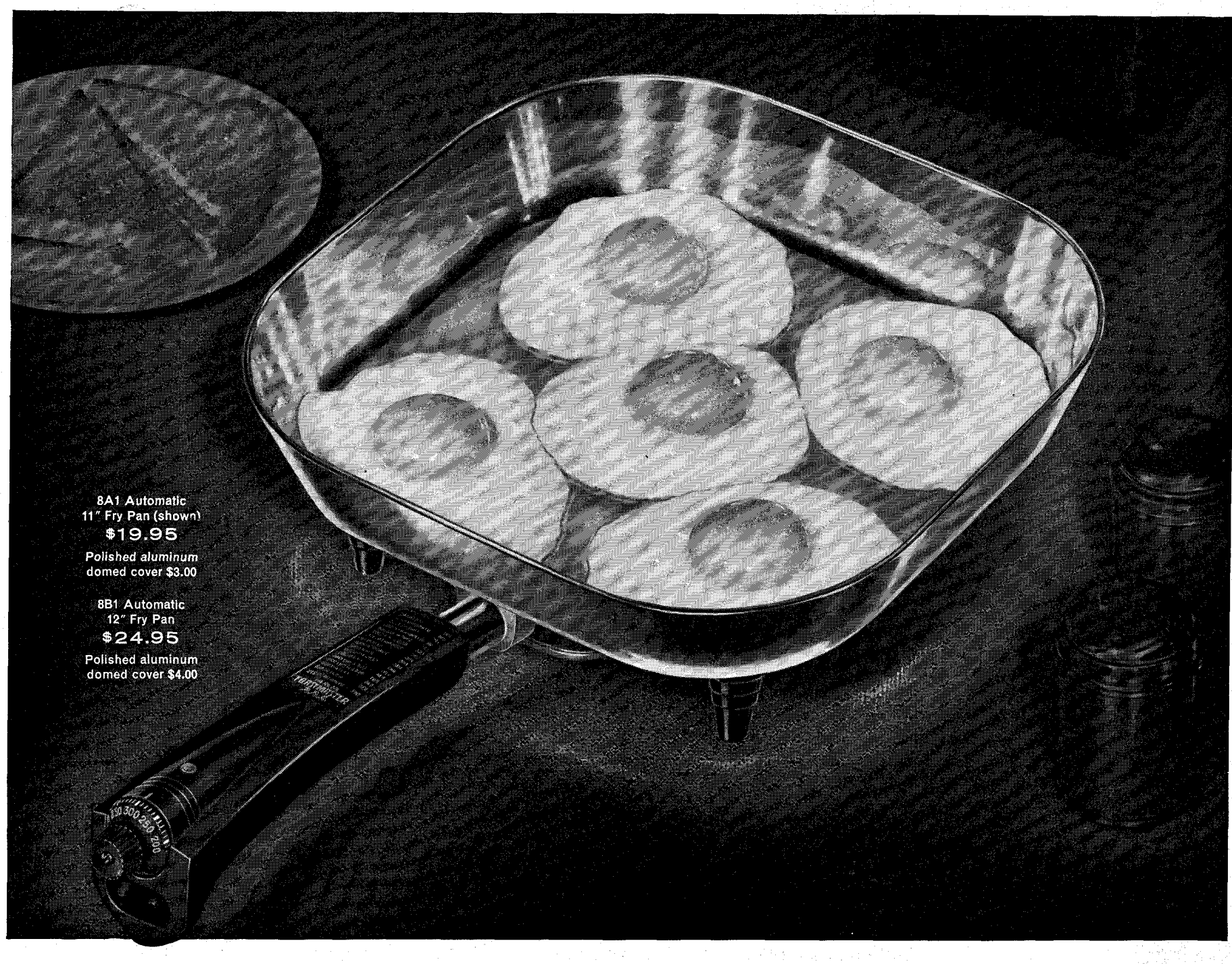
Greatest advance since the automatic oven!
Don't watch foods fry...the dial does it!



New Toastmaster Automatic Fry Pan

No watching—set the temperature when you fry or cook, the same as when you bake!

Perfect results—you get the one right heat for every food—every time.

Cook right at the table and enjoy foods hot and delicious at their appetizing best.

Square shape holds 20% more food than round pan. Lets you fry, stew, bake, pan broil, and braise.

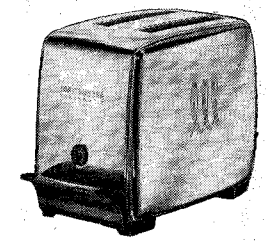
Immerse in water for cleaning—easy to keep bright and sparkling at all times.

Signal light tells when pan is ready. The heat you select never varies.

Sloping walls of pan make foods easier to turn, easier to serve.

Temperature chart on handle gives you proper settings for 17 different foods. Eliminates guesswork and failures.

TOASTMASTER *sells more toasters in more sizes than any other make ..... 5 models, $15.95 to $39.50*



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Bobby gets his wish—sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Mother's wishes are fulfilled with the variety of Canada Dry's 14 famous flavors that delight the whole family.

TRUE FRUIT ORANGE

TRUE FRUIT BLACK CHERRY

HI-SPOT LEMON

GRAPE SODA

ROOT BEER

CANADA DRY

Life is great...
when you "Carbonate"

Now you can enjoy a flavor for every taste . . . a size and package for every purpose and purse

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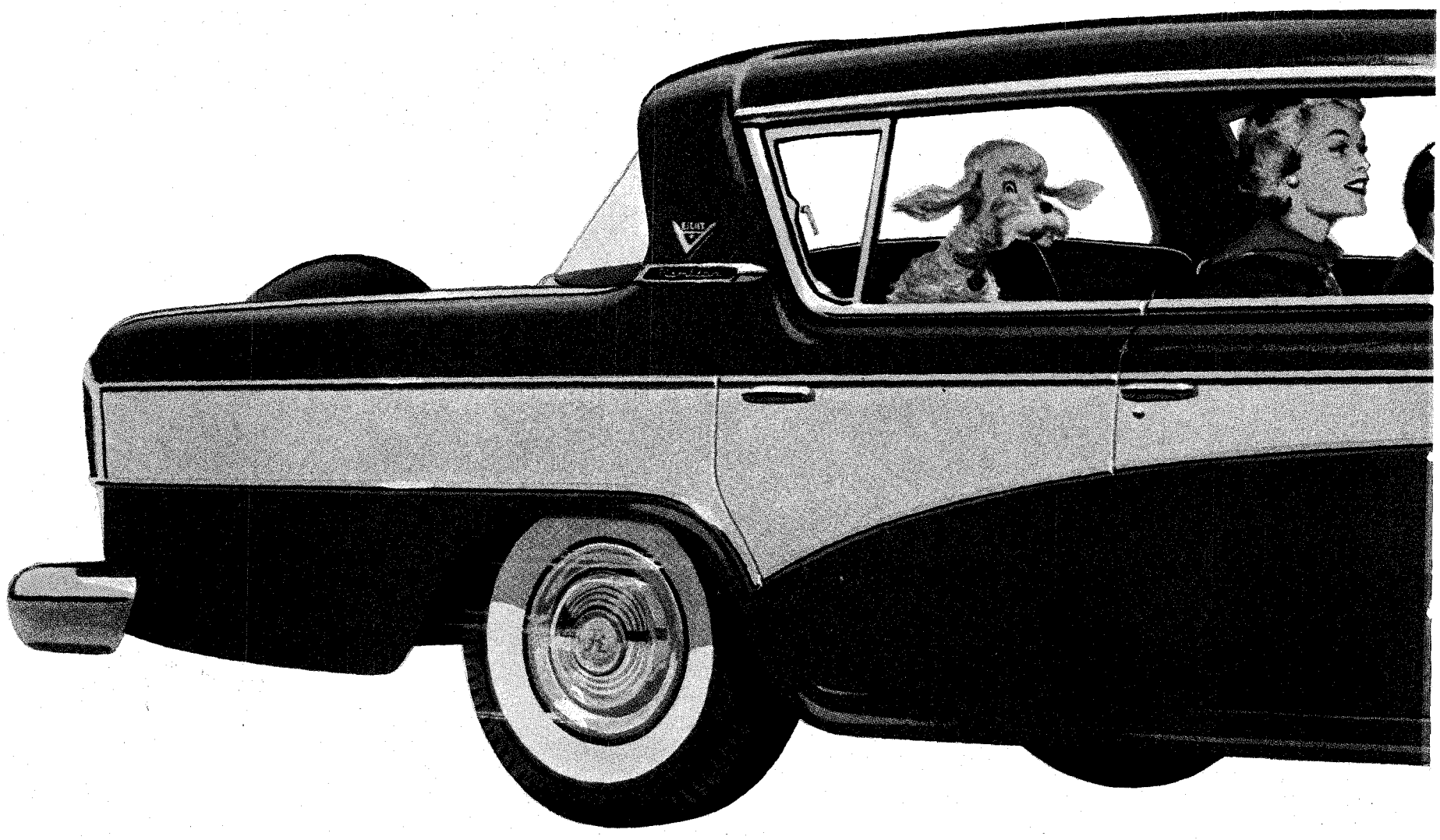
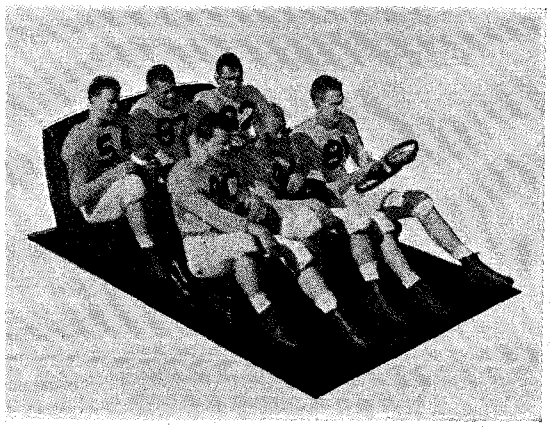
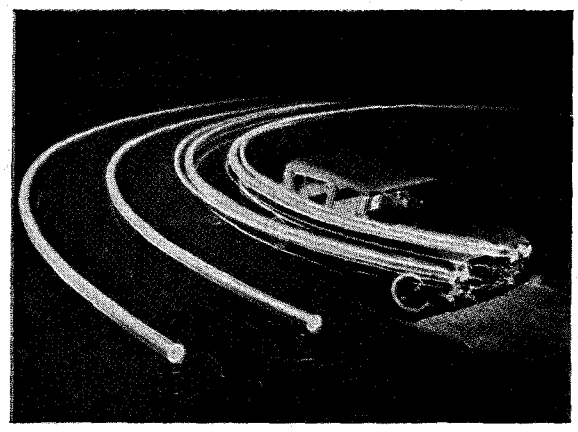
ANNOUNCING RAMBLER with

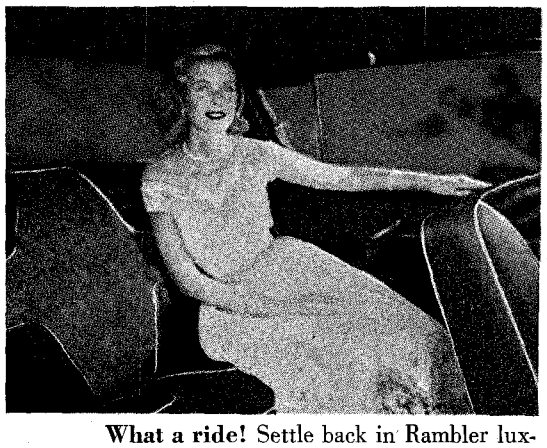




Plenty of room for six 6-foot All-Americans in the new Rambler. Actually more headroom, more hip room, more leg room than the average of the other low-priced cars.



U-turns are a cinch! You can turn around in streets 3 to 4 feet too narrow for other cars . . . park with ease in spaces other cars have to pass up . . . take "hairpin" corners on a level keel.



What a ride! Settle back in Rambler luxury and enjoy riding comfort the costliest cars can't beat. Soft coil springs on *all four wheels* smooth out the roughest roads.

Twice the travel comfort—with Airliner Reclining Seats. Instantly adjust to any of five relaxing positions—make a chaise longue, contour seat . . . even a nap couch for youngsters on trips.

Like Surpı

Today, see the smart new car that's as full of pleasant surprises as a Christmas stocking—the new 1957 Rambler.

For beneath the skin of this sleek modern beauty is single unit construction—the better way to build an automobile—the method others are racing to copy because it makes possible *these wonderful surprises.*

Slip behind the wheel of the compact '57 Rambler. You're surprised by the room—plenty for six six-footers.

You'll be surprised when you toe the gas pedal and the Rambler snaps into "catch me if you can" action.

As you roll along on your merry way, you'll be surprised again at the "big car" riding comfort. Only Rambler's exclusive single unit construction permits the use of longer, softer coil springs *on all 4 wheels* to absorb road shock—springs angled out to reduce sway on curves.

More surprises! See how it slips through traffic, leaving

SMARTEST STYLE

LOWEST COST

HIGHEST RESALE VALUE

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he Power and Economy News of '57

190 H.P. V-8 And Economy 6

Now—two great engine choices. New 190 H.P. V-8 that combines blazing power with traditional Rambler economy. New Economy 6—improved version of the powerplant that holds the coast-to-coast economy record—32.09 miles per gallon.

ses? "Fun-Test" Rambler!

bigger, bulkier cars far behind—glides into smallest park- spaces, right next to the place you want to go, and sits re to be admired by all passers-by.

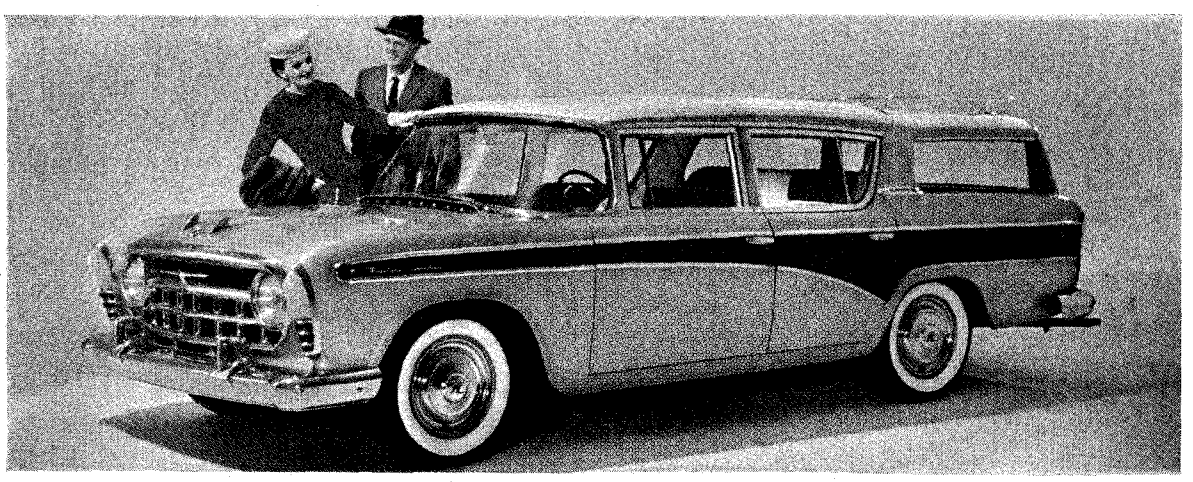
at's why owners say, "It's fun to drive a Rambler!"

(es, you'll be surprised at Rambler's new big-car roomi- s, riding comfort and wonderful handling ease. But that's all! Your pocketbook gets the happiest surprise of all— , low prices, lowest operating costs—highest resale value.

C'mon! Fun-Test the surprising new Rambler today!

OTHER WONDERFUL SURPRISES IN THE 1957 RAMBLER

New Beautiful Color Interiors • Airliner Reclining its • Twin Travel Beds • World's Lowest Price All- ison Air Conditioning • Famous Weather Eye Heat- and Ventilating • 38 Solid, Two-Tone and Three-Tone Exterior Color Choices



A whole new style in station wagons—the distinctive new 1957 Rambler Cross Country—smartest, handiest car for work and play. New 4-door hardtop wagon, too!

Product of American Motors. See DISNEYLAND—great TV for all the family over ABC network.

et a lift out of going...go RAMBLER!

AT NASH DEALERS • AT HUDSON DEALERS

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NEAT STUNT - *but not the sweetest music!*

The one-man band was a colorful sight to see, but certainly not a symphony. After all, there are limits to what any one person alone can do.

Few of us, for instance, are equipped to serve as our own medical adviser, legal counsel — or insurance agent.

It's penny wise and pound foolish to ignore the highly experienced insurance service and advice which are right on your very doorstep in the person of your local Employers' Group agent . . . a neighbor of yours, and an independent businessman. He can save you from the oft times critical mistakes made by people uninitiated in insurance complexities, or just too busy to handle the details of their insurance affairs efficiently. He'll help avoid costly lapses by systematically taking care of your renewals and premiums on time. And he's always nearby to do all that's necessary if the need to file a claim comes up. Let him play the part he's trained to play so well — write to The Employers' Group Insurance Companies, 110 Milk Street, Boston 7, Massachusetts for the name of "The Man With The Plan" near you.

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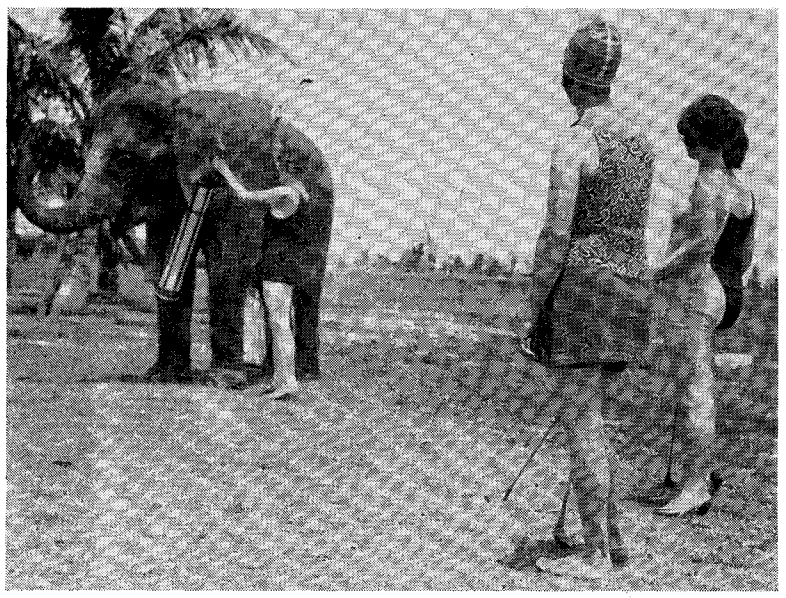
PICTURES WITH A PAST

Remember When?

REMEMBER the great Hollywood controversy over keeping bathtub scenes "clean"? Censors and producers wrangled over how many suds were needed to cover nudity. Myrna Loy solved it by dunking herself deep in opaque water in 1927 in a minor epic, Ham and Eggs at the Front. Typed as a slinky alien, although she hailed from the same Montana high school as Gary Cooper, Myrna finally won film virtue as William Powell's wife in The Thin Man. Actually wed now to former Assistant Secretary of State Howland Sargeant, she starred recently in a movie made in Europe. D. J. CULVER

THE only woman ever to be awarded a football letter at St. Mary's University, San Antonio, Texas, posed later with her husband, an Army lieutenant who coached the 1915 team in his spare time. The award, "for her moral support and faithful attendance at all games," was given to Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower.
KEITH ELLIOTT



REMEMBER when it was hard to sell people on visiting Florida? Carl Fisher, developer of Miami Beach, grabbed at all kinds of publicity. As a rookie newsreel cameraman with turned-around cap, I suggested this "great" stunt: Having Rosie, the elephant, caddie for these 1925 bathing beauties. "Wonderful," said Carl. And everyone, including Rosie, had fun. CHARLES W. HERBERT

MODERN MINIATURES
$1.75 FULL POUND

The chocolate is thicker, creams are creamier, nut chewies are fresher, crisps are more tender and crunchy. Taste the obvious difference. Schrafft's Modern Miniatures belong to today's better living — better giving habits.

TURKEY WITH ROSE DRESSING
THANKSGIVING TREAT
FOR THE FAMILY

Schrafft's Rose Package — you'll see it everywhere this Thanksgiving. The largest selling luxury chocolate candy at a family price is the Rose Package — $1.25 full pound.

more taste appeal than any other chocolate candy

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Here's why your family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

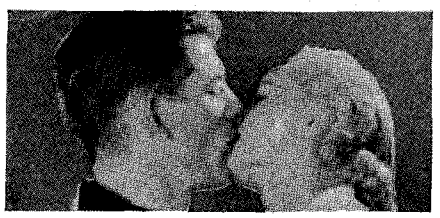
JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

How many of you can always take time to brush after meals, even though it's best? Then use Gleem, the toothpaste that meets this modern problem. Just *one* Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria. That's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 gives added resistance to decay . . . and protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. Youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. That's why so many families use only Gleem—it's the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.



"*I can't brush after every meal, so* ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!*** "

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The Disney family: Behind Walt in the hammock are Diane's husband, Ron Miller, Sharon, Diane and her daughter Joanna; Lilly—Mrs. Disney—and her grandson, Chris.

My Dad, Walt Disney

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER
as told to Pete Martin

The daughter of one of the most famous Americans tells the surprising, unknown story of his private life.

Part One

Until I was six years old I didn't realize what it was that my father did for a living. The news was broken to me by a playmate at school.

That night, when Dad came home from work and flopped into his easy chair, I approached him with awe. Then doubt crept in. He didn't look famous to me, he just looked tired.

So I asked a crucial question. "Daddy, are you Walt Disney?"

"Yes, honey," he replied.

"I mean, are you *the* Walt Disney?"

He nodded. So it was true!

"Daddy," I said, "please give me your autograph."

That scene was played many years ago, but my father still recalls it with enjoyment.

"It gave me a thrill," he says now. "I had fought for recognition at home, with your mother and your sister and the nurses and all the aunts. When I finally got it—even if it was from a six-year-old—it was a triumph. I mean a man has to put up a fight when he's surrounded by females."

I've heard Dad go into that surrounded-by-females routine many a time. He likes to pretend that he's victimized at home because he's

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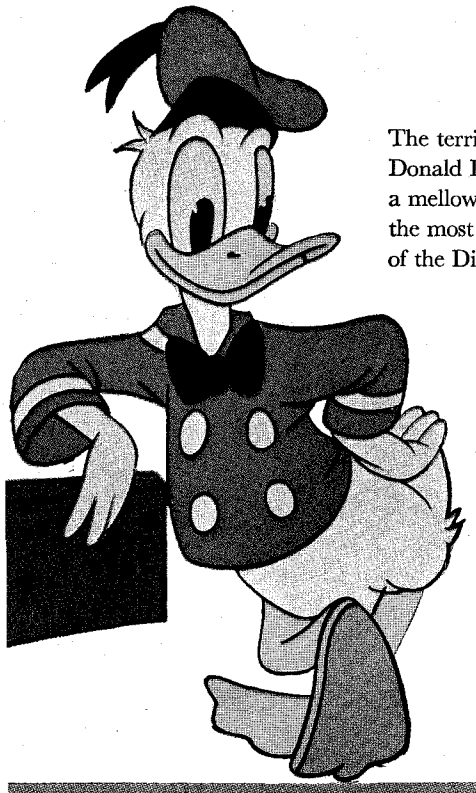


The terrible-tempered Donald Duck, shown here in a mellow mood, is one of the most popular members of the Disney menagerie.

the only male in residence. "Even our dogs have been females," he reminds us.

When he gets that far, we know that Dad is secretly enjoying his household, with a lot of women fussing over him. He is very sentimental. I even suspect that he's sentimental about his famous brain children—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, and all the rest.

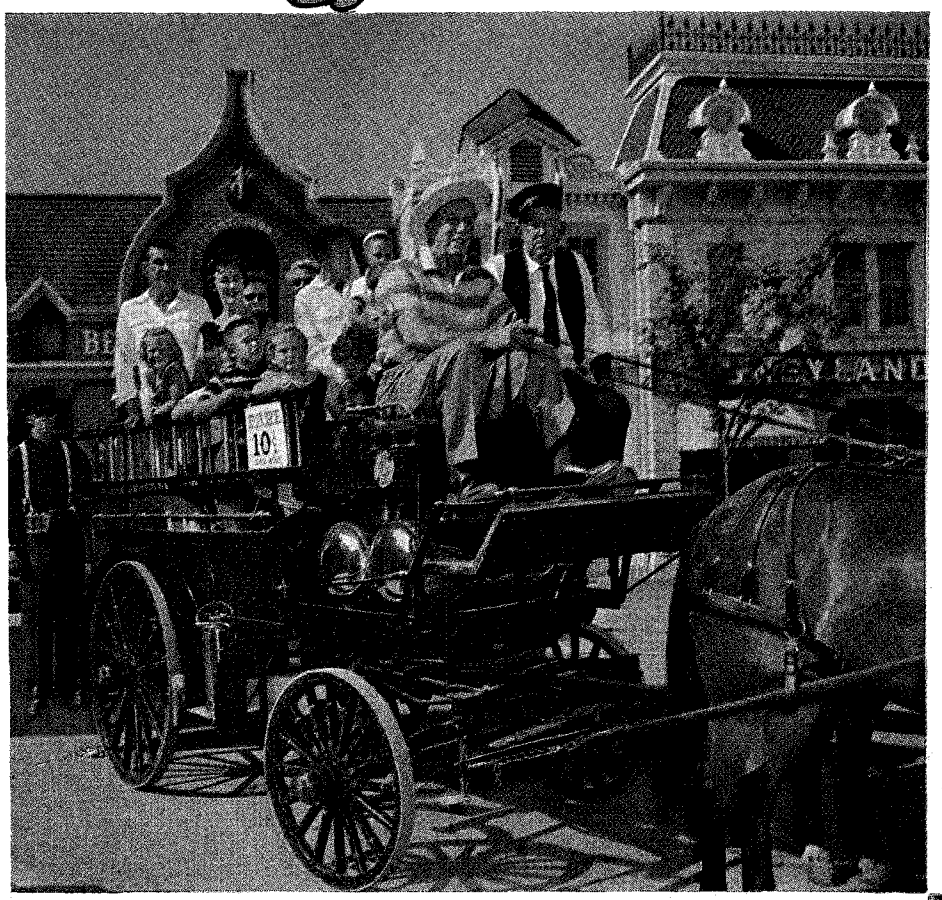
The story of their creation is a large part of the story of my father's life. Dad has been asked to write it, but he won't. Years ago he put together a skeleton outline for an autobiography, but that's as far as he ever got. Since then a lot of writers have used that outline as a frame on which to hang their own stories about Walt Disney. When Dad read what they wrote about him, one of his eyebrows would go up and the other eyebrow would go down in a way he has, and he'd say, "That didn't happen to me."

So one of my reasons for telling this story is to get the facts straight. Another reason is that Dad recoils from the thought of writing about himself. He tells me that I'm elected. "Honey," he says, "you can say things that I can't."

I've got a lot of ground to cover. Dad started making animated cartoons when he was nineteen years old. That was in February, 1920, thirty-six years ago, a long time before I was born. So I'll have to interview my parents at great length. Luckily, Dad has practically complete recall. "I even remember things people don't want remembered," he's told me.

"There are several Walt Disney stories," he went on. "Everybody in the Disney studio could tell one, and each would describe me in a different way. One of them would characterize me as a bogeyman, who roars into the shop and tears up things other people have been working on for weeks. But someone has to say 'Yes' or 'No,' and stick to it. And that's my job."

I can't see my Dad as a bogeyman at all. If it's true that (Continued on Page 130)



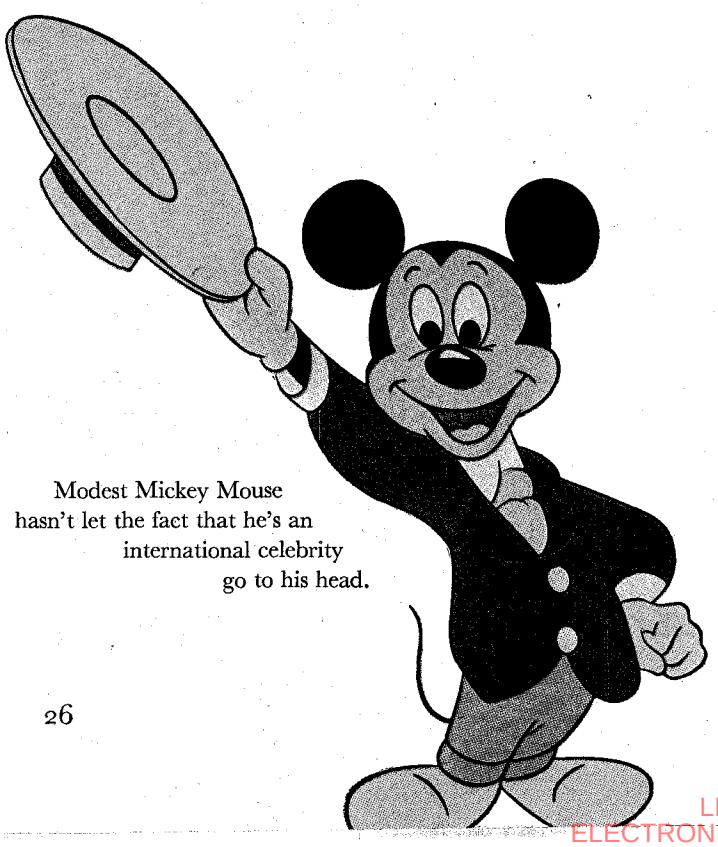
Aboard an old-fashioned horse-drawn fire engine, Walt personally pilots a load of visitors through Disneyland, his fabulous $15,000,000 amusement park near Los Angeles.

Goofy the dog may not have a high I.Q., but he draws more laughs than most two-legged comedians.

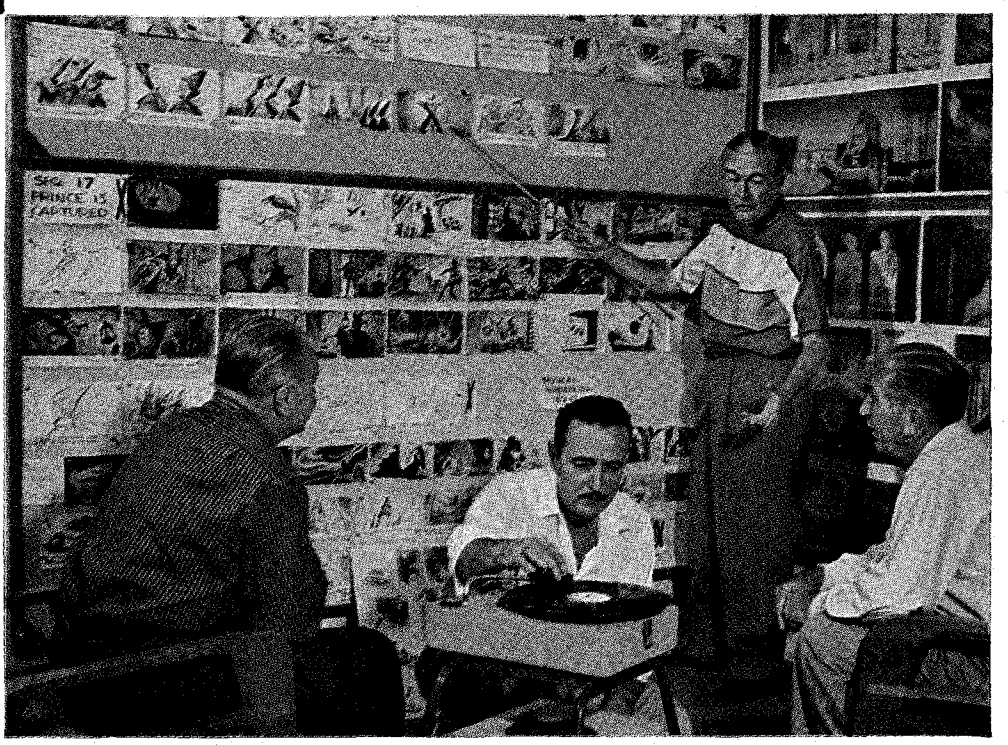
NEXT WEEK . . .

Hard Times in Kansas City

Diane tells how her father, hungry and bankrupt, decided to quit cartooning forever and lit out for Hollywood.



Modest Mickey Mouse hasn't let the fact that he's an international celebrity go to his head.



Out of the Disney studios have come American classics: The Three Little Pigs, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Cinderella. . . . Here, Walt and some of his crew work out the details of a new feature, The Sleeping Beauty.

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In front of Sleeping Beauty's Castle, at Disneyland,
Walt enthralls his grandson, Chris, just as he has enthralled
untold millions of children all over the world.

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Who's in command here?" Savage asked sharply, putting a whip into his voice.

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Out of the shadow of defeat came a man with a desperate plan.

Imitation General

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

They came back, three of them, to this broken town beside the Bastogne-Liége road just as the December day was dying and new snow was beginning to sift down out of a lowering sky which seemed to press tiredly against the fir-patched hills. A town named Cheury that had been fought over, because its vacant windows held that haunted, remembering stare—like the eyes of old men sitting on poorhouse steps and watching for someone who would never come. A town which had been fought through and would be fought through again.

Sgt. Murphy Savage was thinking that as he turned the jeep into the town's main street—a thoroughfare mounded with rubble. The Old Man, who had taken a bullet through his belly when they'd run into a kraut patrol just before noon, lay in the back of the jeep under a blanket while Enver Bey crouched above him like a hook-nosed vulture. Bey's real name was Abdul Enver and he was a Turk; somewhere, back in the years of his service, some forgotten company clerk had hung the "Bey" tag onto him and it had stuck.

He and Murphy Savage had been with the Old Man for a long time now. In North Africa and Sicily—the Old Man had been a colonel then—Salerno and Anzio and Normandy after that, and the Old Man had traded his eagles for a star, but it didn't look as if he'd wear it much longer because he wasn't doing so good in the back of the jeep. Sometimes he was a cadet at West Point again and sometimes he was a scared shavetail slogging up to the Meuse-Argonne fight of an earlier war. And sometimes he was just a tired guy named Seth with a cold numbness which was spreading through his belly.

That was what Murphy Savage was thinking as he eased the jeep out of the firs, brooding like monks counting their beads, and came into the town. Cold, bright anger was running through Savage and there was nothing that he could do about it.

"Maybe we find a doctor here, hah?" Bey said.

"Maybe," Savage grunted. "We can try."

He was a lean, rangy man in his middle thirties with a sharply chiseled face and quiet gray eyes and a stubborn mouth. Twelve years of soldiering lay behind him and he had got used to seeing men die. It was just that he had never figured that it could happen to the Old Man. Now it looked as if it had.

"I do not like the smell of this town," Bey said harshly.

"Who does?" Savage answered. "It's the only town we got right now. At least we can get him in out of the snow."

He knew the smell that Bey meant; the faintly acrid odor of death which had tainted other towns they'd known in the last two years. Probably the doctor—if there'd been a doctor—had fled with the rest when von Rundstedt's *Panzers* had exploded out of the Ardennes fog a week ago. Well, they'd find shelter for the Old Man and see.

He drove on, following the narrow and winding street, and he had the feeling that unseen eyes watched as he drove. Perhaps from behind the empty windows; more likely from the snowy hills that made a bastion to the east. Then he came to a tiny square in the town's center and here a yellow line of light edged the shaded window of one house and he stopped the jeep beside it.

"Cover me," he said curtly to Enver Bey, and slid his carbine out and stepped down into the snow.

He moved stiffly across the half dozen paces to the step and started to knock, but the door opened and a woman stood there, framed by the dim light. Enough of the light came past her to show Savage the shine of a pistol barrel pointed at his stomach.

"Who are you?" she said harshly in French.

Savage understood that much. "We're Americans," he said. "You speak any English?" The girl's face was in shadow, but her voice was young, so he took time to add politely, "Ma'mselle?"

"Yes," she said, "I speak a little. From school. What do you want?"

Savage hoped she wasn't a collaborator. "I've got a badly wounded man. I want to bring him in."

The girl didn't answer that for a moment, and the gun stayed steady on Savage while she looked past him through the gathering dusk to where Enver Bey crouched over the Old Man. He, like Savage and the general, wore white camouflage clothes over his uniform. There was nothing to mark them as friend or foe, officer or soldier.

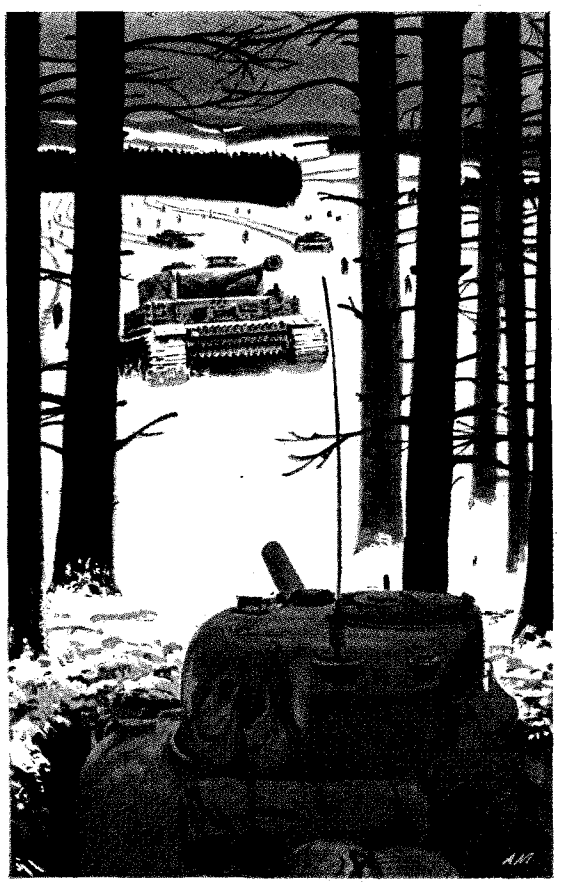
The girl said, "There are *Boche* who claim to be Americans."

"I'm from Texas," Savage retorted angrily. "I've got a wounded man in the jeep. Do I bring him in or don't I?"

"He is a soldier?"

"He's a general!" Savage said. "Also he's a friend of mine! He's not going to die out in the snow!" (Continued on Page 55)

Illustrated by Al Muenchen



The muzzle of the leading *Panzer's* gun seemed like a cold eye boring into him when he finally yelled, "Now!"

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First Aid for Alcoholics

These new tranquilizing drugs painlessly relieve the agonies of acute alcoholism, and may even help the problem drinker keep off the bottle permanently.

By Milton Silverman

Dr. Frank M. Berger developed meprobamate, a drug which helps quell the shakes and jitters of the alcoholic's drying-out period.

Until recently, the alcoholic ward of an east-coast hospital was filled day and night with wretched patients undergoing a drying-out session after an alcoholic binge. Many of them were boisterous, profane and combative. Others were violently ill, unable to sleep, shaken with trembling, weeping in remorse. Some were tortured by hallucinations. They shouted at imaginary people or animals, abused the ward attendants and begged constantly for "just one more drink."

"Depending on the seriousness of their condition," a staff physician said, "the patients would spend from four to seven or even ten days in the ward before they could be released. It was a most unhappy experience for each of them, and for us."

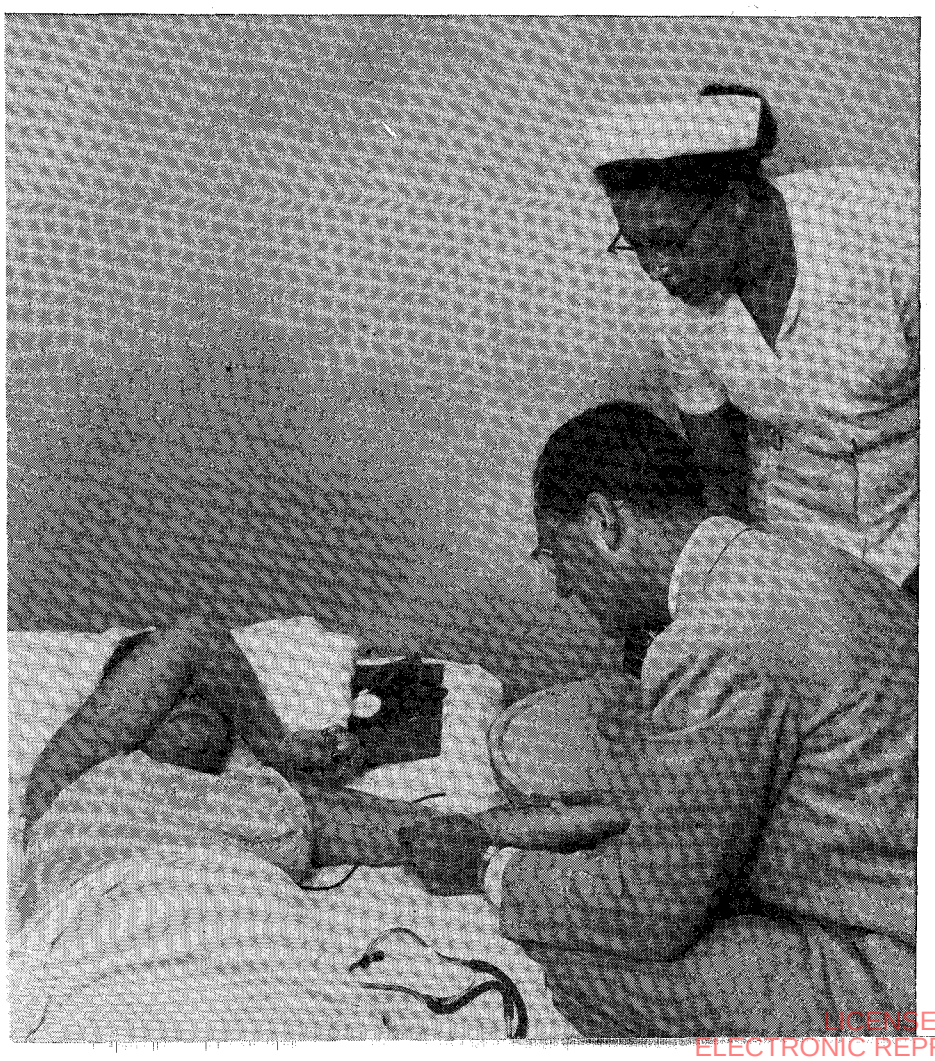
By last year, however, the alcoholic ward—more widely known by such names as the chamber of horrors, the snake pit or simply the drunk tank—was undergoing a remarkable change. No longer was it necessary to quiet noisy patients with enormous doses of paraldehyde, chloral or barbiturates. No longer were they kept in restraining jackets during prolonged seizures of delirium tremens.

"With a new form of treatment, the relief of symptoms has been striking and often dramatic," one of the doctors reported. "The noisy ones become quiet, the insomniacs sleep, vomiting and nausea cease, and the malnourished patients begin to eat."

This change has come about through use of half a dozen new drugs which were introduced originally to control a variety of mental ailments. They have already revolutionized the treatment of acute alcoholism, and their continued use has helped to keep thousands of alcoholics from drinking. Some of these drugs are known as tranquilizers. One acts as a stimulating agent, another as a specific antidote for hallucinations. Their value is shown in the case of a Washington lawyer, admitted to the ward at the climax of a monumental binge.

He was malnourished and dehydrated from persistent vomiting. He was trembling uncontrollably, unable to sleep, and gripped by a vague, unreasoning anxiety punctuated by frequent and terrifying hallucinations of snakes and two-headed rats.

In place of the usual treatment, which would have kept him doped and groggy for as



Dr. Earl Mitchell and a nurse restrain a patient who has just received an injection of Sparine, a drug which will put him to sleep in five or ten minutes despite DT's or tremors.

A female alcoholic gets Sparine from Dr. Mitchell at the Kalorama Institute, Washington, D.C., to relieve the nausea that follows a heavy drinking bout.

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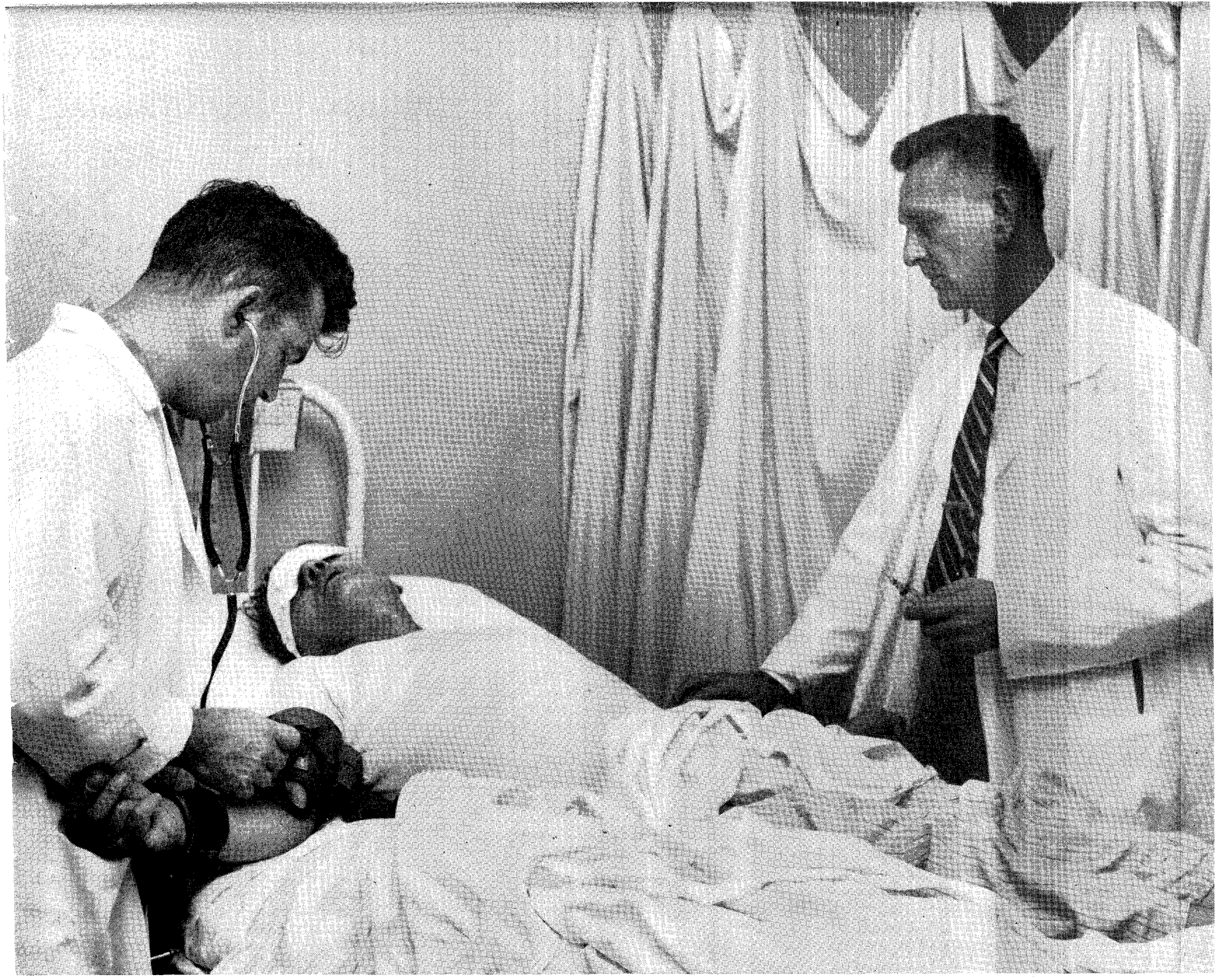

This victim of the DT's, shackled to his bed, relaxes under the influence of chlorpromazine. At right is Dr. Joseph Fazekas, of Washington's District General Hospital.

long as a week, he was given one of the new drugs. Forty minutes after the first injection, he fell into a restful sleep.

"This was a normal, healthy sleep," said a doctor. "It was totally unlike the doped lethargy associated with the usual hypnotic drugs. He could be roused easily, to be fed or to be taken to the bathroom."

After four hours he was given a second injection; he slept for an additional six hours. When he awoke he still reported visions of strange beasts, but these visions no longer terrified him. His nausea and vomiting had been completely banished. Instead of pleading for another drink, he asked for food.

By the end of the second day, his hallucinations were gone and his shakes and anxieties were lessening. He was soon transferred to a rehabilitation ward and then discharged from the hospital to undergo psychotherapy that might help him avoid further alcoholic bouts.

Another patient was treated at the Los Angeles County Hospital, where he was well known as an alcoholic addict and a frequent victim of delirium tremens. "When we first saw him during his most recent admission," a staff doctor said, "he was having marked delirium tremens. Despite restraints on all four extremities and a sheet about his chest, he was half sitting in bed, shouting at the 'little men and Nazis' who were trying to put him in a concentration camp."

Less than eighteen hours after he was given another of the new agents by intravenous injection, he was entirely free of his hallucinations, well oriented, though somewhat drowsy, and able to walk about the ward. According to the hospital records, he was discharged the following day, "perfectly alert and oriented."

Probably the most rapid improvement and control of alcoholic hallucinations was reported from a hospital in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The patient, who had been drinking a fifth of whisky every day for a week, was put under restraint in a locked ward. He was lurching, staggering and feverishly attempting to avoid airplanes, which, he insisted, were in the room with him.

While ward attendants held him he was given an injection of still another new drug. Soon he stopped his violent thrashing movements. With a puzzled expression, he remarked, "Man, I must have been really mixed up! I figured there were airplanes in here."

A nurse looked at her wrist watch. "Not bad, doctor. It took us only thirty minutes."

"You can say more than that," exclaimed the doctor. "I think it's amazing."

To many medical men, the new chemicals seem to mark a major advance against the enormous problem of alcoholism—a problem long confused by misconceptions, misunderstandings and bitter disputes. Current estimates indicate that between four and five million Americans are "problem drinkers," and nearly three quarters of a million of these are true chronic alcoholics. Their cost to the nation in terms of lost wages, accidents, hospital treatment and jail care probably runs close to a billion dollars a year.

"In addition, and more importantly," Dr. Anthony Zappala (Continued on Page 112)

Photographs by Hans Knopf

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Whatever it was Judy wanted in a man, Willy didn't have it.

THE TOO-PROPER YOUNG MAN

By HUGH B. CAVE

In the midst of his morning shave Mr. William Chester Dawson suddenly lowered his razor and blinked at the bathroom window. It was a huge window framing one of the most beautiful views in the Caribbean: ever-so-blue San Marlo Harbor with its enchanting backdrop of misty mountains and jigsaw-puzzle foreground of tile roofs, mostly red ones.

The racket from the street below, however, was disturbing. Suspecting a revolution or that his house was on fire, William hastened to the window and looked down.

"Ignacio!" he bellowed.

Below, a dark young man in jacket and pants of glistening white sped like a frightened phantom up the street, pursued by a noisy mob composed mostly of women. With a truly magnificent burst of speed he attained the open gate of the Dawson residence, slammed it shut behind him and, in the nick of time, got it locked. Leaning against it, he mopped his perspiring face with a pink handkerchief.

"Ignacio!" William Dawson called again from the window. "What the devil's the matter?"

Startled, the boy looked up. He grinned. "It is nothing, *señor*."

"Nothing!" Counting the crowd in the street—one of his minor jobs at the American Embassy was estimating the size of crowds at political functions, et cetera—William reached forty and gave up. "Get in here before they break the fence down!"

Hurrying downstairs, he arrived at the front door as Ignacio came through it. The crowd in the street was not angry, he saw then with relief. Just excited. He shut the door and motioned the boy to a chair.

"A fine thing, getting yourself chased home by a horde of women. What have you done?" It was necessary at times to be severe with Ignacio. Being houseboy in a bachelor establishment where regulations were lax, the lad sometimes took his duties lightly. In fact, he frequently ignored them altogether, relying on his ready grin to get him off the hook.

He used the grin now. "*Señor*, I have done nothing. I have become rich, that's all."

"What?"

"I have just won a mountain of money in the lottery."

"The lottery!" William sat down and stared at him. "How much?"

"Eight thousand dollars, *señor*."

It was William's turn to fumble a handkerchief from his pocket and dab at his face. "Eight thousand —— Ignacio, do you know what you're saying?"

"Certainly, *señor*." The grin hung like a slice of golden melon from the boy's protruding ears. "I am suddenly a millionaire, with enough for a house, a wife, a car with white tires ——"

Illustrated by Ernest Chiriaka

Willy's sigh almost rippled the water as he watched Judy sitting at the edge of the club pool.

"Where is this money?"

Ignacio produced a check. "You will keep it for me, *señor?* Until I can go to the bank and cash it? With so many people knowing I have it ——"

"I'll keep it until we can go to the bank and open a savings account for you. Why the devil did you tell so many people?"

"It just happened, *señor*. Some friends were there when the numbers were posted. I yelled for joy and did a little dance—who would not, at such a time?—and so they knew. Then they followed me home, shouting the news to all who would listen."

William put the check into his pocket. "Come down to the embassy at noon. I'm late for work now, and anyway, the bank doesn't open till nine." He rubbed his jaw, forgetting it was white with shaving cream. "And you'd better lock the gate after me when I leave. You've suddenly acquired a lot of friends."

"*Sí, señor*. Eight thousand dollars' worth."

"Does Anna Maria know you're in the chips?"

From Ignacio's homely face with its jug-handle ears the grin slowly faded. "*Señor*, with that girl it will probably make no difference. Why is it we always want so badly the things we cannot have?"

Why, indeed? William thought, squeezing his car through the winding, traffic-choked streets of San Marlo City en route to his job. *If I knew the answer to that, Iggy, my boy, I'd be sleeping nights instead of lying awake listening to the termites in the ceiling.*

It was the unhappy fate of most men, he supposed, to hunger for things denied them. At college, weighing 149 pounds, he had hungered to play football and wound up in the glee club. After college he had yearned for adventure and found himself holding down a desk in the Caribbean's dullest embassy.

"Dreams," William muttered. "Nuts."

Take Ignacio now. The jug-handle ears and general lack of beauty were no real handicap to an enterprising lad with a good job. Iggy could have taken his pick of the neighborhood cooks, maids and laundresses long ago. But no, the lad sought the impossible: this Anna Maria minx who danced in a night club and dismissed his every approach with a disdainful toss of her beautiful head. Poor, frustrated Ignacio.

"And I'm no better, darn it," William admitted aloud. "I have to go and fall for the daughter of a Mike King."

He was eight minutes late getting to his desk, and had barely (Continued on Page 92)

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Judy didn't exactly give Willy the brush-off, but neither did she ever give him a crumb of encouragement.

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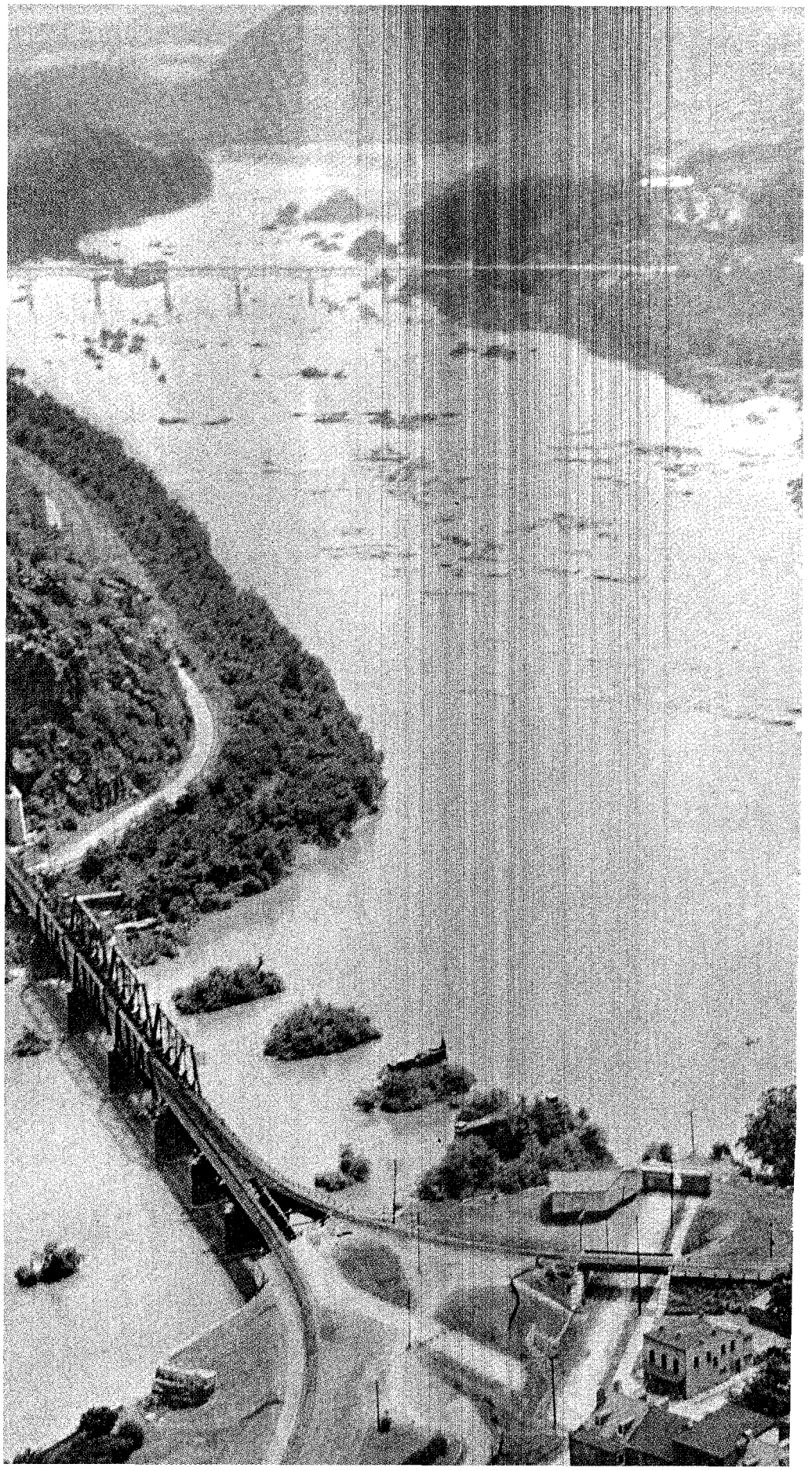

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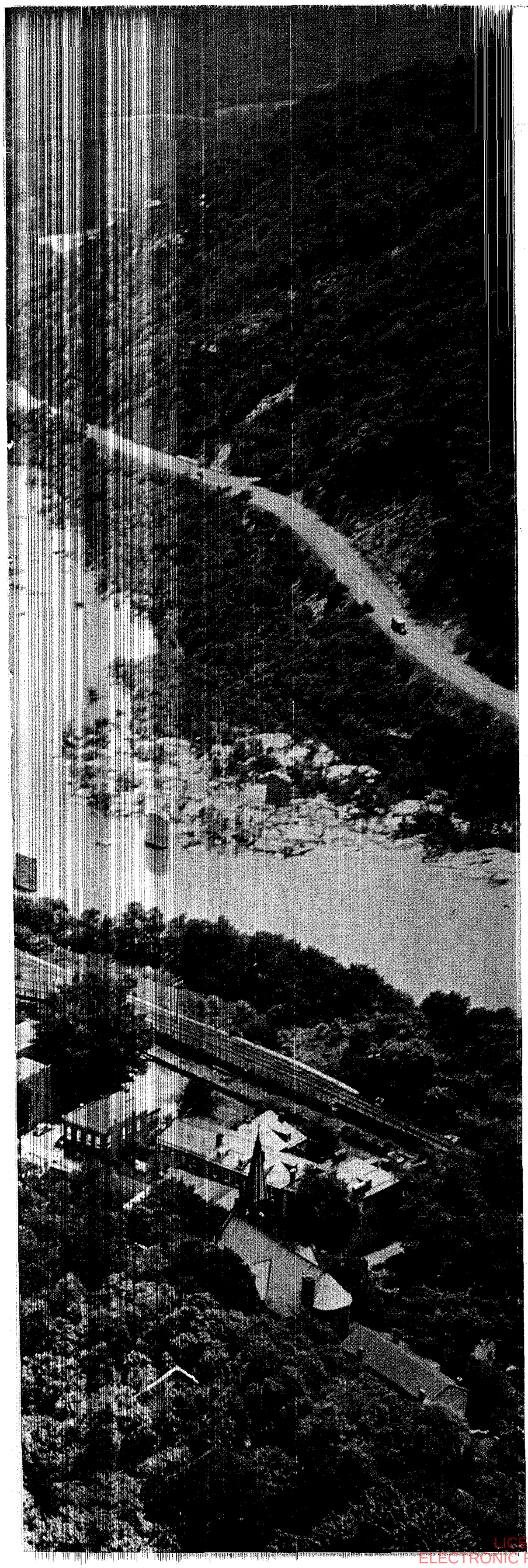

The Face of AMERICA

Crossroads of History

Out of the darkness on an autumn night ninety-seven years ago, a self-appointed avenging angel descended on this peaceful village. Here, at the gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains in West Virginia, where the Shenandoah joins the Potomac, lies the town of Harpers Ferry. And here Osawatomie John Brown, from the bloody plains of Kansas, came to defy the Government of the United States with his little army of twenty-two men. He came to free all Negroes from slavery, and the first man his force killed was Heywood Shepherd, a free Negro. Brown occupied the Armory, which stood on the near shore of the Potomac, at left, where only the rectangles of white stones mark its site today. It took the U. S. Marines to dislodge the fanatical old man. They hanged John Brown, but soon the tides of war washed over Harpers Ferry. Many more men died, singing of John Brown's body amoldering in the grave, before all Negroes were free. Now Harpers Ferry drowses once more, a peaceful village again—haunted only by dreams of the dark and tragic past. ● Photograph by Maynard Clark

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Becky Jane just smiled—a smile that didn't say yes, but didn't say no, either.

The Susceptible Spy

He risked his life behind the enemy's lines, all for love of the enemy's women.

By M. A. HANCOCK

The scandalous way Pvt. Montgomery Lasher, 4th Maryland Cavalry, U. S. Volunteers, broke the rule against socializing with the Johnny Rebs in January, 1864, was so mortifying to both sides that neither the Yanks nor the Confederates ever owned up to it out loud. And Enos Baden, Snipe Baden and Toomey Tuberville, of General Lee's 75th North Carolina Regiment, busted the rule every bit as bad as 'Gomery Lasher did. It was 'Gomery that hied his Yankee self across the Rapidan to spend his furlough with those three Johnnies in the Confederate camp, but it was the Johnnies that let him do it. And it was the Johnnies, too, that helped 'Gomery finagle his way into being a guest in the Widow Ritter's house so he could court Miz Ritter's Reb-hearted daughter, Becky Jane.

Part of why 'Gomery did it was he was bored and barely twenty—a brown-haired, brown-eyed, quick-laughing Yank as brash and bubble-blooded as a cavorting colt. And Becky Jane was eighteen with the pert blond beauty of spring's first daffodil, and she put such a golden, magic spell on 'Gomery that it struck right through the color of his uniform.

On the plains of Virginia that winter of 1863–64 when 'Gomery went acourting, the war had just curled up like a sleepy bear and hibernated a spell. The Yanks and the Rebs tuckered each other out coming back from Gettysburg in the summer, snarled and snapped a mite in the fall at Bristoe Station and Mine Run; then straggled into winter quarters for a rest.

The Yanks huddled their sea of tents around General Meade near Culpeper, and the Rebs threw up their tents and huts with General Lee near Orange Court House; and meandering between the two camps and not mad at nobody was the winter-gray river Rapidan. Both sides had their outposts on the Rapidan, and picket guards, blue and gray, patrolled on opposite banks within hooting distance of each other. They eyed each other angry and (Continued on Page 74)

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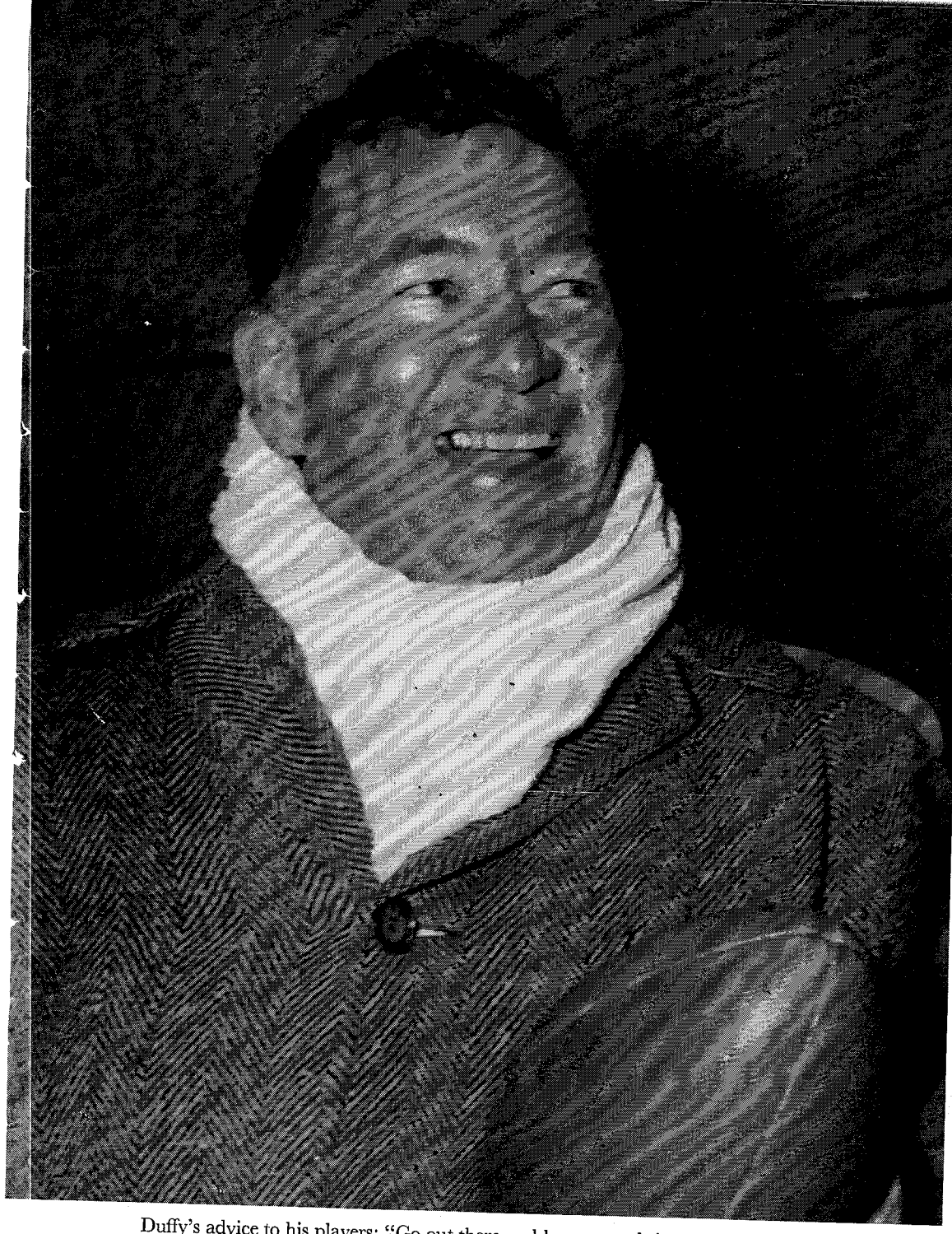
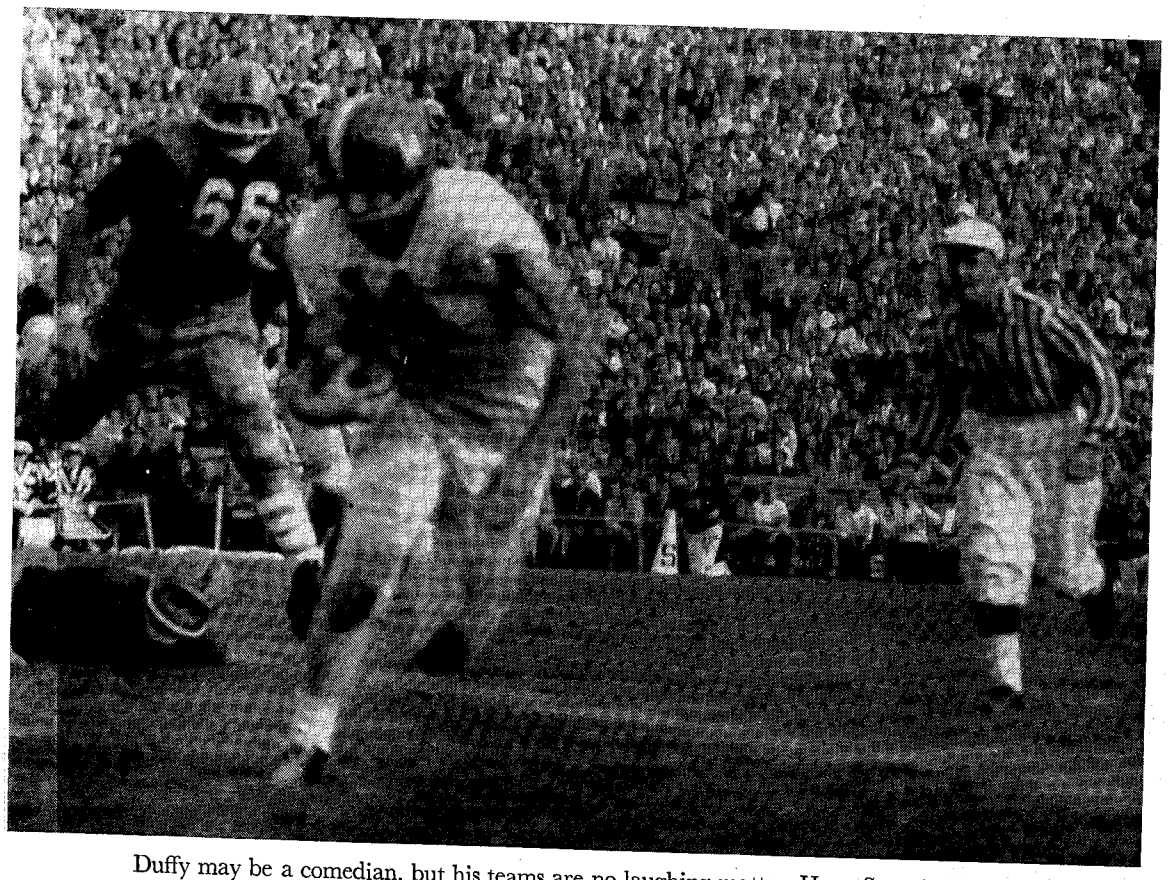


Duffy's advice to his players: "Go out there and have a good time!" This "let's-have-fun" policy resulted in a 9–1 record for State, and a Rose Bowl victory in 1955–56.



Duffy may be a comedian, but his teams are no laughing matter. Here, State halfback Walt Kowalczyk makes a long gain during the Spartans' 47–14 rout of Notre Dame last month.

The Merry Maestro of Michigan State

By WILLIAM (RED) GLEASON

Duffy Daugherty works on the theory that big-time football should be fun. Here's how he turns out powerhouse teams between laughs.

A large group of little old ladies has been vindicated at last. These are the old ladies who tell of how, on many a moonlit night in Ireland, they peeked from their cottage windows and watched the "little people" playing football. Great has been the scoffing at these tales, but after some of the things that went on in American football last season, even an unimaginative younger generation was willing to admit that the dear old girls might have something.

For didn't a descendant of the little people—an outsize leprechaun named Hugh Duffy Daugherty—become the nation's college football Coach of the Year? And who could doubt that the wee bodies were smiling upon Hugh Duffy Daugherty the day his Michigan State team defeated Terence Patrick Brennan's Notre Dame boys, 21–7? And wasn't the luck of the Irish with Daugherty when Michigan State beat UCLA, 17–14, with a preposterous forty-one-yard place kick in the last few seconds of the Rose Bowl game?

Whether outside forces actually were at work in his behalf, it is a fact that it took only two seasons for Duffy Daugherty—nobody has called him Hugh in years—to make a big name for himself in football. Already there are those who say he has much in common with the late coaching colossus, Knute Rockne. Yet as recently as 1953 he was merely another assistant coach, working in the shadow of Clarence (Biggie) Munn at Michigan State.

When a new coach achieves distinction so quickly, the reason usually can be summed up in three words: a winning team. This is only part of the answer in Daugherty's case. To be sure, Duffy's Spartans won nine out of ten games and finished second in the Big Ten last season. They should wind up with another outstanding record this fall. But Daugherty's brief head-coaching career has been no win-'em-all proposition. In 1954, his first year, State won only three games and lost six—the most disastrous autumn at East Lansing since 1917.

Winning or losing, though, Daugherty injects into big-time football the almost-forgotten ingredient of

(Continued on Page 156)

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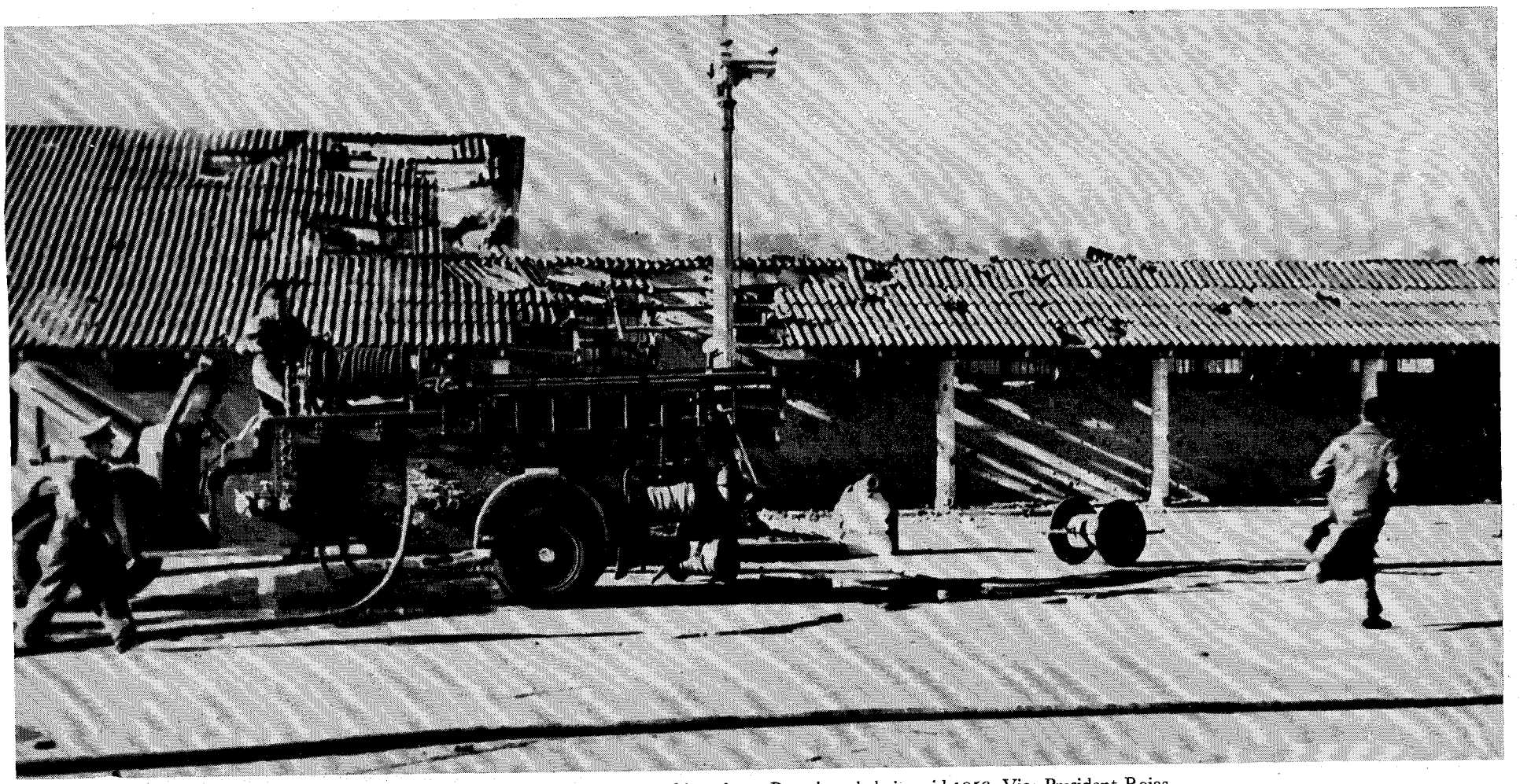
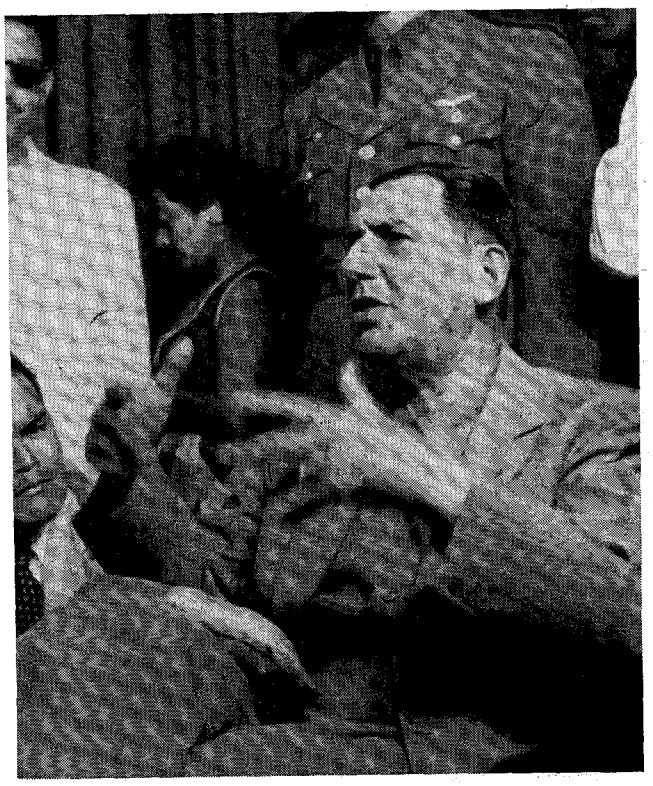


Shattered barracks at La Plata smolder after government planes blasted out Peronist rebels in mid-1956. Vice-President Rojas crushed the full-scale revolt in 12 hours and executed 26 of its leaders.

New Danger in Argentina

A Post report on a turbulent republic, where die-hard Peronists threaten to overthrow the uneasy new regime.

By Bruce Henderson



Perón in Panama after his ouster. He still claims he will come back to Argentina—regardless of the bloodshed.

It was midnight as the train creaked slowly into a station near La Plata, Argentina. Policeman Rafael Fernandez, returning home to La Plata from a weekend outing, slumbered in the seat beside his wife and teen-age daughter. Suddenly a commotion wakened Fernandez. He looked up and into the barrel of a .45-caliber pistol. A wild-eyed man leveling the gun at him ordered, "Yell '*Viva Perón!*'"

Fernandez, still drugged by sleep, hesitated blankly. The gunman killed him with two bullets in the chest, then fled.

Forty miles away, in Buenos Aires, an army general sat in his home, angrily complaining against Argentina's present government. "Our side means business and we have plenty of strength," he said. "We have warned the government it had better not ignore our demands."

An alarmed visitor asked, "Could this mean civil war?"

The general replied, "That is exactly what it could mean."

These two recent episodes illustrate the drama unfolding in Argentina one year after the downfall of dictator Juan Domingo Perón. Argentina, for a decade Latin America's most notorious dictatorship, is now striving to become its brightest jewel of democracy. But the men bent on achieving this feat are beset by two hostile forces.

On one hand is a mass of fanatic Peronists. On the other, they face a group of infuriated generals. Argentina is walking a tightrope to democracy in a drama that is a political thriller indeed.

A vast body of die-hard followers still worship Perón. They are waging a relentless fight to return the dictator to power. Typifying their fanaticism was the wild-eyed gunman who murdered the policeman because he did not instantly shout "*vivas*" to Perón. With three henchmen, the killer boarded the train to terrorize passengers during a bloody but futile Peronist revolt last June ninth. Perón's faithful have vowed revenge on their enemies. If they ever regain power, Argentina will be in for a reign of terror surpassing that which blackened the dictator's first era.

The bitter general symbolizes the second threat to peaceful recovery—a clique of officers who helped overthrow Perón, only to be booted out of the revolutionary government seven weeks later, along with its first president, Gen. Eduardo Lonardi. The nation's present leaders charged Lonardi's regime had fallen under

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The two most powerful anti-Peronists: Aramburu (left) and his vice-president, Rear Admiral Isaac Rojas. Rojas, at sea with his fleet, once threatened to shell Buenos Aires unless Perón got out.

the influence of extreme right-wing "Catholic nationalist" totalitarians who were endangering the revolution's democratic goals.

Now Lonardi is dead. But his army minister, Gen. Leon Justo Bengoa, has emerged as the champion of the ousted generals. The current government, fearing extreme rightists would install a military-clerical dictatorship, is determined to keep them out of power. The forecast of possible civil war by the angry general is not unfounded. A revolt by the generals would run into brick-wall resistance which could degenerate into a bitter struggle.

Argentina is pervaded by fear, the legacy of two years of sporadic bloodshed. Violence erupted with the first cracks in Perón's rule, and has continued since his fall. Bullet holes pock the Casa Rosada, the faded pink government house in Buenos Aires where Perón held court. Asphalt patches pinpoint the spots on the capital's Plaza de Mayo where bombs from rebel planes killed scores of persons. Rubble-strewn vacant lots are all that's left of buildings burned by Peronist mobs.

No one has forgotten the fearful nights of the firing squads when twenty-six men were put to death. The condemned men were Peronists, captured after their abortive rebellion this past June. The executions showed how far the nation's current rulers will go to block a new dictatorship. One of those blindfolded and led before the rifles was the fanatic who killed policeman Rafael Fernandez on the train. He turned out to be a cashiered Perón-era army lieutenant, Juan Alberto Abadie.

Fernandez' friends in the La Plata police department were given the privilege of executing Abadie, and to show contempt they shot him on the grounds of their police-dog-kennel area.

(Continued on Page 121)

President Pedro Aramburu (right) at the opera with his daughter and son (left). He walks a tightrope between Peronist fanatics and a rival military clique.

Student factions battle in Buenos Aires. The victim above was a supporter of the late General Lonardi, his captors Aramburuists.

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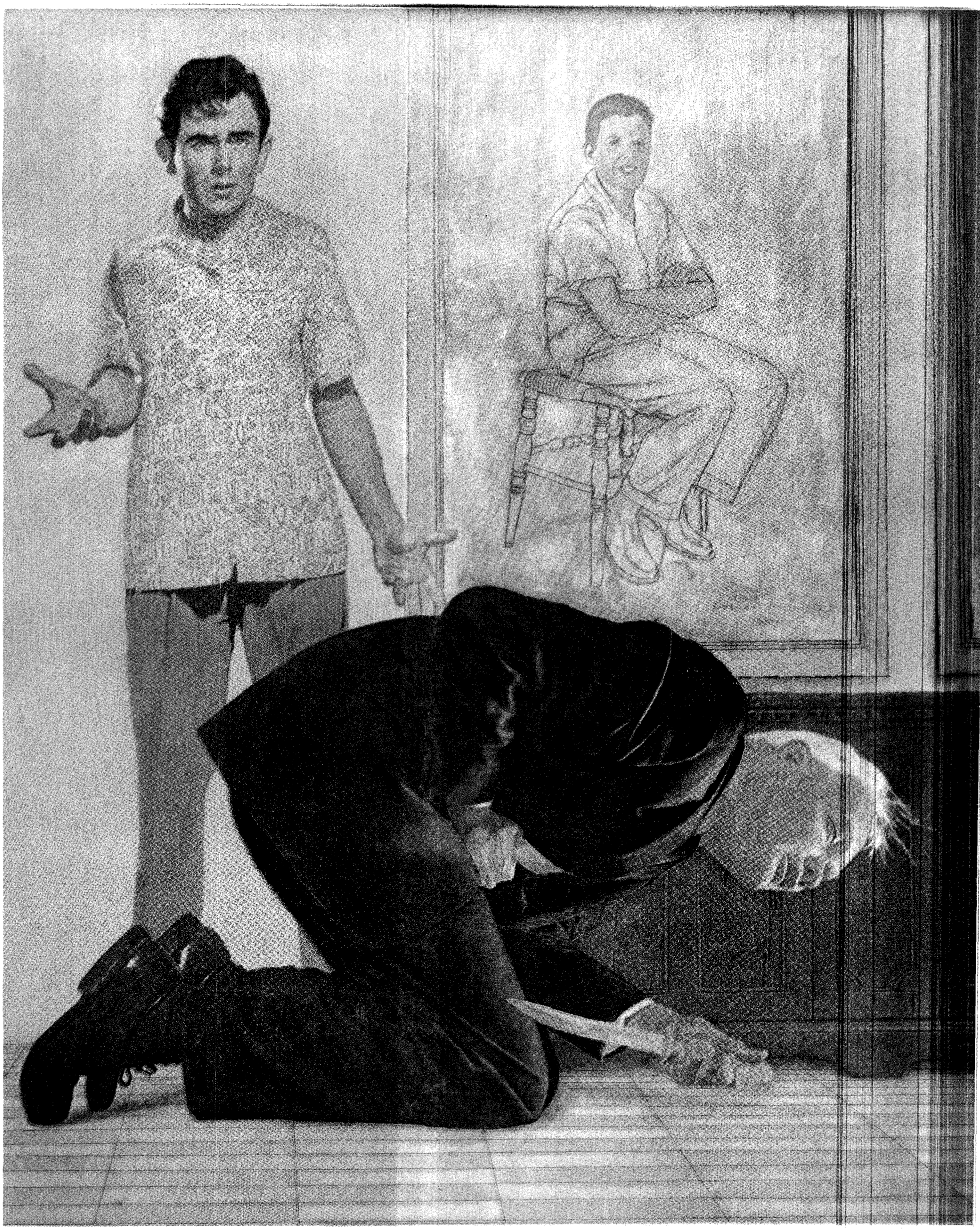

"Who let him do it?" the boy raged. "In this room, of all places?"

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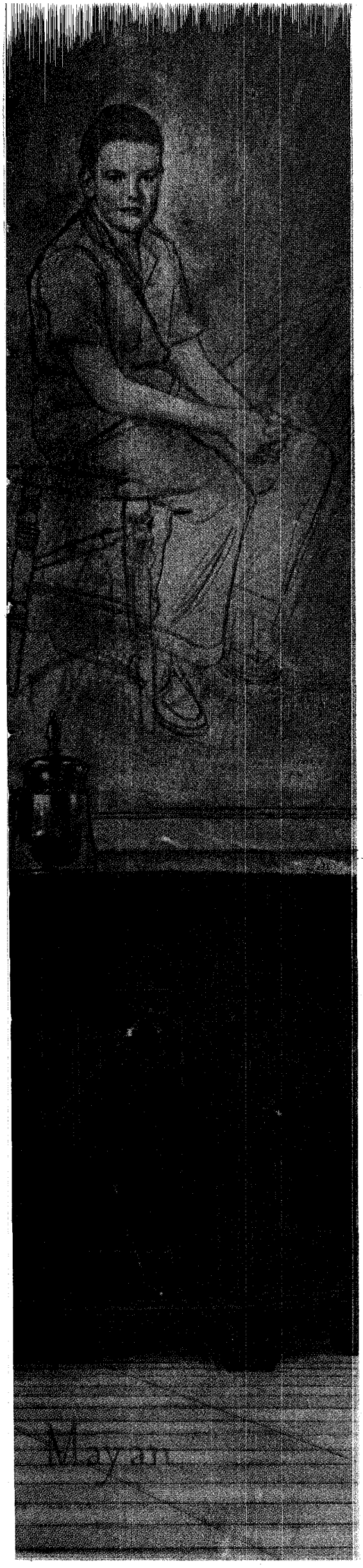

No one in the house
on the hilltop
would ever forget the

Day of Terror

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

When people heard the ambulance that Sunday morning, they assumed it was a car crash—golfers on the Oahu course, people in other cars. It came out Nuuanu Avenue from Honolulu, with a police car barreling well ahead. It climbed up fast behind Pali and the siren echoed off across Koolau Range.

Braven and Sally Powell's house is up behind Pali. You can't miss their gateposts. In carved stone, they carry the old Powell house flag from the wind-and-water days: a white tern on a crimson burgee—known from the Farallones to Java Head. That is where the ambulance turned in, between the gateposts.

That Sunday for late breakfast they had Cab Duryea and one of his network contract writers—Sam Roth. Braven knew Cab well from the years gone, and they had always kept a sound friendship, as two men in entirely opposite pursuits of livelihood sometimes will. It caught Braven in the pit of the stomach every time he saw the Cab Duryea Show or Cab in a picture with Jane Russell. And it warmed Cab in his inner bone structure to realize that Braven actually knew Eisenhower, F.D.R. and Marshall—because he had been called in several times to work for them.

Sam Roth was a homeless man, a sensitive man, an ugly man until he smiled. When he smiled, all that he was, opened up briefly, and his decency, his innate kindness reached out like a soft hand to touch you, and you were the better for that smile.

The Powells' lanai spreads like an open fan across the back of the house, running out to lawn that crescents the lip of the spur of hill the place is built on. Just below the lip on the hillside is the old Buddhist shrine.

Admiral (Flank-Speed) Oesterreich had brought a smoothly chromium-plated young woman called Clarissa Sunbury. Flared white sport skirt, wide belt, insistent legs and a sweatered neck full of tinkling stuff that matched one wristful. From Winston-Salem.

Quiet old Leander McCullogh was there. And big, fat, wonderful Josephine Liholiho Cunningham, almost seventy years old now.

Just before the telephone rang, Sam Roth said, "Forgive me for a gawping remark, Mrs. Powell, but this house of yours is an amazing house—a wonderful house," and he nodded to the living room through the open glass doors. "That is, of course, a royal Hawaiian feather cloak?" Sam asked. "Behind the glass panel inside? I mean a real one? I have been through the Bishop Museum."

"It is," Sally said. "And we have got to let them take it. It's ridiculous to keep it here at home. Yes. It is real."

"And," Sam went on, "it is all one with the clipper-ship log books in the library? The old telescopes and speaking trumpets on the racks in the hall? Your jade and lacquer in the cabinets? I mean it is not a collection? It doesn't feel like a collection."

Sally smiled. With quiet intensity, he was trying to establish permanence that some of it might be his for an hour. "Not a collection as you mean it," she said. "My husband's family were New England and San Franciscan shipping people. Mine were too—with a side line in opium. This that we have is the residual loot of years of Pacific trade."

In Sam Roth's eyes she saw the defensive veil flicker. It had hurt him that she had seemed to throw it all away with the opium droppage. So she said, "That cloak was a present to some young Powell years ago. I think in one of Captain Vancouver's ships. He did something extremely praiseworthy here in the Islands in the first Kamehameha's time."

Very solemnly, Sam nodded. "Thank you, Mrs. Powell," and they were friends from that moment, and because they were friends he indicated the two portraits within. "Your children—when they were young? Lovely, eager boy faces."

Braven Powell had moved behind his wife to the giant coffee maker. When they came close that way there always seemed to be a kinesthetic consciousness between them. Without looking, those two people always seem to feel each other near, and a quick shadow of a secret smile flashes between them, which is a splendid thing to see after thirty years of marriage. (Continued on Page 125)

Illustrated by Earl Mayan

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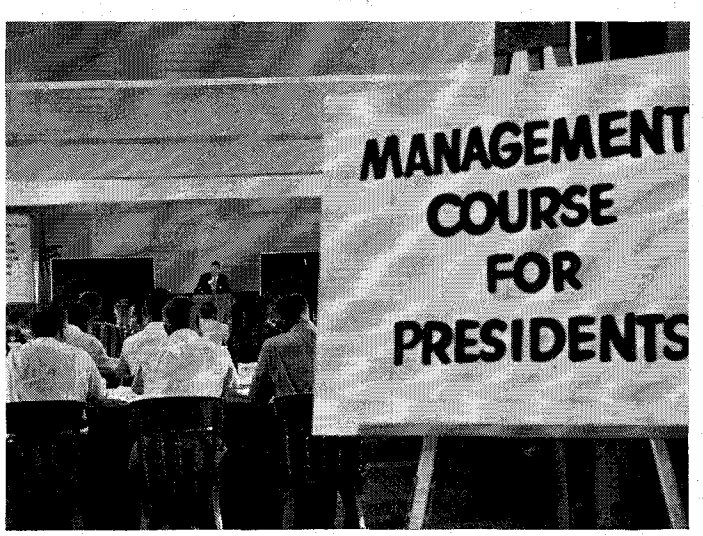
Big wheels go back to school. This classroom was once the roof-garden dance floor of New York's Hotel Astor.

How to be a Smarter Boss

To compete in these high-pressure days, an executive needs more than native ability. This amazingly successful training "school" puts business know-how on a scientific basis.

By Sidney Shalett



Top executives learn how to execute at the A.M.A. summer session on Colgate University's campus.

In Milwaukee, Robert Moon, a World War II veteran, sank his savings in a small factory known as the Lakeside Manufacturing Company. There was small demand for his product—outdoor-barbecue cookers—and young Moon's lack of managerial knowledge was so total that the enterprise was in danger of being wiped out. He became ill from worrying about it and decided to "convalesce" by enrolling in a management course for executives.

When he returned he had learned how to organize a staff, how to plan production and marketing and how to communicate his ideas to those working with him. He switched his product from barbecues to hospital carts and restaurant equipment, for which there was a demand. His profits went up, his blood pressure went down, and now he has a successful business operation.

In Hamden, Connecticut, the Brock-Hall Dairy Company was running into trouble, largely because none of the staff members seemed to know how to "get through" to one another. "That," general manager Art Hall freely admitted, "included me." The consequent lackadaisical operation resulted in high production costs (Continued on Page 119)

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Here, by the great mountains, lived a killer that brought death to all trespassers. Natives called this place

TAGATI!

By STUART CLOETE

It was very quiet as the two men rode through the bush. The bright moonlight paled the stars so that they did not pierce the blueness of the night, but adhered to it like decorations cast upon its mantle. The thorn trees were very dark against the blue, their shadows black on the white, sun-scorched grass.

They crossed an open space—a *leegte*, as they called it—a group of plovers ran along in front of their horses and then rose crying, "*Kiewietjie, kiewietjie*"—the cry that gave them their name in Africa.

The men were big. They were well mounted. They were riding away from the woman they loved. From Anna, who had said, "Well, if you must go, you must; but take care of yourselves—and each other."

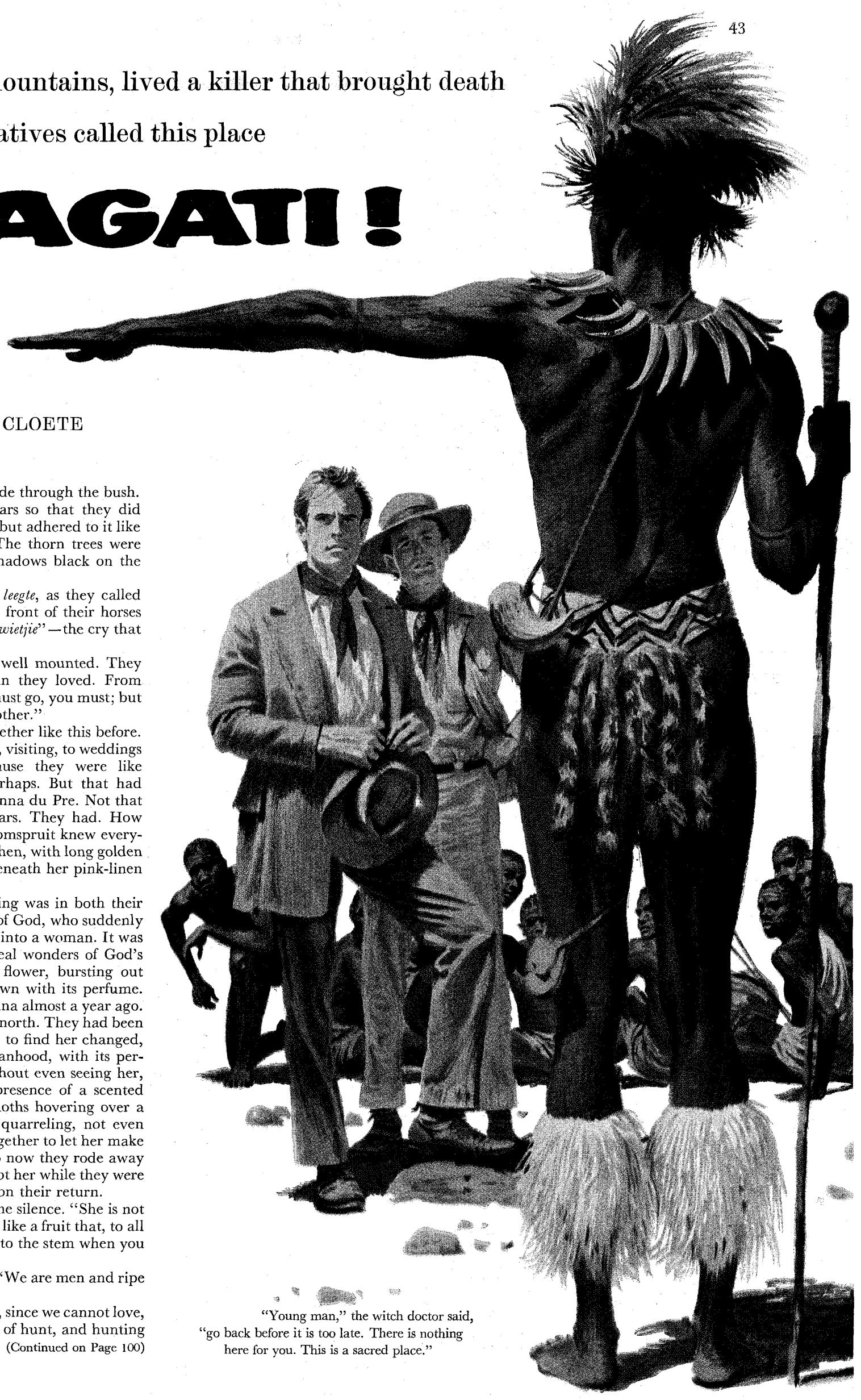
How often had they gone off together like this before. Countless times, hunting and to war, visiting, to weddings and to *nagmaal*-communion, because they were like brothers—closer than brothers, perhaps. But that had been before they fell in love with Anna du Pre. Not that they hadn't known the girl for years. They had. How could they help it? Everyone in Boomspruit knew everyone else. But she'd been a little girl then, with long golden hair running out like water from beneath her pink-linen *kappie*.

Now, as they rode, the same thing was in both their minds. How strange were the ways of God, who suddenly and without notice changed a child into a woman. It was such things as this that were the real wonders of God's creation. Like a bud becoming a flower, bursting out overnight and flooding the first dawn with its perfume. That was what had happened to Anna almost a year ago. They had been hunting ivory in the north. They had been away ten months and had returned to find her changed, marked with the aura of her womanhood, with its perfume, so that coming near her, without even seeing her, you sensed it, as you sensed the presence of a scented flower. And now, like two great moths hovering over a bloom, they hung about her, not quarreling, not even talking about it, but going to her together to let her make her choice. She had not made it, so now they rode away again, still together. If no one else got her while they were away, they would court her again on their return.

It was Klaas Botha who broke the silence. "She is not ready yet. *Ja, magtig*," he said, "it is like a fruit that, to all appearances, is ripe, but still clings to the stem when you touch it."

"We are ripe, Klaas," Jan said. "We are men and ripe for marriage." He laughed.

"*Ja*, that's right. We are ripe. So, since we cannot love, we hunt. What is loving but a kind of hunt, and hunting but a kind of love? For (Continued on Page 100)



"Young man," the witch doctor said, "go back before it is too late. There is nothing here for you. This is a sacred place."

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PART III

Confessions of "an S.O.B."

By DREW PEARSON

My Mother-in-Law Troubles

A naïve, young Drew Pearson married into one of America's most fabulous newspaper families—and acquired a mother-in-law who was later to call him "a repellent object."

In 1946, the author (right) and his ex-wife, Countess Felicia Gizycka (center), attended their daughter Ellen's wedding to George Arnold. At left is the groom's father, Judge Thurman Arnold.

Felicia's mother, Washington publisher Cissy Patterson. In her newspaper, she described Pearson as "one of the weirdest specimens of humanity since Nemo, the Turtle Boy."

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I suppose almost every married man has mother-in-law troubles. But not many mothers-in-law own newspapers. Mine did. She also developed an unquenchable thirst for publishing her feelings about me on the front pages, inside pages and feature pages. The kindest name she called me in print was "headache boy." Her more imaginative descriptions of me were "The Quaker Oat who turned into sour mash . . . backstairs crawler . . . social pariah . . . repellent object . . . America's outstanding journalistic heel . . . the polecat of journalism . . . able to walk in two directions at once . . . rooting in the muck virtually all of his waking hours . . . has more spots than you can shake a leopard at."

This collection of epithets was culled from just one article she wrote for her newspaper, the Washington Times-Herald. Her outpourings appeared about once a week during our long feud. Her language gained in originality as the years passed.

My mother-in-law was not content with advertising me in her paper. She also tried to get me prosecuted for criminal libel, wrote to Who's Who in America demanding that it alter my biographical sketch, and set up a speech-writing bureau to supply irate congressmen with material against me to be orated from the libel-proof sanctity of the House or Senate floor. Senator Brewster, of Maine, once mailed out—at (Continued on Page 87)

Photographs by Jackie Martin

Pearson and Felicia separated in 1928. Here, she and their daughter, Ellen, are shown ten years after the divorce at Dower House, Cissy's Maryland estate.

Cissy and her brother, Joe Patterson, who founded the New York Daily News. Her cousin, Col. Robert McCormick, ran the Chicago Tribune.

NEXT WEEK:

Pearson reveals how he helped convict four congressmen of crimes and describes his skirmishes with Senator McCarthy.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth (left) was a famous victim of Cissy's venomous pen. They made peace (above) shortly before Cissy declared war on her ex-son-in-law in 1942.

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Big Game in the High Rockies

You don't have to go to Africa to bag trophies. The author found adventure aplenty on the snow-lashed mountains of Wyoming—among wildcats, 1000-pound bull elk and angry grizzlies.

By Paul Schubert

We had an early winter in Wyoming—cold and stormy weather when the hunting season still had two weeks to go. Photographer Pat Coffey and I drove through Cody, with the Rockies rising ahead of us massive and forbidding under snow. In summer, Cody swarms with tourists, but now the town was in an off-season hush.

West of town we turned down the Shoshone's South Fork and registered at the South Fork check station of the Wyoming Fish and Game Commission. A party of local hunters was pulling away with a dressed-out cow elk in the back of a pickup truck.

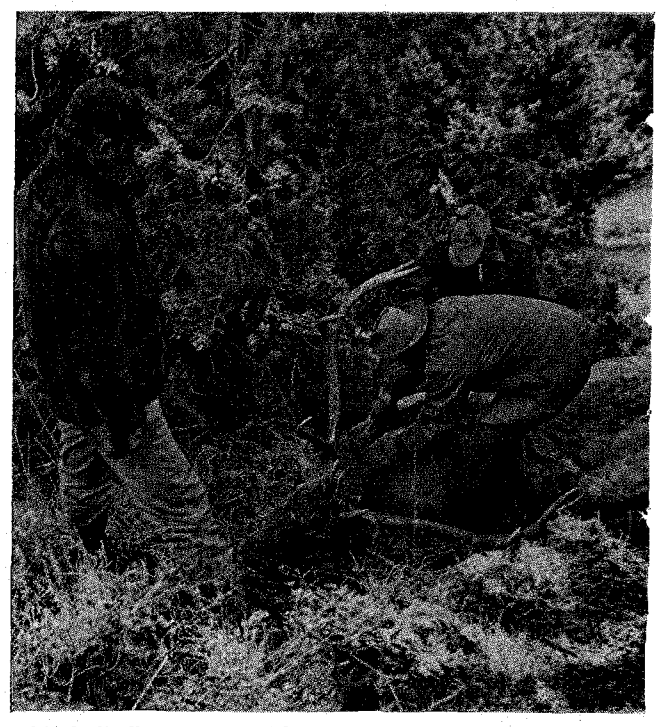
"Any Easterners gone in to Sigginses' today?" I asked the deputy game warden.

"Last night. Indiana party—four head. Went in about dark. You huntin' with 'em?"

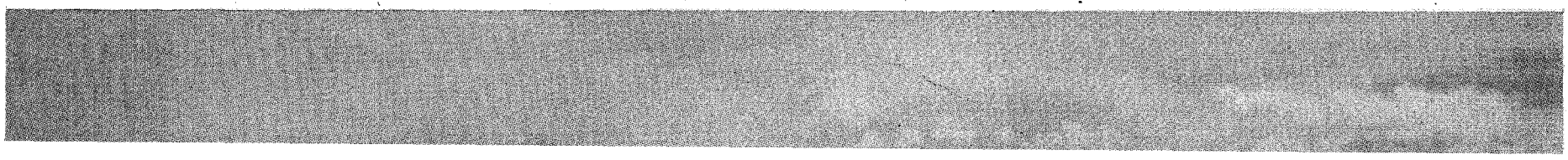
"That's right."

"Goin' to be cold in them mountains. You boys can have it."

We drove on along the South Fork, past foothill ranches into the mountains. The Absarokas loomed higher and higher to the west, peaks lost in windy snow gusts against a blue sky paled by cold. The Siggins spread, our rendezvous with the Indiana hunters, is forty miles from Cody. We left the pavement and



A big bull elk is quartered by the party's two guides.



Guide Don Siggins (background) can spot game which is all but invisible to most hunters. Here he watches Tom Walter, of Warsaw, Ind., draw a bead on an unwary deer.

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The party descends from high in the Absaroka Mountains, in Shoshone National Forest. Elk on the lead pack horse will be the main course at a Rotary Club dinner.

bounced along a stony dirt road, switchbacking over the ridges, and finally turned off at a big mailbox with a sign pointing to the Double L Bar and the Quarter Circle AH.

We crossed a bridge over the Shoshone and went through the ranch gate, past low log dwellings, barns, corrals, sheds and outbuildings spread along the river. As we piled out to introduce ourselves, we met Harry Gawthrop, Tom Walter and Bob Hall, of Warsaw, Indiana, and Bill Neely, of Chicago and Warsaw. They were ready for hunting, dressed to the ears in layers of sporting goods, and abusively congenial—a bunch of old friends who made us part of their gang without further ceremony. They are, I learned, gun nuts, and two of them are crack bench-rest shots, able to shoot minute-of-arc patterns at long range.

We climbed back into our cars and drove on to the upper ranch. On the way I learned that the hunting camp which the Siggins brothers normally use as a base for big-game expeditions had been driven down out of the mountains by the early cold weather. Fifteen pack horses had brought out tents, stoves, cooking and camping gear yesterday.

"We'll operate from down here," one of the hunters said. "Ride into the mountains every day, come back to the ranch at night."

"What are you after?" I asked.

"We have two elk-deer-bear licenses, the hundred-dollar package—they only give out twenty-five hundred a year to nonresidents. The other two guys didn't get applications in early enough, so all they have is twenty-dollar deer tickets. But two elk and four deer—that's enough for us."

"I'd sure like to get a bear," Tom Walter said. "I've never shot a bear. I got a moose

Walter and guide Ray Siggins admire a 175-pound black bear shot with a long-range rifle.

once, in Canada. It's hard to get a Wyoming moose license. They only put out a hundred and forty-two this year to nonresidents. Bighorn sheep are hardest of all to get. I've been trying for a sheep ticket for years—they draw lots among the applicants. Only seventeen this year to nonresidents. But I'd settle for a bear."

We found Don and Ray Siggins, the guides, saddling horses and assembling pack outfits in the Double L Bar corral at the foot of Hardpan Canyon. They came forward to shake hands and size us up. The Sigginses are compact, wiry men; Ray, fifty, is shorter and stockier than Don and is temperamentally sanguine and enthusiastic—an artist in his spare time, better than average in water color and black and white. Don, four years younger, is quieter and less demonstrative. Both have cropped white hair, ruddy, weather-beaten faces and penetrating eyes. And they have the curious gentleness of the frontier, the quiet patience and fortitude of cattle ranchers who know the Lord helps those who help themselves.

I had saddle, bridle and scabbard with me, and a moment later was putting them on a pinto horse named Tony. Presently we started up Hardpan Creek, quite an expedition: four hunters, two guides, Pat and myself, plus the pack horses. Our saddle scabbards held formidable artillery. The Indiana party ran to high-power rifles, almost all with beautiful sporter stocks—

(Continued on Page 137)

Lunchtime—beside raw material for a bear rug. After the first kill, "We forgot all about how cold we were."

Photographs by Pat Coffey

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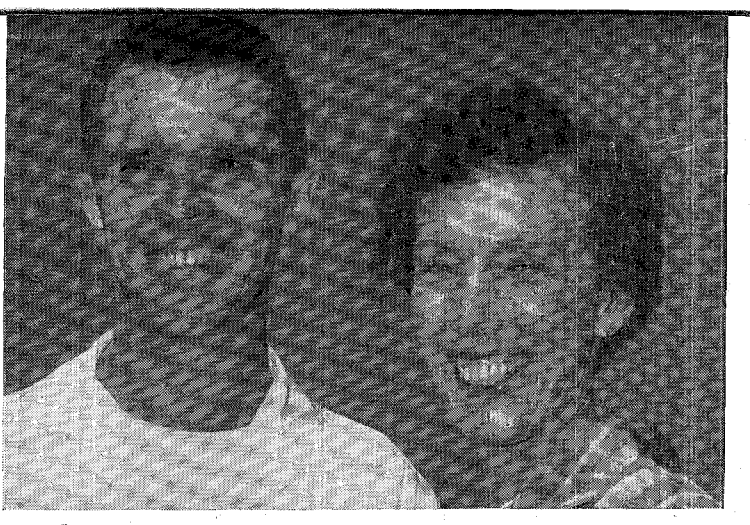
The author and her husband gave up the promise of higher-salaried jobs to become schoolteachers—and they've never regretted their choice.



Bob and Jeanne Storrs: They escaped the nine-to-five rut.

We're Lucky to be Teachers

By Jeanne Storrs

Eight years ago, my husband and I had a long, serious talk about our future. We had been married two years, and each day was becoming too much like the day before.

"What's the matter with us?" Bob asked me. "What are we looking for and not finding?"

We began throwing questions at each other, and possible answers. Did we want a home of our own? A new car? No, there was nothing we really wanted that could be bought for dollars and cents. It came to this: We wanted to be happy, and we weren't. Bob had a good

Jeanne Storrs with some first-graders at the Inglenook School, in Birmingham, Ala. "Our profession has a good future," she says. "Each September there'll be a brand-new batch of the little darlings."

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"We have more time for family fun, and we do things that would be impossible if we held ordinary jobs," says Mrs. Storrs. Bonnie Jeanne, four, and Bobby, nine, like the arrangement too.

job as a mill-and-mine-supply salesman-trainee with a wholesale-hardware firm. I was a housewife, enjoying the security of a weekly income and a well-stocked pantry. Reasonably sure that we wouldn't acquire riches, we were determined to get out of our comfortable rut and search for true happiness.

All we were sure of was that we were happy when we were together. Our days were endured for the pleasure of spending the evenings with each other. Each week was wished away so that Saturday and Sunday could be spent at home together.

"I sometimes wish you could quit your job," I told Bob, "and find some work you could do at home."

Bob laughed. It was an impractical idea. We talked of buying a farm or establishing a small business, but those ideas were impractical too. We lacked capital and experience. What else could we do together?

"Teaching," Bob said. "How does that sound?"

It was an inspiration. Of course, we weren't trained to teach. The education we'd need would mean about a year in college for me. For Bob, it would mean quitting his job and studying for three years. But the idea excited us.

Bob reached for his pencil and scratch pad to jot down basic facts. He was eligible for the GI Bill, which would pay for his schooling and books, and give him $120 a month—the living allowance for a married man with one child. We doubted that we could feed one-year-old Bobby on the portion allotted for one child, but we were willing to try.

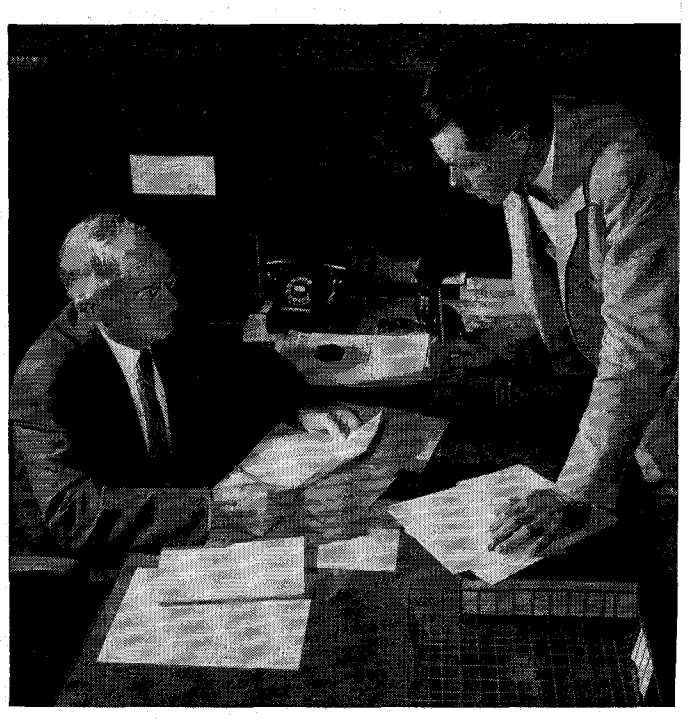
At three A.M., when we adjourned the planning session, the next three years of our lives were neatly outlined on the scratch pad, complete with cost estimates.

If we had known what those three years would be like, I suspect that we wouldn't have gone to bed at all that night. We would have sat up and worried. But I like to think that we would have had the courage to go ahead anyway.

The scratch pad said that our first objective was to build a three-room house behind my parents' home, and thus beat the rent problem. We were living in an apartment that we wouldn't be able to afford when Bob quit his job. Bob bought $400 worth of lumber from a wrecking company which was demolishing old Army barracks. Then he bought a hammer, a saw, a builder's square and a keg of nails. As he began to dig the footings, my mother's neighbors gathered in little groups at a respectful distance and talked in low voices. The secondhand lumber was stacked in a dirty gray heap on the back lawn, an eyesore in a street of well-kept houses. I knew the neighbors were wondering if our intentions were honorable.

We paused frequently to consult a booklet, How to Build Your Own Cabin. We spent the mornings making mistakes, the afternoons correcting them. (Continued on Page 153)

Bob Storrs built their seven-room house during his three-month vacation from school last summer. Do-it-yourself isn't a fad with the Storrses, it's a way of life. Here their son Bobby helps his father make a rock garden and terrace.



A guidance counselor, Bob Storrs (right) advises parents and teachers on children's problems.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

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Post Scripts

Spiel Appeal

It was, I thought, a wondrous speech,
They ought to print and save it;
I liked its tone, I liked its pace,
I liked it all. I gave it.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY

Sentimentalist

I gaze at the hearth, as the smoke skein curls,
Seeing a picture in each bright ember:
The faces of all those much-loved girls,
None of whose names I now remember.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Pruning the Shrubs — by Ear

Shrub pruning is an exact, or rather, inexact, science, or perhaps art. It may be indulged in at any time by anybody who has shrubs. Around a normal, two-adult household, pruning is ordinarily done to a fast conversational accompaniment. The first speaker is feminine:

"What are you doing, dear?"

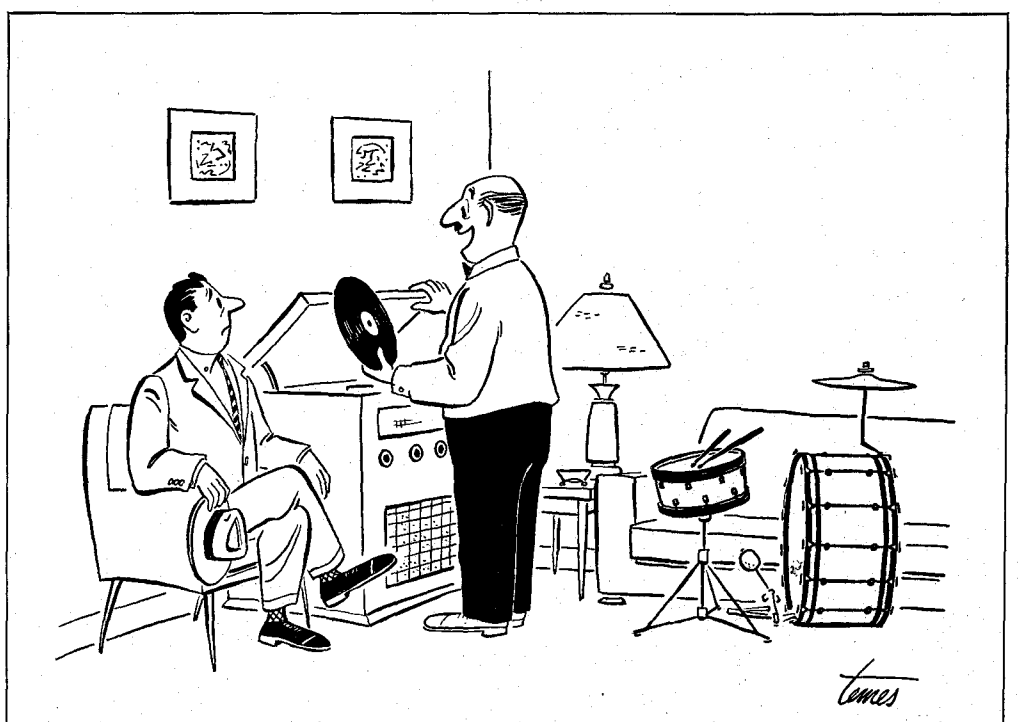
"I'm pruning the shrubs, dear."

"You just did that."

"It's been four full months, sweet. The book advises regular pruning for faster growth."

"It doesn't advise cutting off all the growth."

"The book also says to prune for better shape. I'm only trying to ——"



"Here's a record I made myself, to which I will now play the accompaniment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, you're not getting a better shape, ha-ha! Maybe you should stoop more?"

"Very funny, ha-ha. You just wait and see the new shoots come out next spring."

"I want to see the old shoots this winter."

"Look, dear, you know very well the weight of the snow will break these small branches."

"I don't think it's going to snow."

"It always snows. Last year the branches were ——"

"Then you'd better look for the sled in the attic. You were gone the last time it snowed, and we couldn't find it. Elizabeth's heart was broken."

"But, dear, there's plenty of time for ——"

"Well, it's only your daughter's happiness, so do as you like. Besides, the attic needs cleaning."

"I don't see why it's necessary to —— Oh, all right. I'll get the sled, but I won't clean the attic. Not today."

"May I have the pruning shears while you do it?"

"Sure. What are you going to do?"

"I just need a few of these evergreen branches for an arrangement. Here's a nice long one, and here's one, and ——"

"Hey! Not 'way down there! What are you trying to do—cut off all the growth?"

DAVE MORRAH

Look at Mamma!

You won't find her down at the Bridge Club,
Or out in her yard with a trowel.
Young Mrs. Dow is a Den Mother now,
And Thursday's her day to howl.

VIRGINIA BRASIER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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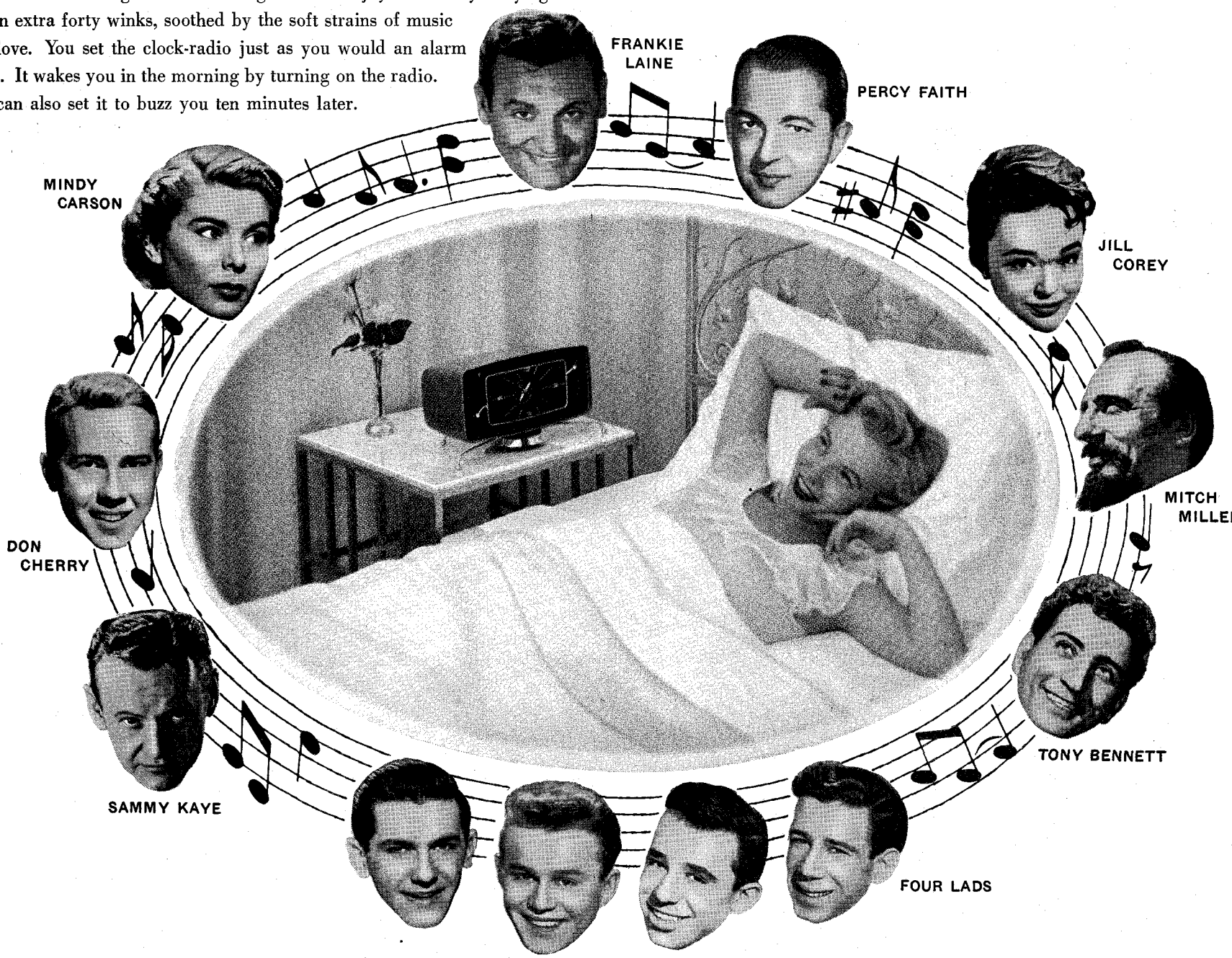
wake to the music of the stars with a clock-radio

Start your day the modern, melodious way! Open your eyes to the music of America's greatest recording stars . . . enjoy the luxury of lying in bed for an extra forty winks, soothed by the soft strains of music you love. You set the clock-radio just as you would an alarm clock. It wakes you in the morning by turning on the radio. You can also set it to buzz you ten minutes later.

November is Wake to Music Month!

It's the month to shop for Wake to Music values at your clock-radio dealer. Time, too, for Christmas gift buying that offers you a wide choice of clock-radios. Newest Telechron Wake to Music Timers are built into many leading brands of clock-radios. They are on sale at dealers everywhere.

Look for the Telechron trademark on the dial.
Featured where you see this Wake to Music Insignia.

November is Wake to Music Month

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LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Telechron Timers

make life easy—automatically

WAKE TO NEW HIT RECORDINGS: Frankie Laine, "On the Road to Mandalay" • **Percy Faith,** "Baby Doll" • **Jill Corey,** "Let Him Know" • **Mitch Miller,** "Song of the Sparrow" **Tony Bennett,** "Just in Time" • **The Four Lads,** "The Bus Stop Song" • **Sammy Kaye,** "Rich People of Brooklyn" • **Don Cherry,** "Namely You" • **Mindy Carson,** "I Don't Want to Know"

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"It was just another day... until the telephone rang!"

"It was Mother, calling from out of town. Just the sound of her voice made me feel wonderful. And we had such a good visit!"

Ever notice how much brighter an ordinary day becomes when you talk with someone special? Distance doesn't matter, because the telephone brings you close. Why not call right now? It's easy to do. And it costs so little.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
Baltimore to Norfolk	55¢
Buffalo to Detroit	65¢
Dallas to Kansas City	90¢
Los Angeles to Chicago	$1.75

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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"Should I whistle, Miss Clark?" Archy asked.

The Secret of Shining Brook

"I hope you have sex appeal," Archy's boss had warned him. "You're going to need it!"

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Boots Quinto disappeared from New York immediately after her boss, President J. A. Baldwin, of Gandolin Oil, was murdered. Now she was at Alberta's Shining Brook oil field, near the scene of another murder.

Archimedes Bolivar Butts thought Boots was following him. Archy had been sent to Shining Brook by William Makepeace Hawks, president of Trans-Oceanic Oil, to work as a trouble shooter. He found that his troubles multiplied after the arrival of Leon Moffitt and his reefer-smoking bodyguard, Bones Leary. Moffitt represented Gandolin, which held an interest in the Shining Brook operation.

The minor characters in this puzzle perplexed Archy. The Quinto girl's aunt and uncle, Violet and Pythagoras Magin, seemed to be no more than a pair of eccentric storekeepers. But Archy had suspicions about the sinewy nature lover known only as John. Another person who would bear watching was Lolly Grebus, a backwoods guttersnipe who resembled Boots.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police stepped into the picture when Sergeant Van Patten, of the Entwistle detachment, announced that an unidentified dead man had been found in Archy's car. The victim's neck had been snapped. While Archy and his roommate, Lumpy Sawyer, were pondering this, Van Patten received news of another crime: Three men had robbed the Magins' store. Boots and the old couple had been trussed up and the store ransacked.

IV

The lights were off in the trailer, but neither Archy Butts nor Lumpy Sawyer was asleep. For Butts, matters in Shining Brook field had assumed a malignant aspect. Here, tonight, had been disclosed something above and beyond the hex that had fastened itself on the new oil field; something more unpleasant than mere sabotage for reasons of business or internal company politics. Here was murder, deliberately planned and ruthlessly executed.

The body of a man whom Archy never had seen before, and (Continued on Page 141)

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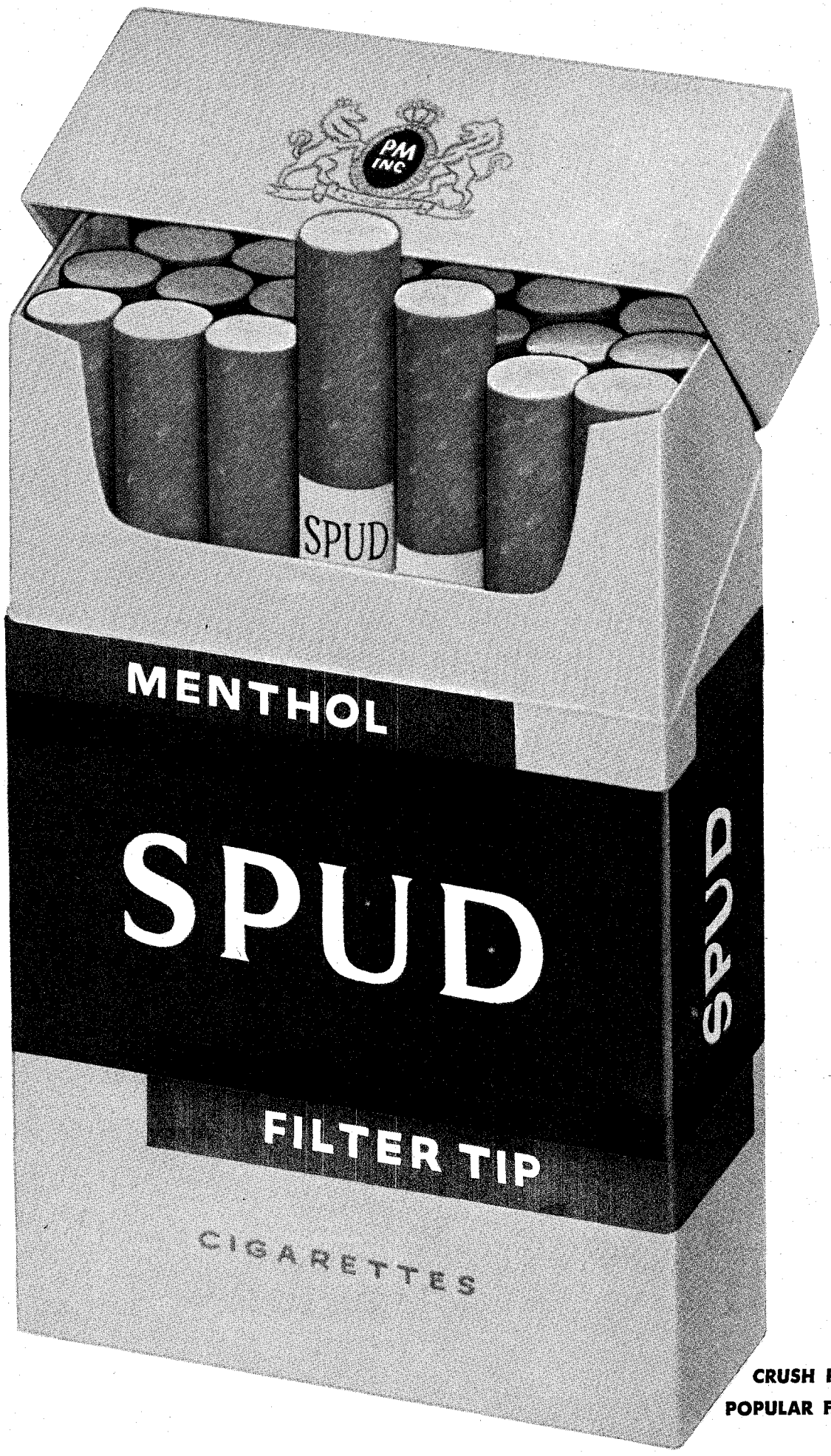
NEW!



CRUSH PROOF BOX
POPULAR FILTER PRICE

These new and different filter cigarettes from Philip Morris have a light touch of menthol that freshens the smoke–*something wonderful!*

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Imitation General (Continued from Page 29)

Damn it, these people wouldn't hurry, Savage thought bitterly. The girl had turned her head a little now, so that he could see that she was young, and pretty with a sort of frozen beauty. She slowly dropped the hand holding the pistol to her side.

"Ah," she said slowly. "Texas. I know of Texas. We see it in the cinema. Many times. There was a cinema about the Alamo. It was very brave, the Alamo!"

Off beyond the eastern edge of the town a chuckle of machine-gun fire came through the sifting snow, making a sound like that of a small boy dragging a stick across the palings of a picket fence at incredible speed. Kraut machine gun, Savage thought morosely; cyclic rate too high for ours. It was answered, far off, by the methodical "thump-thump-thump" of a BAR. Then the evening was quiet again.

The girl turned abruptly to say over her shoulder, "Help them with the wounded American general, Pierre. Quickly!"

A boy with a pinched face came out of the shadows and he and Enver Bey and Savage got the Old Man across the step and into an inner room, the girl carrying the lamp ahead. There was a bed and they got the Old Man onto it, and Savage was a little shocked to see how waxy the Old Man's face looked in the yellow light.

The general mumbled, "Sir, Cadet Seth Jar——"

The sentence trailed off and Savage, feeling that helpless anger run through him again, knew that the Old Man was back at West Point now. He laid the other's helmet, with the white camouflage hood hiding its single star, on the table beside the lamp and turned back to the bed. He opened the Old Man's battle jacket and shirt to uncover the hasty dressing he and Enver Bey had applied earlier. The bandage wasn't badly stained, but that didn't mean anything. The Old Man could be bleeding inside; drowning in his own blood. Bey picked up his rifle and went out, and Savage heard the front door close as the girl pushed by to drop on her knees by the bed.

"Let me," she ordered curtly. "I am Jeanne Fénelon—of the Maquis. My father was the doctor here in Cheury before the *Boche* took him, and I know of wounds. What is your name?"

"Savage," the latter told her tiredly. "Sergeant Murphy Savage. Is there another doctor left in the town?"

"There is nobody left," Jeanne told him. "All have gone."

"Why didn't you go too? And the boy?"

Jeanne shrugged. "A small brother was sick. We could not take him. But he is dead now. . . . Pierre!"

The boy came and Jeanne spoke sharply to him, and he disappeared again through a door at the rear. Savage rubbed a hand across the stubble on his chin and waited. The Germans would be coming to this town soon, he thought. Probably tonight; certainly tomorrow. The Old Man had said that as they had driven through the snow this morning looking for Colonel Arnett's lost battalion.

The Old Man was assistant division commander (*Continued on Page 58*)

The Perfect Squelch

Charlie, bristling with tools and gadgets, was a whirling dervish of the do-it-yourself movement. He raced from one project to another like a minister's wife at a Sunday-school picnic. Seldom, however, did he finish anything. This was partly because, whenever a neighbor picked up a tool to do some work of his own, Charlie rushed over with vast amounts of advice. He frequently ended by chiding the neighbor for taking so long to do "a simple little job."

One Saturday morning Charlie began attacking the pillars of his front porch with a wrecking bar. A friend whom he had called a "slow poke" happened by and asked, "What are you doing now, Charlie?"

"Gonna tear down the porch, pour a concrete terrace and landscape the front yard," Charlie replied briskly.

"Well," the friend said dryly, "you've got a good day for it."

Gay South

NEVER BEFORE

—so much battery at such low prices

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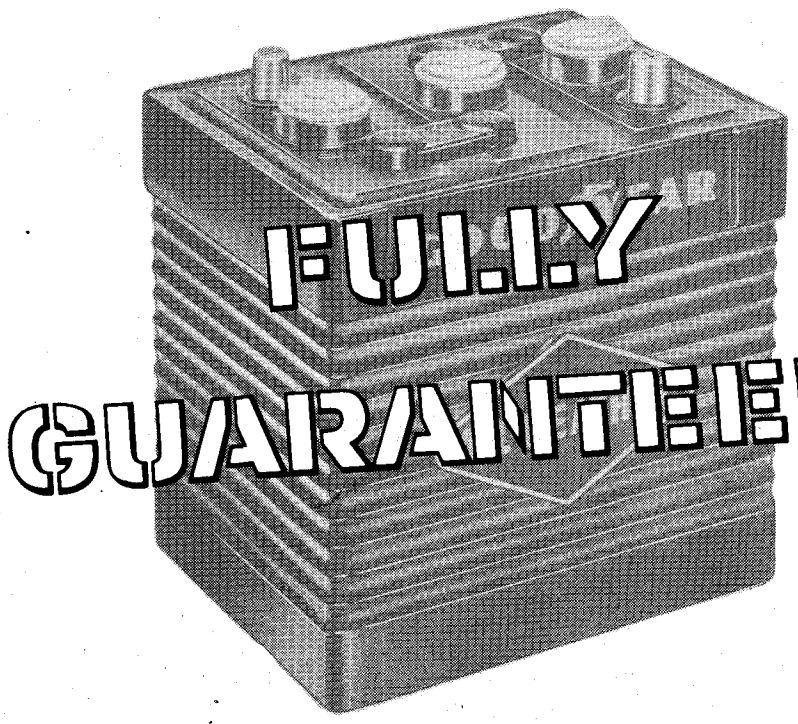

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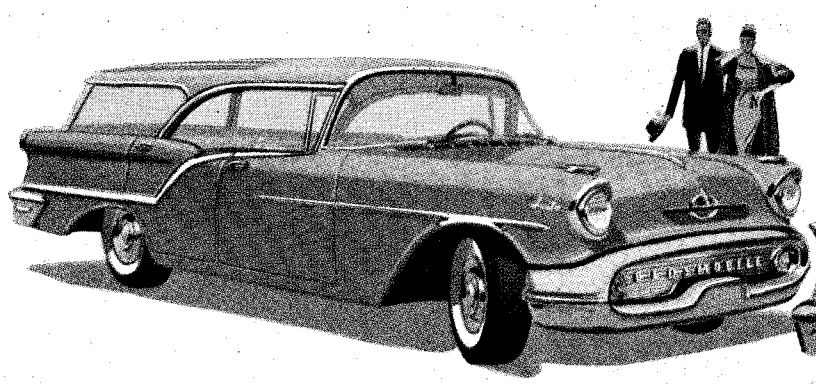
THIS IS THE YEAR OF THE

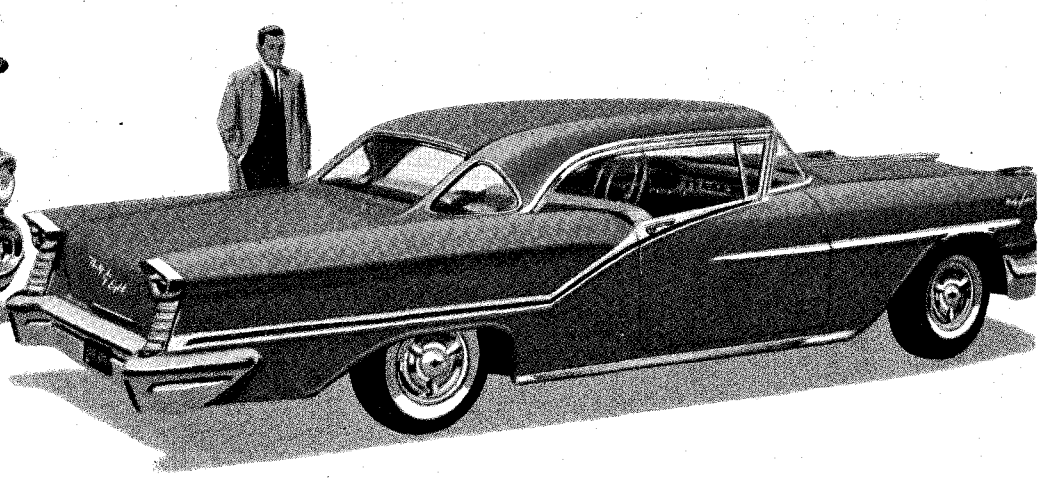
Golden Rocket!

Above, new 1957 Golden Rocket 88 Holiday Coupé, pictured in the new General Motors Technical Center. Six other stunning new models are also available in this budget-priced series—all powered by the new 277-horsepower Rocket T-400 Engine!

FOR '57...THE *Accents* ON



Super 88 Fiesta—*Oldsmobile introduces a brilliant new combination of hardtop glamor and rugged utility — smartest new model for the station wagon set!*



Starfire 98 Holiday Coupé — *there's nothing quite like it! Jetaway Hydra-Matic Drive, Power Steering and Power Brakes are all standard equipment.*

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OLDSMOBILE!

Here's value . . . with the accent on YOU! *New value* . . . with sweeping changes in every feature of every model of Oldsmobile for '57! Lower by far, longer in line, distinctively different in every detail! Highlighted by Oldsmobile's exclusive Accent Stripe and a higher, wider Span-A-Ramic windshield for a new slant on style and visibility. (For you, this means the satisfaction of driving a style leader—a car that will stay fashion-new and hold its value.)

New in power with the efficient Rocket T-400 Engine—streaking to new highs in torque (400 lb.-ft.), displacement (371 cubic inches), and high-compression horsepower (277). (You get economy when you want it—power when you need it.)

Engineered from the ground up to give you more, with the rugged Wide-Stance Chassis (for cornering ability, sure-footed stability). New Pivot-Poise Suspension with Counter-Dive (means smooth, level stops). New L-Bow Propeller Shaft (secret of a lower center of gravity). New Hi-Lo Bumper (double protection up front). New Tech-Style Interiors (fashioned at GM's Tech Center to bring new luxury to you). New Strut-Mounted Instrument Panel (easier accessibility and visibility). New Dual-Range Power Heater (quicker, more even heat at finger-touch).

All this in three series . . . Golden Rocket 88, Super 88, Starfire 98. (Seventeen models to choose from . . . one just right for you!)

NOW ON DISPLAY! **Your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer invites you to his Gala Announcement Showing!**

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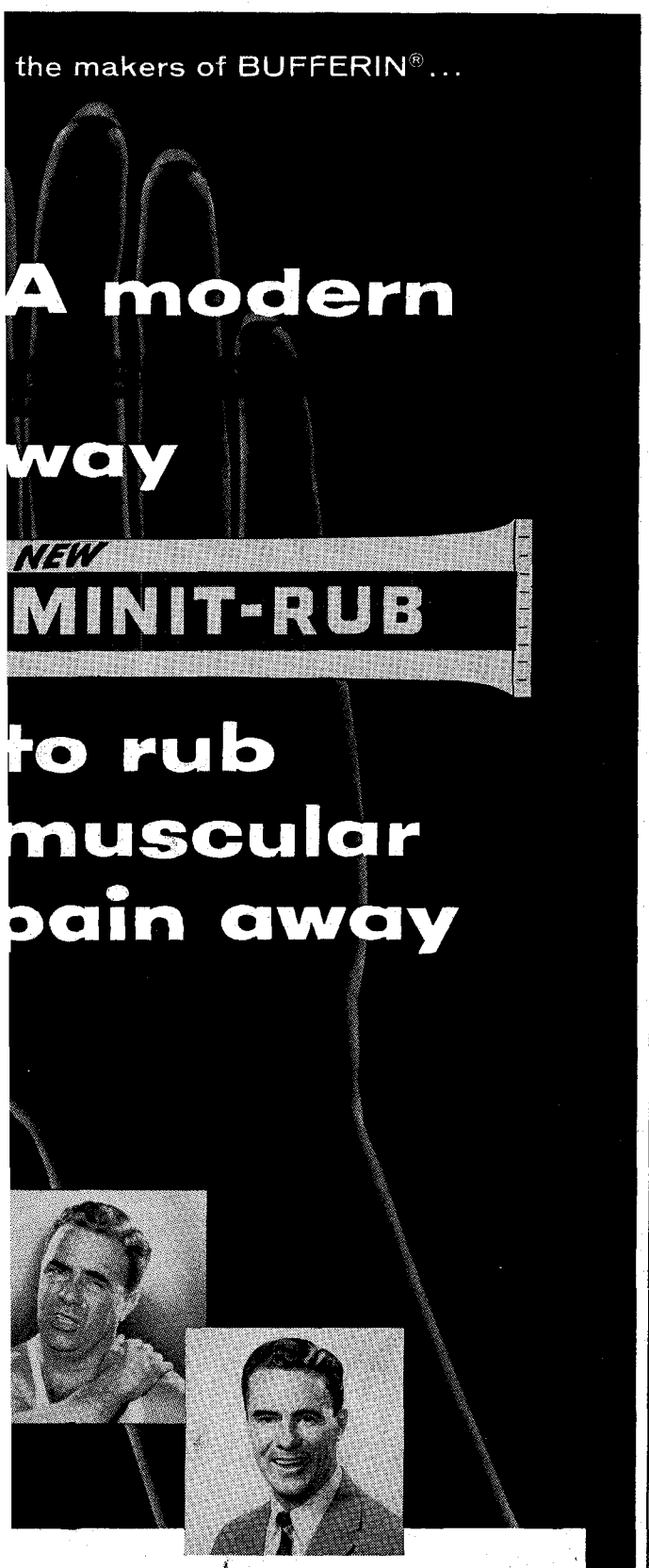

Not sticky, messy—no strong smell! New Minit-Rub® relieves deep-down pain without burning skin

Now out of 3 years' scientific research comes a truly *modern* rub—totally different from the sticky, messy, bad-smelling rubs you may have used before. A rub that relieves deep-down aches of rheumatism, arthritis, neuralgia—yet won't burn even a child's skin.

Cool—Stainless! New Minit-Rub is pleasant to use—can't soil clothing. And it acts faster than greasy rubs! As you smooth it on, Minit-Rub *vanishes*. Just as fast, its 3 pain-relieving ingredients—*all prescribed by doctors*—start working to restore comfort.

Minit-Rub promptly "blocks-out" pain impulses from nerves far down in the muscles. Stimulates circulation, too. Thus it breaks up painful congestion and relieves stiffness and soreness even bone-deep!

Next time anyone in your family suffers muscular misery, bring relief this fast, modern, greaseless way. Ask for new Minit-Rub at any drug counter.

MINIT-RUB IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(*Continued from Page 55*) and two nights ago, as the elements of the division were beginning to close up here in Belgium, he had sent Colonel Arnett with his battalion to feel forward through the fog toward the Salm and St. Vith beyond. No whisper had come back from Colonel Arnett, and so the Old Man and Enver Bey and Sgt. Murphy Savage had shoved off before daylight this morning to find out what had happened. The Old Man wasn't one to let an outfit of his go down the drain without a trace.

They'd halted for a little while in a patch of woods north of the Vielsmark road and the Old Man had spread his map out on his knee. Studied it with a scowl for a moment and then had traced a line with a dirty forefinger while Savage watched.

"If the German is across the Salm he'll drive for here," the Old Man had said and put his finger down on the village of Cheury. "If he gets this town he'll own the road north to Liége and the road west to the Ourthe. Then our goose will be cooked, Murph."

"Yes, sir," Savage had said.

The Old Man's mouth had flattened out. "He must not get Cheury. We'll find Arnett's battalion—pull it back into the town and hold there until the rest of the division can come up. Tonight, maybe. Tomorrow, maybe. How long doesn't matter; the town must be held."

"What if Colonel Arnett's battalion is done for, sir?"

The Old Man's eyes had got a glacial blue. "Then we'll hold with whatever we can lay our hands on, Murph," he had said, and Savage had known what the Old Man meant.

All morning they had been passing fragments of broken units drifting back along the Vielsmark road. Lost men, tired and dazed and scared, but still soldiers. They would continue to wander listlessly back until a woods or a town or a few more of their own kind offered them temporary security. Or until someone came who was strong enough to rally them. Someone like the Old Man.

"We've got to fight at Cheury, Murph!"

But it hadn't worked out that way because, an hour later, the Old Man had been lying in the back of the jeep with a bullet in his belly, and Murphy Savage—with no choice left to him—had been running back from the hornets' nest they'd run into. So they'd returned finally to this town of Cheury, and where Colonel Arnett and his battalion was, Savage didn't know. All that he really knew was that thing that the Old Man had whispered just after he'd been hit.

"We've got to fight the German at Cheury, Murph! We've got to beat him there! Hold him!"

Savage said now, "How near are the Germans, Jeanne?"

Her name seemed to come naturally to his lips, somehow. She sat back on her heels, waiting for Pierre to return, while she looked up. Her face, in the down-glow of the lamplight, looked younger and prettier than he had thought at first, Savage decided absently—not that it mattered. This was not the time for pretty girls whose eyes were too old in oval faces framed with dark hair.

"I do not know that, Murphy," she said slowly. "But the *Boche* will come; he always does. You will stop him here?"

"How the hell can I stop him?" Savage burst out angrily, but he already knew what he was going to do—had to do because the Old Man expected it. "I'm just a sergeant. Does a sergeant stop them?"

Jeanne looked soberly up at him. "A corporal sends them," she murmured, and turned back to the bed as the boy came with a basin of water and bandages.

For a moment Savage watched as her hands moved in swift, deft motions. Nothing he could do here that she couldn't do better, he decided; except, maybe, say a wish for the Old Man. He got a cigarette out of a crumpled package and lighted it and looked through the smoke at the Old Man's helmet on the table, the camouflage hood covering its single star. Then the outer door slammed again and Enver Bey came back, his dark face hawklike in the shadows as he stopped to lean on his rifle just inside the room.

"What did you find?" Savage asked abruptly. "Any other Americans in the town?"

Enver Bey gave the impression of spitting angrily. "Stragglers hiding like dogs in their kennels," he said. "That's all, Murph."

"How many?"

Enver Bey shrugged. "One hundred, maybe. Two-three hundred. Who can count people that hide?"

"Any units among them? Any of Arnett's battalion?"

(*Continued on Page 61*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If you ask me, I think it would look better in the fireplace."

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First on the Christmas "Want List"

Sunbeam® Automatic FRYPAN with Controlled Heat

EASY-TO-SET DIAL FOR CONTROLLED HEAT
Gives correct temperatures for foods. Signal light indicates when proper temperature is reached.
EASY-TO-SEE FRYGUIDE
Gives recommended bacon temperature of 340° to eliminate guesswork and failure. Your bacon looks better—tastes better.

HERE IS WHAT HAPPENS WITH UNCONTROLLED HEAT. When the pan gets too hot, the bacon curls up, chars and shrivels.

Never before has a new electric appliance captured the whole-hearted enthusiasm of America like the famous Sunbeam Controlled Heat Automatic Frypan. The Sunbeam cooks the easy, modern electric way. It Fries • Bakes • Stews • Pan-broils • Braises, makes delicious Pancakes, Omelets, French Toast - Heats "frozen dinners." High dome covers of either aluminum or heat-resistant glass are available for frying chicken, roasting, baking, etc. Be sure yours is the genuine Sunbeam.

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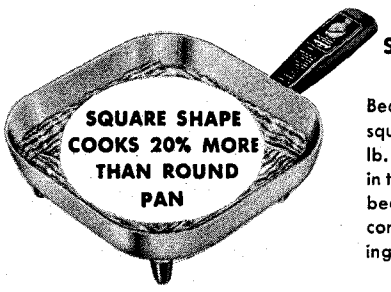

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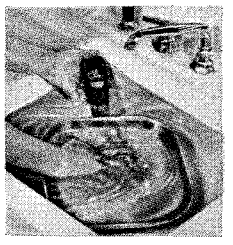

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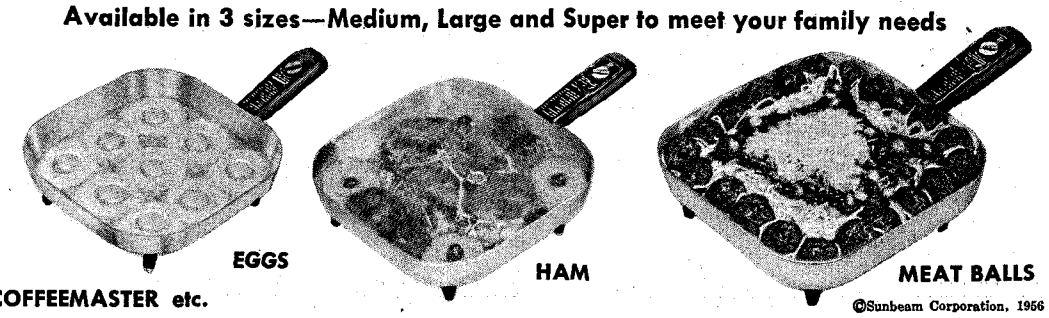

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(*Continued from Page 58*) Enver Bey shrugged again. "Parts of units here and there, I think," he said. "All mixed up—infantry, artillery, engineers. What you got? You got nothing at all."

He went angrily on. A man had told him that there were two tanks almost out of gas, at the northern edge of town. Another man had thought that there was a part of an infantry battalion in the woods by the Bastogne road; he wasn't sure. Nobody was sure of anything.

"We've got to round them up," Savage said tiredly. "Organize a defense here. The Old Man wants it that way."

Abdul Enver Bey looked toward the bed; then shook his head slowly. "I think that pretty soon he does not care any more, Murph. Pretty soon he will mount the white charger that waits to carry him to the Gardens of Delight, as it is written in the Koran."

Savage heard the words dimly because memory of the Old Man's voice kept echoing in his head: *We must fight at Cheury, Murph.* But you didn't fight without men, and beaten, dog-tired stragglers weren't going to rally around any buck sergeant. Maybe they'd rally around a general. Savage didn't know, but he had to make the try.

He tossed his cigarette to the floor and reached for the helmet beside the lamp. Stared at it for a moment and then tore away the camouflage cloth, so that the brigadier general's white star showed in the light. Finally he sighed faintly and put his own headgear on the table and jammed the Old Man's helmet down over his ears.

"Come on, Turk," he said in a grim voice as he picked up his carbine and headed for the door. "We got work to do."

Lt. Ed Clayton, of Savannah, Georgia, clumped wearily into the eastern edge of the town at the head of his handful of men. All that was left of the battalion, as far as he knew, Ed Clayton was thinking dully. Colonel Arnett had been killed last night—or was it this morning? It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. The last of the battalion had been on a ridge when *Panzers* had vomited out of the woods on the flank and now only Ed Clayton and his few men were left.

He halted them inside the edge of town and sent young Solly Moon and Frankie Lazzero to scout around and posted Pedro Ragines, the BAR man, where he could cover the road along which they had come. The others dropped listlessly to rest because tiredness was running through their bones like a creeping disease now.

Thirteen men left, Ed Clayton thought as he leaned his back against a ruined wall and rubbed at the blond fuzz on his chin. An unlucky number; if their luck continued to run bad, they wouldn't stay at thirteen long, but a man could take no cheer in that. Ed didn't want to think about it right now. He'd think, instead, about Savannah and about Marjorie, he decided. After a while, when he'd rested a little, he'd try and decide what they'd better do.

The minutes ticked on and the dusk grew thicker, so that the snowflakes were like dead white bugs drifting out of the night. The outline of the hills blurred and went away, until there was nothing distinct out there any longer—just the lighter shade of the snow mottled by dark clots of forest. They reminded Ed Clayton, somehow, of women's fur capes tossed carelessly onto a counterpane.

"Wonder where Solly is?" Monk Haislip mumbled after a while from where he sat, sheltered from the wind by a broken wall.

Corporal Alsop asked morosely, "Who cares where he is? Who cares about anything in this stinking war?"

He had been debating with himself whether or not now would be a good time to smoke his last cigarette. He'd been saving it since yesterday, hoarded carefully in its crumpled package in his inside pocket, and it'd taste good now. Only, he'd have to share it with Monk and Jeff Hodes; and that big louse, Hutchmeyer, would want to chisel in on it too. Maybe he'd better wait a little longer.

Solly Moon came out of a ruined alley, his M-1 slung over his shoulder and his eyes bright in his round baby face and with Lazzero tagging behind him. Sgt. Otto Hutchmeyer scowled as Solly squatted down. Solly was only nineteen, and that irritated Sergeant Hutchmeyer. When you were forty-four and you had better than a quarter of a century of soldiering behind you—years filled with two wars and the brawls of a thousand barrooms—you resented youth.

"This town's named Cheury," Solly was saying to Lieutenant Clayton. "I seen it on a sign. I seen something else, too, lootenant. You ain't going to believe it, though."

Ed Clayton only half heard the words because the tiredness and the apathy had settled deeply into him now. He was thinking of how pretty the red and green and amber lights had looked that last Christmas back in Savannah. He and Marjorie had ridden out to see them in the warm evening, driving beneath the trees that trailed their venerable beards of gray moss.

Sergeant Hutchmeyer stirred angrily, rubbing a hand across his scarred, beefy face. "You didn't see no sign that said hot chow on it, did you?" he asked sourly.

Solly gave him a bright glance. "Hot chow?" he said, spitting into the snow. "Who'd want hot chow now? Don't you want to work up no appetite for Christmas turkey, sarge?"

"Hutchmeyer don't believe in Christmas at all," Corporal Alsop said, suddenly mad. "He's nothing but a lousy pagan."

Jeff Hodes, who was lanky and solemn and who had a wife and three kids back in Ilex, Arkansas, rubbed his gloveless hands together to warm them. Jeff was an elder in the church back in Ilex and he carried a worn Testament, which he read whenever he had a moment.

"You hadn't ought to say a thing like that, corporal," he protested soberly now. "Nobody's really a pagan. Everybody has got to worship something."

"Hutchmeyer don't worship nothing but his (*Continued on Page 63*)

Au 'Voir

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

When the love is old,
And the sweet is bitter,
And the hearth is cold,
And no birds twitter
At dusk and dawn
In the circling boughs,
It is time to be gone
From the past's bleak house.

So the door is shut,
And I firmly lock it.
I am going—but
With the key in my pocket.

Fabulous Fit makes Nunn-Bush *First in Quality!*

The man who wears Nunn-Bush Shoes for the first time soon notices "something different" about the way they snug the heel, hug the ankle. He is discovering *Ankle-Fashioning,* in action. Only Nunn-Bush Shoes are Ankle Fashioned. Only Ankle-Fashioning gives so many, many extra miles of *satisfaction!*

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You get a lot to like

with a Marlboro

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(*Continued from Page 61*) fat gut," Alsop said, his anger growing as he remembered that Hutchmeyer would want a share of that last cigarette. Then another thought took hold of him and he asked dourly, "When is Christmas? I lost track."

"Day after tomorrow," Solly told him, a wry grin pasted onto his dirty face. "Remind me to hang up my stocking, pappy. The one that ain't got a hole in it. You know what else I found in town?"

Alsop fumbled beneath his coat; got out the crumpled pack that held the cigarette. He cupped it in his palms, hiding it from the rest, while he peeked to be sure it was still there.

"O.K.," he grunted. "What else did you find? Betty Grable?"

"No Betty Grable," Solly said. "A general, I found."

Corporal Alsop snorted disgustedly. "Nuts! You're crazy!"

Sergeant Hutchmeyer's irritation increased. That fool Solly! A general up here in this mess—how stupid could you get, anyway? That was a cigarette that Alsop was sneaking a look at, he decided, and the thought of tobacco smoke made his mouth water. He'd make Alsop share it; he couldn't get away with hoarding cigarettes like that.

"Maybe I didn't exactly see him," Solly was saying. "I seen his jeep, though. Setting in front of a house in the square. It had one of those plates in front with a canvas doodad over it and I sneaked a look. Sure enough, there is a buck general's star underneath. You could of knocked me with a feather."

"Somebody knocked you with a rock," Alsop grunted sourly. "On the head when you were born. The generals are all back in Paris. What would one of 'em be doing here, for cripe's sake?"

His voice didn't carry complete refutation, however, because he'd really like to believe what Solly had said. The thought began to build up a little thread of hope in him. He examined the idea in his mind, not wanting to let it go, and the others squatted here with him were thinking the same thing. Hell, things couldn't be too bad or no general would be here. That figured.

"You ain't kidding about the general, Solly?" Corporal Alsop asked then, his voice vaguely pleading.

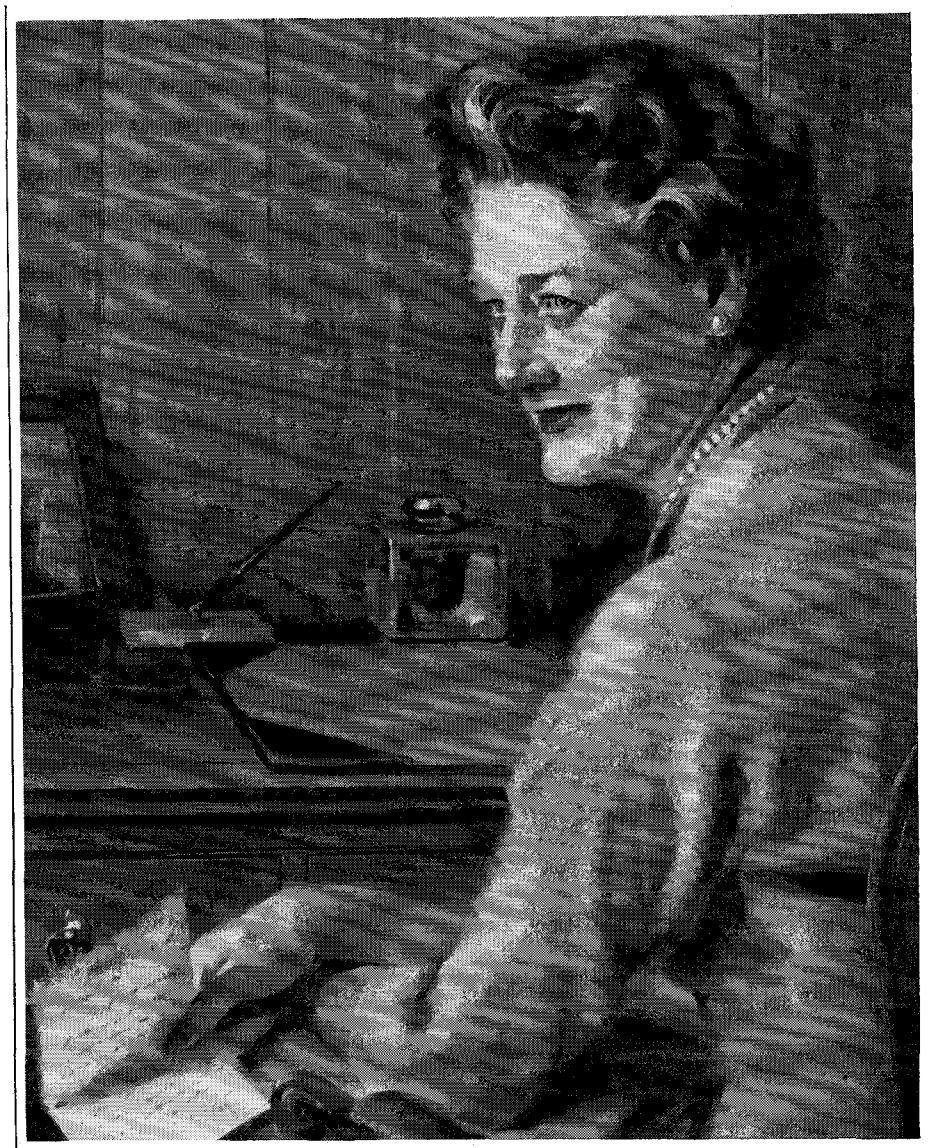
"Naw, I ain't kidding," Solly said.

Corporal Alsop sighed a little and picked that last cigarette out of the crumpled package. He said offhandedly—as though he had all of another package of cigarettes beneath his coat, "Might as well have a smoke, I guess." The others stirred by the wall.

Hutchmeyer asked hoarsely, "How about a drag, Al?"

"Sure," Alsop said. Somehow even Sergeant Hutchmeyer didn't seem so bad now. "A drag for everybody."

The cigarette passed carefully from hand to hand and its butt had come back to Corporal Alsop when boots crunched on the rubble and two men, shadowy in the last light, came around the corner of



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Farmer Tossel was daffy about wild geese. He built a large artificial pond on his farm and sprinkled corn around the edges so the big birds would find food and rest on their annual migration. Geese came by the hundreds, and, as Tossel's hospitality continued from year to year, by the thousands. Soon they were so numerous that many began waddling next door to Beagle's farm and eating his corn crop. Beagle, no goose lover, went to court.

"The law forbids a man to use his property in such a way that it harms his neighbors," Beagle argued, "and that is just what Tossel is doing by attracting wild geese to his place. They eat my corn before I can harvest it, and are driving me into bankruptcy. So please make Tossel stop."

"I don't send the geese over to Beagle's farm for lunch," Tossel replied. "In fact, I have no control over them at all. Beagle can drive them away if he wishes, but he has no right to dictate what I do on my farm."

If you were the judge, would you halt the handouts to geese?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tossel was ordered to cease his charity to geese. The court calculated that "at the prior rate of increase there will be 7500 geese on Tossel's farm this year and 20,000 next." That, it said, was too much of an imposition on the neighbors.
Based upon a 1955 North Carolina decision.

The note on her husband's desk...

Her eyes were misty as she read it. It was so like him, boyishly inarticulate, to write what he had felt so deeply.

"My darling Sue," the note began. "One day many years ago, right after we were married, I tried to tell you about some life insurance I had just bought. You said you hated to talk about such a thing — so I dropped the subject.

"As you read these words, that New England Life policy will be payable. My purpose in buying it never changed through the years and this note, which you will find on my desk, picks up that long ago conversation we didn't finish.

"I haven't much to say — only that I wanted to make absolutely sure that you would have freedom from care every minute of your life. That fact is accomplished. And I want you to know it was your thrifty budget that saved me from any worry in paying for it. New England Life never had to wait for a premium.

"Now, my darling, you know what I wanted to tell you on that day so long ago — and you know that my love for you has not been a matter of words only. Your Jim."

(*There is a sequel to this story — just turn the page*)

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the ruined house. They wore white camouflage clothes over their uniforms and the man in the lead carried a carbine—a man with a sharply cut face and hard eyes. Then Corporal Alsop saw that a white star was painted on the front of the first man's helmet, and started to scramble up.

"Who's in command here?" Savage asked sharply, putting a whip into his voice. These were tired, defeated men. If he was going to command them, he had to start now. "Is there an officer here?"

Lt. Ed Clayton looked vaguely up—he was still back in Savannah, riding beneath the moss-bearded trees, and he didn't see the star that Alsop had seen. It was Alsop, wanting desperately to hang onto his new assurance, who answered Savage.

"The lieutenant's in command, sir," he said, and tried to salute in the way that a general would expect. "Lieutenant Clayton," and then he named his company and regiment, and Savage knew that this was a remnant of Colonel Arnett's lost battalion.

For a fraction of a second indecision ran through Savage—suppose some of these men recognized him? Knew that he was just a buck sergeant with no right in the world to wear a general's star? There was an officer here—even if that officer was nothing but a kid with all of the sap run out of him—and it would be easy to just report what had happened to the Old Man and turn the responsibility over. The book would certainly back him up if he did that.

Don't be a fool, Murph. You don't have to stick your neck out. Get smart. Who ever heard of a sergeant playing general? It's not too late to back out of this.

But that wouldn't wash, Savage knew soberly. It took only a glance at Ed Clayton, still slouched against the wall, to know that the lieutenant couldn't do what the Old Man had said must be done. "Fight at Cheury, Murph." That's what the Old Man had said.

Savage sucked his stomach in a little and squared his shoulders imperceptibly beneath the camouflage jacket. It wasn't likely that any of these men would recognize him—know him to be a phony general. Most of the old-timers that he had known were gone now. Anyway, he'd have to take the chance and play the cards as they fell.

"Get on your feet, lieutenant," he said harshly, and felt the ripple of returning obedience start to flow through these men as they got to their feet. "Where's Colonel Arnett?"

Ed Clayton boosted himself up, coming slowly back to the reality of the ruined town and the night and the sifting snow. "Dead, sir," he mumbled. "Last night."

"What about the rest of the battalion?" Savage's voice was crisper now; more assured as his mind probed ahead to the things that had to be done. "Where are they?"

Clayton shook his head. Behind him, Sgt. Otto Hutchmeyer shifted his feet and scowled into the gloom and tried to remember where he'd heard this general's voice before. He'd heard it, he was sure of that; there was something connected with it that he'd ought to know.

"I don't know, sir," Ed Clayton was saying. "Dead, too, I guess. The krauts hit us in the flank and ——"

"Let it go," Savage told him curtly. "What weapons have you got left? How much ammo?"

"I don't exactly know, sir."

"Find out," Savage told him in a blunt voice. "Then bring your men to where the east road comes into town. I'll be waiting for you there. Do you understand, lieutenant?"

He swung abruptly away and moved off across the snow, Enver Bey trailing at his heels. Bey spoke for the first time as they got out of earshot of the rest.

"You talked to that lieutenant like he was a recruit replacement," Bey grunted with grim humor. "When he finds out ——"

"Can you think of any better way to do it?" Savage asked with harsh impatience. "If you can, name it, Turk."

Enver Bey's face took on its dark brooding again. "I can't," he said. "Say what you want me to do, Murph."

They moved on to where the Vielsmark road left the town to run toward the hills. The scarred houses stood shoulder to shoulder here and open fields came up to the town's edge, Savage remembered. He'd put that lieutenant and his men here; build the slender force up with whatever men he could flush out of the dark retreats of Cheury.

"You said something about tanks, Bey. Where are they?"

"Down this street beyond the square," Bey answered.

"I'll go back and get hold of them," Savage told him. "You scout south of town and see if you can locate that part of an infantry battalion that somebody told you about. Bring 'em back here and tell whoever's in command to report to me. Can do?"

Enver Bey spat. "Can do, Murph," he said; he hesitated for a moment and then asked, "Who'll I say sent me?"

It was Savage's turn to hesitate; then he said, his voice stubborn, "Say that General Savage sent you, by damn!" and turned toward where shuffling sounds in the gloom told him that Lt. Ed Clayton was coming up with his flimsy command.

Enver Bey laughed softly. "You're the doctor, Murph," he murmured, keeping his voice low. "And I've seen worse generals."

He moved off and presently Ed Clayton came at the head of his men, saluted, and some of the apathy had gone out of his voice now. "Lieutenant Clayton reporting with twelve men, sir."

He went on to recite the details of the weapons he had left, the amount of ammo—and it could be worse, Savage thought, his mind beginning to work with the precision that he'd learned from watching the Old Man operate. The die was cast now; too late to go back. Clayton had a BAR and a rocket launcher, and there were the guns of those two tanks—not much, but maybe he could find more.

He gave curt orders for blocking the streets; the establishment of a small outpost out on the road. He said then, "I'll reinforce you with more men and weapons as fast as I find them, lieutenant. We hold the town. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." Ed Clayton's voice was firmer now—more hopeful. "We hold the town, general."

Savage nodded. "I want one man to come with me."

"Moon," Clayton said. "You go with the general," and Solly came out of the shadows, his M-1 slung over his shoulder.

He followed as Savage led the way back along the rubbled street. Maybe he should have sent Clayton and his men scouting through the town to round up stragglers, Savage was thinking. Then he rejected the idea. It was better to hang onto the little that he had, not dissipate it in what could be a futile search. He'd learned that from the Old Man when they'd been at Anzio.

"Never disperse your forces, Murph," the Old Man had told him. "You may never see 'em again, if you do."

Back by the edge of town, Ed Clayton said, trying to imitate the rasp that had been in the general's voice, "Alsop, take Ragines and Hodes and set up an outpost up the road. Get word back if you hear anything. . . . Sergeant Hutchmeyer, you start blocking the street with the rest of the men. You heard what the general said."

Now the thing he had been searching for came to Otto Hutchmeyer. He knew that he'd heard that guy's voice before; now he remembered when and where. It took him back across a dozen years to the Presidio of San Francisco before the war. He'd been a recruit instructor then and this smart cooky had been assigned to his platoon. A rangy kid from Texas with a deceptive grin and gray eyes that could get as hard as agates. Otto Hutchmeyer could even remember the words that had been said on that evening, a month after this Murphy Savage had come, when the two of them had met behind the truck park.

"So you don't like the way I run the platoon, huh?" Sergeant Hutchmeyer had asked. "So you got to shoot your mouth off about it. Maybe I teach you not to do that, recruit."

"Maybe you can try," that damned Savage had answered. "And if you mean I don't like paying you five bucks to keep off the extra drill squad, then I don't like the way you run the platoon!"

That evening had been a mistake, Hutchmeyer thought sourly now; things hadn't worked out the way he'd figured because the beating he'd got behind the truck park still stood out among his memories of a hundred other brawls. He'd meant to pay that score off in one way or another, but the chance hadn't come because Murphy Savage had shipped out to the Islands the next week.

Recollection of that old beating brought Murphy Savage's lean face starkly into Hutchmeyer's mind and sent a thread of dark anger running through him. The disaster of the last sixty hours—the cold and the running and the fear—all wound into a sharp point of hate now. Hate directed at that smart-aleck recruit who had the gall to try and pass himself off as a general. Well, he'd not get away with it!

Lt. Ed Clayton's voice broke into Hutchmeyer's thoughts, "All right! Get the lead out, you men! Let's go!"

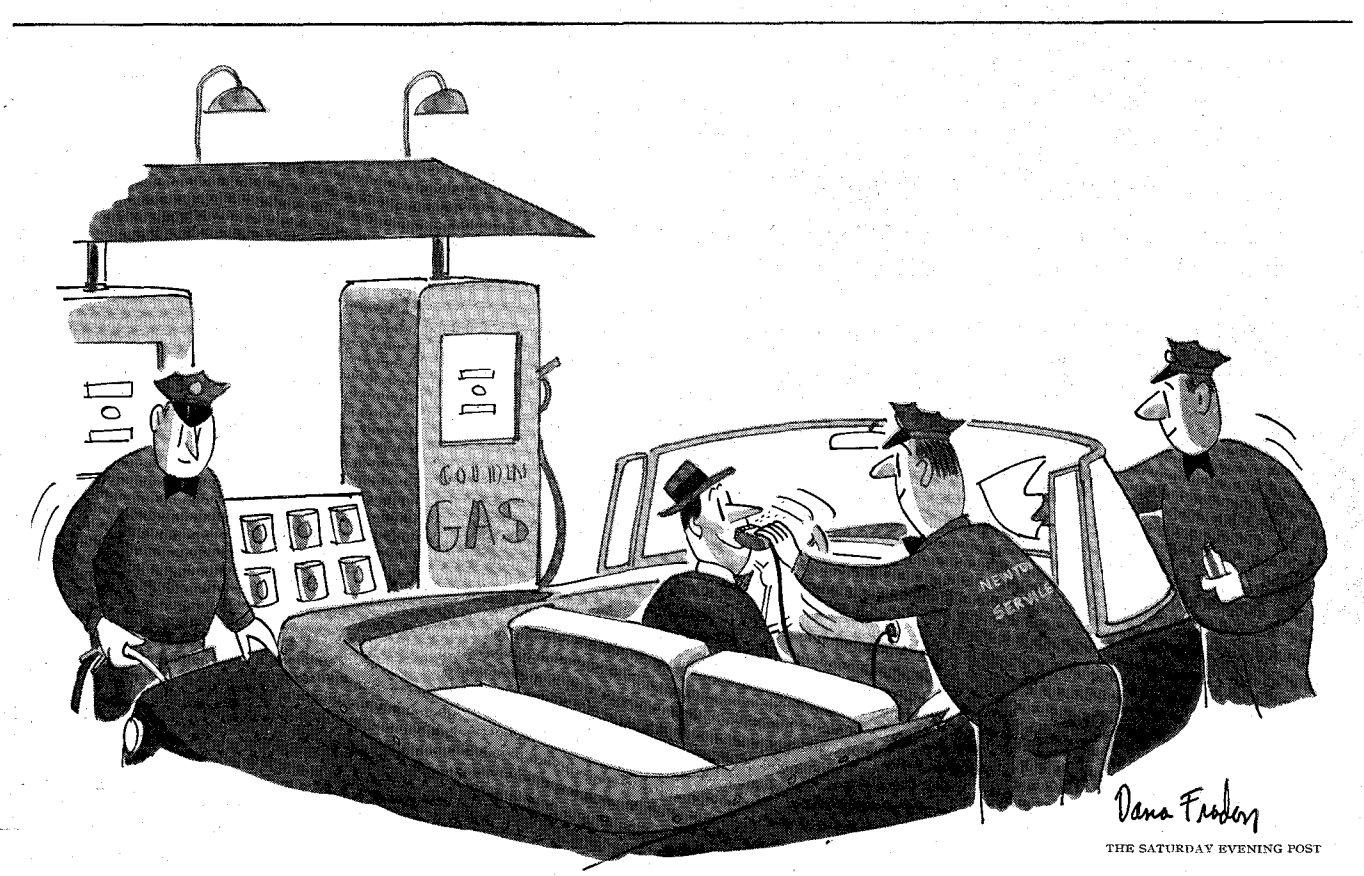
Hutchmeyer thought furiously, *I'll wait until the right minute. Then I'll name him for the phony he is. After that I'll bust his damned face in. Trample him down into the snow.*

Time was wearing on and the night was still quiet as Savage came into the square. A score of stragglers stumbled after him—men that he and Solly Moon had rounded up here and there, but men with fight still left in them now that they had someone to lead. A general! That was something! The jeep still stood by the step and yellow light shone in the windows of the house, Savage saw.

"Take the men on up to Lieutenant Clayton, Solly," he said. "I'll be up there pretty soon."

"Aye, aye, sir," Solly said cheerfully, and a voice grunted back in the gloom, "For cripe's sake, we got to put up with the damn Navy too?" and Savage grinned faintly because there was a wry humor in the voice which hadn't been there when

(*Continued on Page 66*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 64*) he'd found these men. Solly was a good kid. The kind you needed in a spot like this.

He was going on, "I bet Sergeant Hutchmeyer will be glad to see me bringin' him new meat to chew on. See you later, general." He clumped on to disappear in the swirling snow with the shadowy file of men trailing him, shoulders hunched against the wind.

Savage went on across the square, his mind nagging him a little over that name that Solly Moon had just mentioned. Hutchmeyer. Not a common name. There'd been a Sergeant Hutchmeyer back at the Presidio a long time ago—not likely it was the same one. Well, he'd jump that hurdle when he came to it, he decided.

He paused by the jeep for a moment, looking at the window of the house while a sudden lonesomeness came out of the night to weigh against his shoulders. He wished that Abdul would come back; the Turk should have been here before now. It suddenly occurred to him that it had been a mistake to send Abdul off on that job anyway; he should have had him take the jeep and find the division and report what the situation was up here. But he hadn't. The Old Man would never have made a stupid mistake like that.

Well, damn it, you didn't think of everything. He'd found the tanks and put them in position to flank the Vielsmark road; left them with their crews digging them in there. Their gas tanks were almost dry, but there was still ammunition for their guns and that was all that mattered. The tanks weren't going anywhere—nobody was going anywhere, Savage thought grimly.

That lieutenant ought to have better than a hundred men by now, with the reinforcements that he and Solly Moon had sent up. A part of a squad that they'd found here; what was left of a shattered platoon there. Stragglers from a dozen organizations. Men lost and scared, but cheered a little by this hard-mouthed general who appeared out of the night wearing white camouflage clothes and a helmet with its single star. Hell, it couldn't be too bad if a general was here.

If the Old Man was only O.K. Maybe—a little flicker of hope ran through Savage as he paused in front of the door. Maybe the Old Man's wound wasn't too bad after all. The Old Man was a tough cooky and that girl, Jeanne, had seemed damned competent. She might even have the Old Man sitting up drinking soup by now.

He could put it off no longer, so he turned the knob and went on through the door. The lamp was on the table in the front room now and Jeanne stood beside it. She turned her head to look soberly at Savage as he closed the door and moved forward.

"How is he?" he heard himself asking thickly, but he'd already got his answer in Jeanne's eyes.

"I did all that I could, Murphy," she told him softly. "It was no use. Not even my father could have saved him, I think."

Savage didn't answer as he went slowly past the table, the carbine in his hand, and entered the other room. The shadows were deep here as he stood by the bed, looking down. The Old Man had been a good Joe—a hell of a good Joe. Then the Old Man's words came back to send a dull beat running through Savage. The Old Man was dead and Murphy Savage was on his own, but it changed nothing. The job was still to be done because the Old Man had said so. "Fight at Cheury, Murph."

Savage stood for a moment longer looking down. Then he settled the helmet more firmly on his head and went back into the other room. Jeanne looked at him without speaking, but there was a dark compassion in her eyes. Then she came to stand close beside him, so that he caught the fragrance which clung to her here in the room.

"You loved him, didn't you, Murphy?"

Savage nodded, his mouth set into a hard line. "Yeah," he told her harshly. "I guess I did. He was a good Joe."

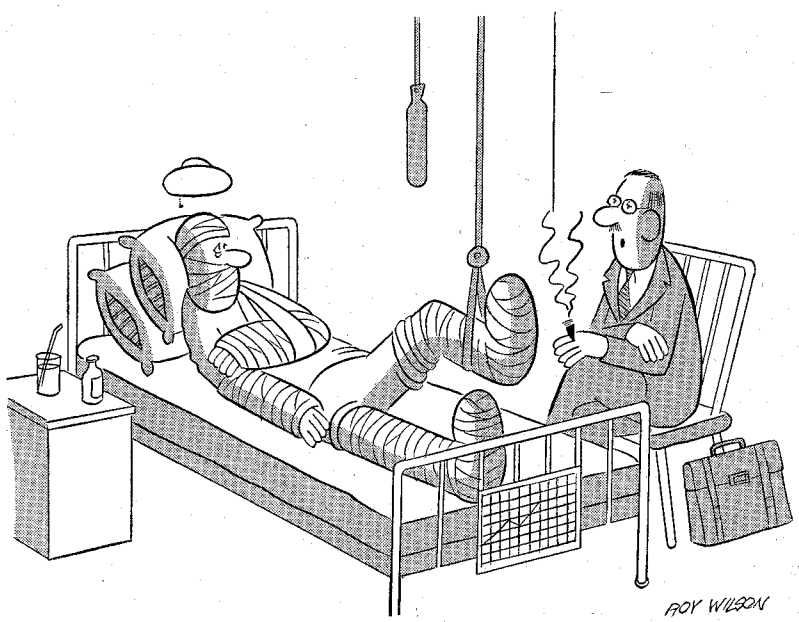
"I am sorry, Murphy," she said in a low voice as she moved closer. "It is the war. You will hold the town?"

"We'll hold the town."

"It is the same as your Alamo," she whispered, and reached to pull his head down and kiss him on the mouth. A kiss with a vast sweetness in it, Savage thought as she moved away again. "Good luck, Murphy. In Texas—everywhere, I think—they will be proud."

She turned and went out of the room, and Savage stood by the lamp for a moment longer, absently rubbing the wet of the melting snowflakes from the carbine's stock. Then the street door opened and Enver Bey came through, followed by a major whose face was drawn and gray beneath the stubble of his beard. He pulled himself tiredly up as he saw the star on Savage's helmet.

"Major Whetstone, sir," he said. "Your runner found us; said to report to you here."



"After you told him to leave the premises—what did he do?"

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Savage's voice dropped into clipped, harder accents now as he subconsciously slipped into the character which he had seen the Old Man play in other places and at other times. "How many men have you got, major?"

"About a half battalion, sir."

Savage nodded grimly as he took paper from the Old Man's map case and drew a rough diagram of the town as he knew it. Marked the roads leading in with heavy black crosses, because the feeling had been growing in him that the German attack, when it came, might come from any direction or all directions. The town stood athwart the roads the Germans had to have. The Old Man had said so.

"We're going to hold here," he said, biting at his words now. "Take your battalion and block this road coming from the south, major. I'll send you all the help I can."

He saw the indecision in the major's eyes; knew that it stemmed from the exhaustion and defeat running in a man pushed almost beyond the point of no return. Knew, too, that he must push this man harder still. Memory of something he'd once heard the Old Man say came to him now—something that the Old Man had brought from that earlier war. *The limit of human endurance has never been reached, Murph.* Those had been the Old Man's words.

"Do you understand, major? The town will be held!"

It was almost as though the Old Man had come back to put his bolstering presence at his elbow, Savage thought, because the major's shoulders straightened a little and some of the hopelessness went out of his eyes. Enver Bey saw that, too, as he stood at the edge of the circle of light, his face dark as he leaned on his rifle.

"Yes, sir," Major Whetstone said. "I understand."

He saluted and turned and went back into the snowy night, and Enver Bey came closer to look at Savage across his beaked nose. "So the Old Man is dead, Murph?" he asked quietly.

Savage nodded, his face showing nothing. "It doesn't change anything, Turk. We do what he said. Hold Cheury. All except you. Take the jeep and get back to division somehow. Tell them how it is up here and that the Old Man said we got to hold the town."

Enver Bey scowled blackly. "Send somebody else, Murph. I stay here. I got a score to settle for the Old Man."

Savage cut him off with a harsh rasp of his voice, "That's an order, Turk! Get going!"

For a moment Enver Bey squinted back; then straightened, and there was a new light in his eyes. "Yes, sir," he said in the same tone he would have used to the Old Man. He gave Savage a salute that he didn't need to give and turned toward the door. Paused to look back and add softly, "You got guts, Murph. If your luck runs out, the Old Man won't need to be ashamed to see you coming to join him."

The night moved on and still the attack didn't come. Maybe he'd been wrong, Savage thought tiredly as he went up again toward the Vielsmark road; maybe the krauts wouldn't attack here after all. But he knew he was just kidding himself about that. The krauts were waiting for daylight. That was all. With the first light they'd begin to hurl their *Panzers* out of the circling bastions of the hills.

But the time they had been granted had been more precious than rubies or emeralds, Savage knew, because now a toothed perimeter of sorts had been built in the town. Major Whetstone and his decimated battalion held the Bastogne road; Ed Clayton was at the eastern gate with almost two hundred men. A wounded captain named Beasley guarded the approaches from the north and an ordnance sergeant with a handful of men watched west, where a stream made approach difficult.

No reserve, Savage knew as he clumped along the narrow street, stumbling now and then over the rubble as fatigue numbed his legs. The book said that a commander should have a reserve, but, damn it, he wasn't a commander. He was just Sgt. Murphy Savage trying to do a job. For an instant his mind went back to the house on the square. He'd stopped there a little while ago on his way from the west side; Jeanne had fed him a cup of steaming coffee in the lamplight.

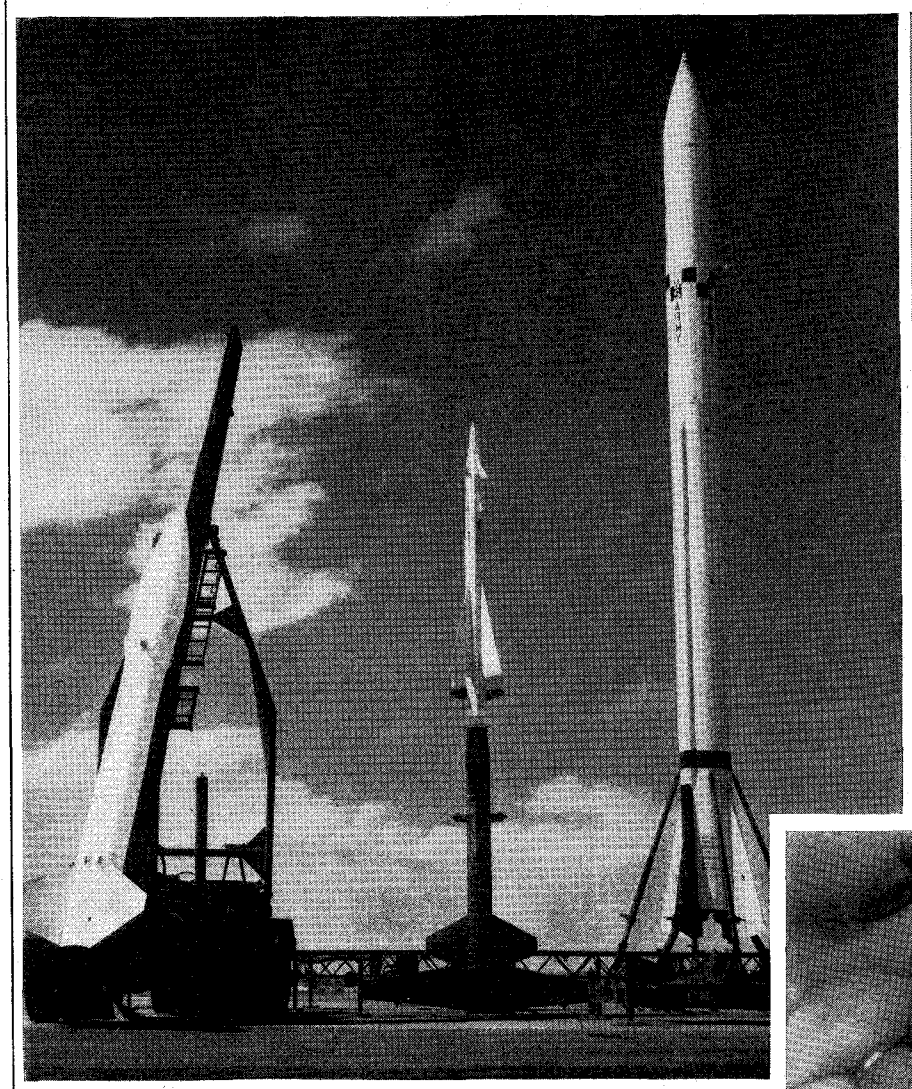
"Drink it, Murphy," she had said, her eyes grave. "I have been keeping it for you."

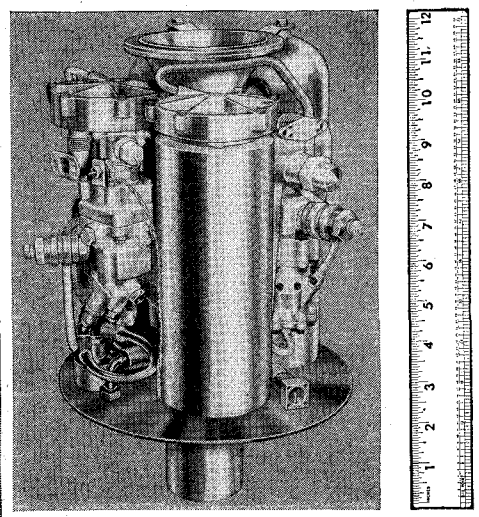
He had said, "I don't need it, kid," and thought vaguely that there were a lot of people in this town who needed coffee worse than Murphy Savage did.

Jeanne had sensed that in his mind and pushed the cup urgently toward him. "You do not rob them, Murphy, because you are drinking for them too. You are all that they have got now, do you see? They need you. I, too, need you, Murphy."

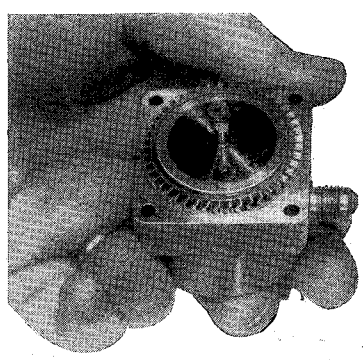
So Savage had drunk the black, bitter stuff and picked up his carbine and gone out into the snow to fumble his way up to the Vielsmark road because something told him that the first attack would come there. It would be nice, he thought as the snowflakes caressed his face, if he could go with Jeanne to someplace where it was warm and (*Continued on Page 69*)

Thompson power units keep guided missiles "on target"!





This is one of the Thompson "Muscles" built to help keep guided missiles "on target" with uncanny accuracy. The self-contained auxiliary power plant shown here is only 12 inches high yet it produces approximately 10 horsepower in electrical and hydraulic energy. This power is used for operating the guidance controls, radar mechanism and intricate computing gear of the missile.



Army's Production Missiles include the "Honest John" *(left)*, the "Nike" *(center)* and the "Corporal" *(right)*. It is estimated that Congressional appropriations for missile construction in 1956 will be close to a billion dollars.

100,000 Revolutions per Minute! Yes, the tiny turbine wheel which you see here on the watch-size alternator, spins at the rate of 100,000 RPM . . . almost 1700 per second! It develops electrical current that would be sufficient to light a 100-watt bulb, and is part of a very small Thompson auxiliary power unit for guided missiles. This particular power unit is designed for a useful life of less than a minute!

TODAY'S HEADLINES tell of rocket-propelled guided missiles that soon may be able to travel 400 miles high at 10,000 to 15,000 m.p.h. These fantastic weapons can well be the key to permanent peace among nations.

Now being built for guided missiles are hard-working Thompson Auxiliary Power Units. These busy, complex units supply "muscle" power for steering controls, radar mechanisms and intricate computing gear that guide the missile unerringly to its target, near or far.

Some of these Thompson "A.P.U.'s" can be slipped into your pocket; some are as big as office desks. They range from 100 watts to 60 horsepower in output, and from a fraction of a minute to several hours in predetermined operating life. Each Thompson unit is highly accurate, even at extremely high altitudes and supersonic speeds. It withstands extreme temperatures, rapid acceleration and friction.

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Because INTRACEL is based on this new principle in drug therapy, it's pleasant to use. It's not like the irritating liniments and salves containing turpentine, capsicum (pepper) and chloroform that some people hope will "burn out" pain.

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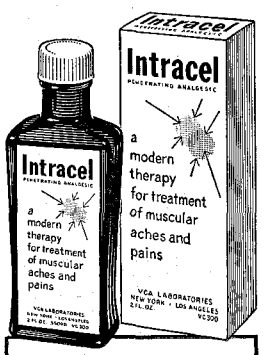
So get INTRACEL today and try it next time you suffer from muscular pains—*see how it actually puts pain to sleep!* Naturally it costs a little more than the old-fashioned remedies do ($1.49 per bottle). But if you don't think it's worth *twice* what you paid for it, your money will be refunded!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(*Continued from Page 67*) sunny and there was no war. Like to that place he'd heard about when he'd been in Italy. Capri, that was it. Pretty, everybody said.

Solly Moon crouched in the angle of a fallen wall where the town ended and the fields began. Sgt. Otto Hutchmeyer had forty men here astride the road with a bazooka and a light machine gun and thirty-odd rifles. Hutchmeyer beat his hands together to warm them while he waited for dawn to come. It wasn't far away.

"You remember that turkey dinner you were talking about, Hutch?" Solly asked. He'd found a shawl in one of the houses and had tied it over his helmet and down under his chin, and it muffled his voice a little. "You know—before the general showed up?"

"I remember," Hutchmeyer said heavily.

A half-dozen times Hutchmeyer had told himself he'd go to the lieutenant and expose that phony Savage. Or maybe he'd find Savage himself and beat hell out of him. It'd make him feel better, Hutchmeyer thought; it might take away the nagging memory of that evening behind the truck park back at the Presidio.

"Something tells me we ain't going to get no Christmas dinner," Solly said. "Christmas is running at us awful fast."

Hutchmeyer spat angrily. "You and your Christmas dinners!" he said profanely. Then cut himself off to ask with a queer urgency, "You been running around with that general all night. What about him?"

"What you mean, what about him?"

"You think he knows what he's doing?"

"Sure, he knows what he's doing." Solly pushed the shawl away from his mouth a little. "Generals always know what they're doing. It says so in the Soldier's Handbook."

Hutchmeyer swore again and started to say, "He's no general. He's nothing but a smart-aleck recruit I used to have in my platoon back at the Presidio!" but somehow he didn't.

Instead, he said glumly, "He's got rocks in his head if he thinks we can hold this town with what we got."

Solly Moon stirred a little, and the levity had gone out of his voice when he answered this time. "I think either we hold it or we get buried here, sarge," he said soberly. "I ain't seen a lot of generals, but this one's a tough cooky. I think we're going to hold here or else. I got to go. See you around, Hutch."

He moved off into the gloom, and Hutchmeyer beat his hands angrily together again and tried to figure out how things had got to be as they were. He hadn't found the answer to that a half hour later as a reluctant dawn began to filter gray light into the town. He'd better check across the road, he guessed, and was rounding the corner of the ruined house when he saw Murphy Savage coming toward him, carbine slung. Hutchmeyer waited.

Savage had seen the other's bulky figure in the growing daylight, and a premonition warned him that this really was the same Hutchmeyer that he had known twelve years before. Well, no matter now. He moved on, limping a little from a fall he'd taken in the rubble, and Hutchmeyer was waiting for him as he came close. The man's face was as he had remembered it—a little more lined. A little heavier.

He said, "Hello, Hutchmeyer," and waited.

The big sergeant didn't answer at once as he stood there, glowering while the hills, soft with their blanket of new snow, began to take sharper shape beyond him. Hutchmeyer's big red hands were gripping his rifle, bringing it down slowly until its muzzle centered on Savage's stomach, and there was a craziness in Hutchmeyer's eyes. Savage saw, but somehow didn't care.

"So you're a general now, are you?" Hutchmeyer demanded violently. "Murphy Savage, the drip-nose kid from Texas I used to have in my recruit platoon! You went up pretty fast, huh?"

"Get back to your job," Savage ordered curtly. "We'll talk about your recruit platoon after the war."

"We'll talk about it now!" Hutchmeyer said between his teeth. "Take off that damn hat and that phony star! You and me'll take things up just where we left off twelve years ago, Savage!"

"Get back to your job, Hutchmeyer!" Savage said again, and this time there was something in his voice that cut through to the other. Hutchmeyer blinked and a faint surprise came into his heavy face.

"An' suppose I don't?" he asked hoarsely.

"Then I'll stand you against a wall and shoot you," Savage told him in a thin, cold voice. "Not tomorrow. Right now!"

Neither of them spoke again for a moment; then Hutchmeyer jerked, like a man waking out of a nightmarish sleep. His arms relaxed so that the rifle butt dropped to the snow, and he peered at Savage with a vague perplexity in the growing light.

"By damn," he mumbled under his breath, and it was not profanity that he meant. "I think you'd do it. Why?"

"Hutch," Savage told him softly then, "the Old Man said to hold this town. If I have to shoot you to hold it, then I'll shoot you. Now, get back to your job."

"What old man?" Hutchmeyer asked.

"The general," Savage told him in a flat voice. "He's dead in a house back on the square. But you're not going to tell anybody that, Hutch, because I'll kill you if you do."

Hutchmeyer's scarred face stared woodenly back as the uneasy silence fell between them again. It was broken by the chatter of machine-gun fire ripping through the cold morning. Hutchmeyer shook his head and let his breath go slowly out.

"Sounds like the krauts," he mumbled. "I better go, I guess. Maybe I ——" He didn't finish as he slouched on across the street.

Corporal Alsop lay in a hole beside the road and shivered as he watched the day begin to break. The day before Christmas, he remembered. It was sort of funny the way the daylight came. As if somebody were pouring milk into a bowl of black ink so that the blackness gradually turned to a gray that slowly spilled over the bowl's edge to drip into the town behind.

Almost imperceptibly the hills to the east began to take shape and the dark shadows pasted against them became fir clumps wearing new white hoods. Daybreak. It would be a long, long day, Corporal Alsop was thinking soberly. Christmas Eve would be a long time in coming here in Belgium.

Pedro Ragines, the BAR man, crouched in another hole with rags wrapped about the breech of his weapon to keep out snow which no longer fell. Pedro was from San Juan in Puerto Rico and he was thinking of that pleasant city now. If he were back there he'd go for a swim this morning, he decided. Maybe that pretty, black-eyed Conchita de Leon, whose father owned the fruit market, would consent to go with him. Perhaps they might even make a little love together because it was the Christmas Eve. Pedro sighed.

As the light grew stronger Jeff Hodes, from Ilex, Arkansas, warmed his hands under his armpits; then slipped the little Testament from the inside of his coat and began to read to himself, his lips forming the words. This morning he read from the second chapter of Acts, that being where the Testament had opened itself.

"'And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.'"

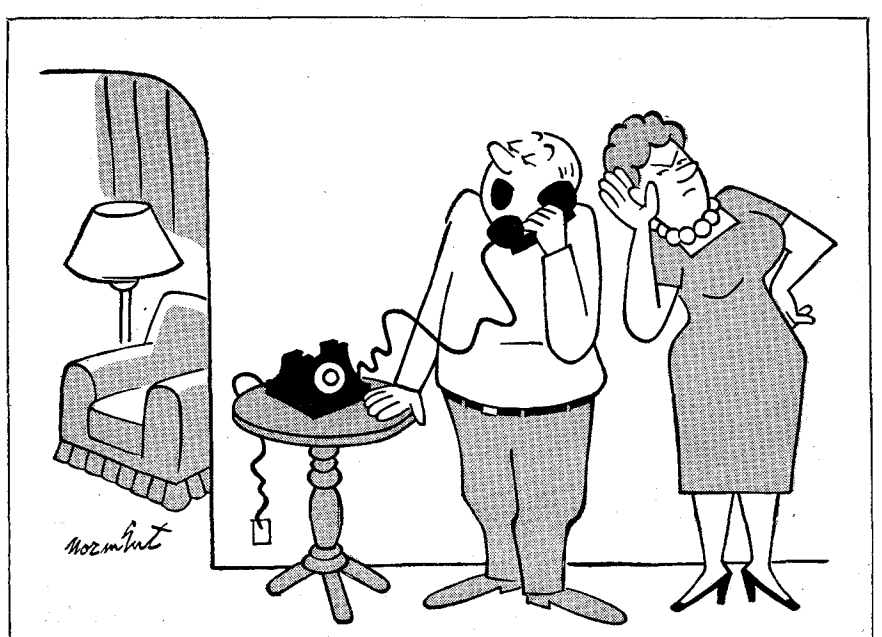
It would be nice if he still had that cigarette he'd been saving yesterday, Corporal Alsop was thinking. He turned to look at Jeff Hodes in the gray light; frowned as he saw that Jeff was reading his Testament again. A sudden impulse made him speak.

"Read us a passage," he said. "Go ahead, Jeff."

Jeff Hodes looked up. "Why?" he asked. "What do you want a passage for? You never wanted one any other time."

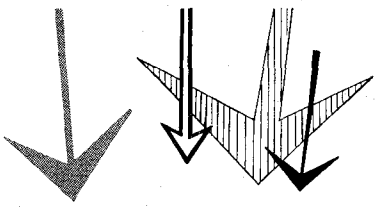
"Maybe this time is special, Jeff," Corporal Alsop told him softly. "Go ahead and read."

Jeff Hodes read slowly, trying to give each word meaning as he'd used to do when he'd read to the congregation, "'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your



"Speak a little louder, Fred. Thelma can't quite hear you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.'"

Jeff stopped presently, letting his voice trail off into the cold dawn as he looked up at the firs with their white hoods. Then he closed the Testament and put it back inside his coat, and none of the three spoke for a long minute. After a little, they saw Solly Moon dog-trotting toward them from the town.

Solly dropped down at the edge of Alsop's hole, his baby-round face pink in the morning. "Greetings, heroes," he said cheerfully. "The lootenant says you can come back home now."

They had covered half the distance when the machine gun opened from the woods, bullets making little explosions as they walked across the snow.

Alsop yelled hoarsely, "Hit the ditch!" and they dived for it. Made it, except for Jeff Hodes.

The gun's yammer died away, but Jeff Hodes stayed sprawled on his face in the middle of the road. Corporal Alsop crept out to kneel briefly beside him; then came back. He carried the Testament in his hand because Jeff didn't need it now.

"Let's go," he said bitterly.

The first probing attack came an hour after dawn. Along the Vielsmark road, as he had guessed it would, Savage thought as he stood beside one of the dug-in tanks, watching with the Old Man's field glasses. The tank commander stood beside him, a sergeant with grease smudges making clown patterns on his thin, intense face.

The glasses pulled the dark woods close to Savage's eyes as he searched the slopes lying beneath the unsullied blanket of new snow. The fields and the hills were like something on a Christmas card, Savage thought, and he felt a vague regret that it was a scene that couldn't last.

It was five minutes later when he saw the first German tank push a dark, sinister snout out of the shelter of the trees. Another came, and another after that. Still more. They milled like cattle for a moment; then fanned out and began their lumbering advance toward the town. No infantry yet, but infantry would be there. Savage little clots of it slipping forward in the intervals between the tanks.

"How far, sergeant?" Savage grunted and pushed the glasses toward the tank commander. "About a thousand yards?"

The sergeant looked for a long minute; then spat and gave the glasses back. "Nearer twelve hundred. Too far for us yet with no more ammunition than we got left, sir."

Savage nodded and went back to his watching. The town was quiet behind him in the morning—he'd given orders to hold fire until the dug-in tanks opened up. Suddenly he could feel his pulse ticking the minutes off and he knew that he was scared—worse scared than he'd ever been before—and he understood now why the lines in the Old Man's face had deepened so in the last two years.

Because it wasn't the chance of dying that got to you. That had been with him ever since those first days in Africa. It was something worse now. The responsibility for the lives of others that you held in your hands; the fear that you might fail. That you might let the Old Man down and that you might betray all of the rest of these people here in the town—people who were trusting in you, thinking that you knew the answers because you wore a star on your hat that you had no right to wear. That was what froze your belly.

The tanks came on, rocking like clumsy galleons as they dipped into the folds in the ground and crawled relentlessly into view again. The growl of their engines pushed ominously through the cold, echoed from the bastions behind them.

They were the vanguard, Savage knew, coming ahead to smell out the town. Presently more would follow—but you attended to one thing at a time.

The tank commander had been calling off estimated ranges. Now he said hoarsely, "Four hundred, sir," and boosted himself up to climb into the turret. "Do I give the word to fire?"

"Not yet," Savage heard his own voice answering harshly. "We'll wait a little longer."

Inside the tank, the bow gunner peered through his slits; stopped whistling through his teeth to say thoughtfully, "Party's about to begin. Honey, can I have this dance?"

"I wish to heaven I was dancing someplace a long ways from here," the cannoneer grunted. "What does that hard-rock general want? To see the whites of their eyes?"

The tanks were converging now toward where the Vielsmark road entered the town, and they seemed, to Savage, to loom hugely above him as they came on across the snow. Everything in him was screaming: *Give the word, Murph. Give the word, you fool,* but he fought that panic down. There would be more *Panzers* coming and they had so few rounds for the cannon left.

The muzzle of the leading *Panzer's* gun seemed like a cold eye boring into him when he finally yelled, "Now!" and felt the muzzle blast of their own cannon searing hot against his face as the hull of the dug-in tank rocked back.

Orange flame blossomed against steel out there in the snow and the crash of the second cannon followed fast on the heels of the first. The white-hot muzzle blast fanned Savage's face again as the grease-smeared sergeant got in his second round, and presently it was over and the gray morning was quiet again, except for a smattering of rifle fire as Ed Clayton's men cut down the remnants of the German tank crews which fled back toward the woods.

Out in front, three tanks burned, black and oily smoke lifting a funeral pall into the somber sky. Another tank churned helplessly, its broken track scattered into useless chunks. The tank commander stood in the hatch again, looking as the rifle fire died away.

"It could of been us," he said.

Savage nodded. Then he said curtly, "Nice shooting," and turned to go back toward where Ed Clayton lay. The tank sergeant looked after him, his eyes thoughtful.

"The krauts were lookin' right down our neck before he give the word," he said heavily. "He must use ice water for blood."

"I got goose pimples still," the bow gunner called up.

It was an hour later when the first hollow boom of artillery echoed out of the hills and the first shell crumped down at the edge of the town. More came, and more after that. Nothing that you could do about them, Savage thought tiredly as he crouched by a wall with Lt. Ed Clayton. You just took it and hoped—that was all.

And after a while you didn't even bother to hope because there was time for nothing except for the battle which suddenly boiled up in loud-mouthed fury just before noon. Dark columns of infantry seeped out of the woods now to come on toward the town. They inched forward to nibble at a dozen places; to bite hard whenever they found a place that was soft. But you waited until they were close and then you slugged them back. With bullet and bayonet and butt—any way at all, just so long as you slugged them back. And behind you and around you the shell bursts punctuated the shriller symphony of the rifles like the "bong" of great bells.

The first assault up the Bastogne-Liége road came at midafternoon, and Savage was there, blood staining the white of his camouflage jacket from the bullet that had gouged his arm. Blood marked his face, too, where a bit of flying rubble had nicked him, but he was aware of neither wound.

The fight at the town's south edge roared through most of an hour and, when it was over, Major Whetstone was dead, but the snowy fields in front were empty again, except for the dark bundles out there, lying like hastily flung clothes. A round-faced captain crouched beside Savage for a moment.

"We did it, sir," the captain said, speaking slowly and as though he didn't quite believe what his eyes showed him. "How many more times can we do it, I wonder?"

"As many as we have to," Savage told him wearily. "Get a check on your ammo, captain."

"Yes, sir." The captain hesitated a moment longer, running a hand across his unshaven face. Then he asked slowly, "You think that help will come in time, sir?"

For a moment the tiredness came up in Savage like the surge of a dark sea. He had a violent impulse to say: "It's your command, captain. Your responsibility. I'm a buck sergeant, not a general. I'm not supposed to know." It would be so easy to say that; all that he had to do was open his mouth and form the words. Absently he lifted his hand and touched the brim of his helmet—the Old Man's helmet. Yes, an easy thing to do. But he couldn't do it.

"Help will come, captain," he said in a flat, emotionless voice. "Send your ammo report to me in the square."

The day wore on and began to slip away into the dusk of Christmas Eve and still the German attacks came in. And still, somehow, they were thrown back. But it couldn't last. That was what Ed Clayton was thinking. Corporal Alsop was dead and Frankie Lazzero was dead—most of the original thirteen gone now. And the others that that hard-faced general had sent up here were eroding away fast. Dead in the rubble or lying wounded back in the makeshift aid station.

They would be lighting the red and green and amber lights above the lawns back in Savannah now. It would be pleasant to ride along the streets beneath the bearded trees.

Savage came to squat beside him, and the coldness which had been growing in Ed Clayton's stomach eased a little.

"How are you making out, lieutenant?" Savage asked.

Sgt. Otto Hutchmeyer, squatting a little ways away, heard the question and spat.

"Still holding, sir," Ed Clayton answered.

"That's all we've got to do—hold," Savage said harshly. Then added, "You've been doing a good job, lieutenant."

"Thanks, general," Ed Clayton said after a little. "I guess that's about as nice a Christmas present—as I ever had."

The messenger from the west side of town came as Savage was getting to his feet once more. The man's face was scared beneath its crust of dirt and his hands shook a little as a salvo of shells crumped down among the ruined houses toward the square.

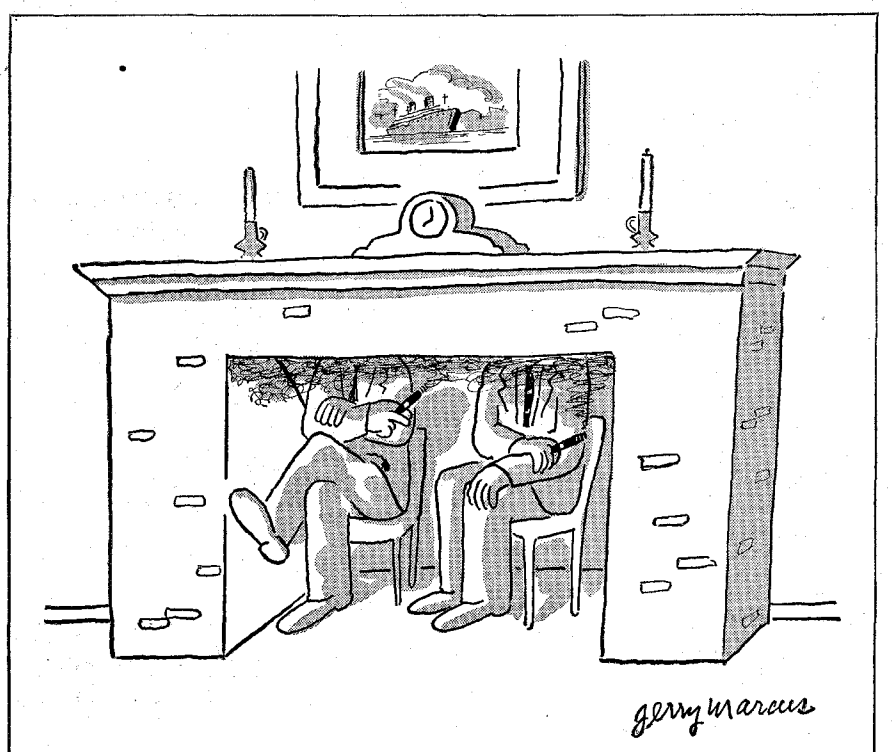
"Two kraut tanks have got inside the town, sir," the messenger said hoarsely. "Sergeant Bledsoe said tell you he can't stop 'em!"

For a moment the words beat at Savage's tired brain. That tore it, he thought dully. German *Panzers* running loose inside the perimeter. People sitting snug behind their armor while they poured machine-gun fire down the narrow streets; blasted strong points with their cannon. Cheury would go up in smoke now.

He was aware that Ed Clayton was looking at him with eyes set too far back in the boy's shocked face. Looking to Murphy Savage for an answer because Murphy Savage had been making like a general, and generals were supposed to know all the answers. Well, that was a laugh!

Ed Clayton was pointing and saying something now, "They're attacking along the Vielsmark road again, sir."

Things seemed to stand still for a moment as Savage tried to find an answer. It came to him in the Old Man's words—the Old Man sitting in the jeep with the map spread (*Continued on Page 72*)



"My wife can't stand cigar smoke either."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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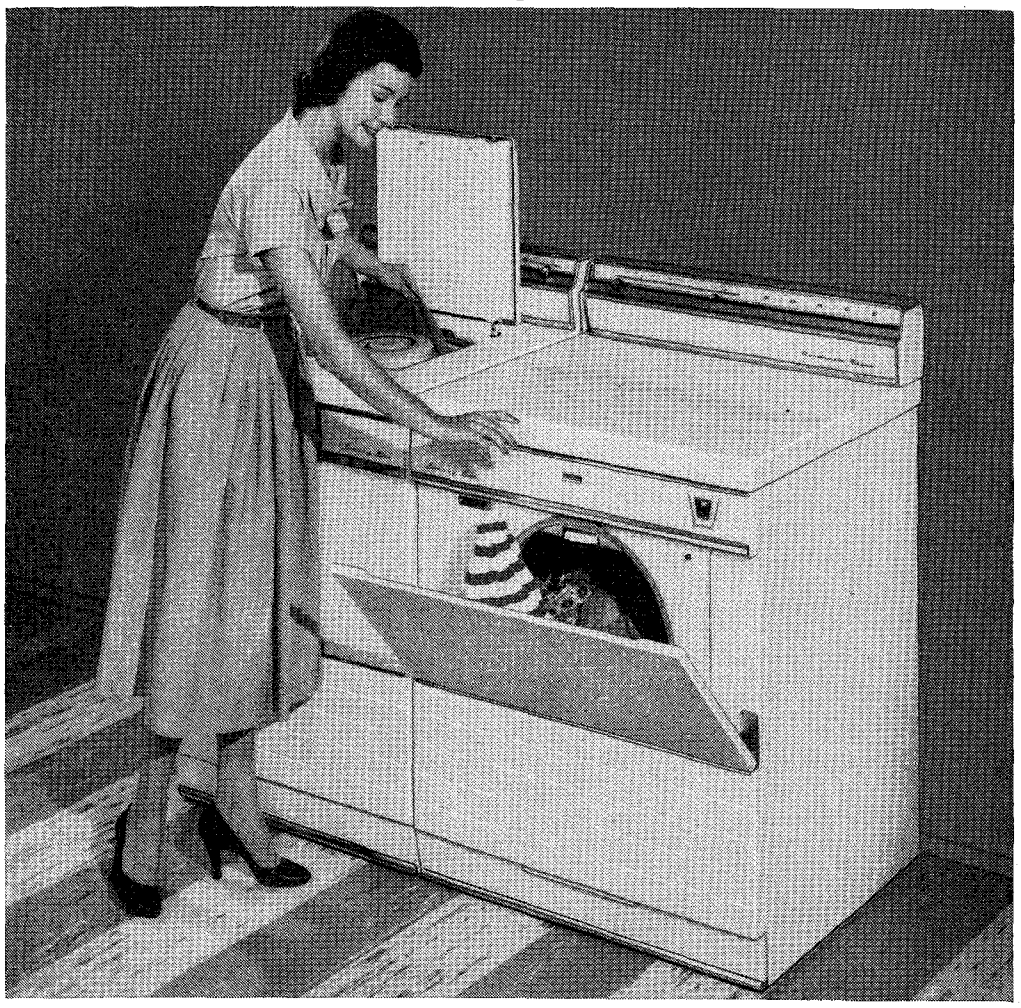
New NORGE 4-WAY Dryer tailors the drying "weather" to fit the fabric



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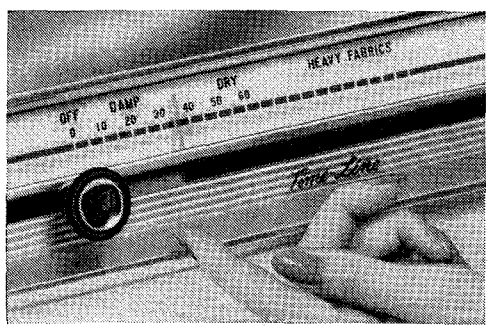
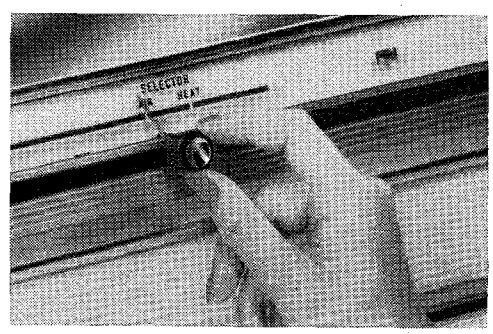
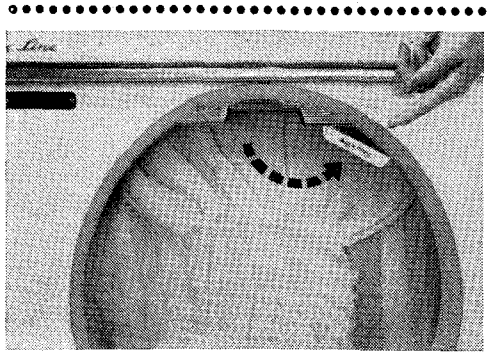


NEW TIME-LINE CONTROL *times any drying* period up to 120 minutes, so you can tailor the drying time to fit the fabric.



NEW HEAT-AIR SELECTOR lets you dry with high air volume alone or air plus heat depending on the delicacy of the fabric.



STOP-'N-DRY CONTROL turns tumbling on or off. Removable rack in drum holds clothes when using stationary drying methods.

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4 **FOR NYLONS AND CASHMERES.** Set the dryer for pure air, no heat or tumbling and forget it. The most delicate fabrics *woven are dried gently—without a chance of shrinking*!

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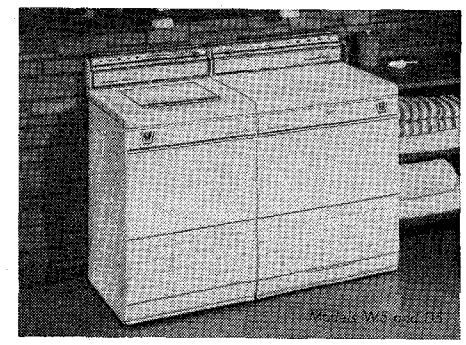

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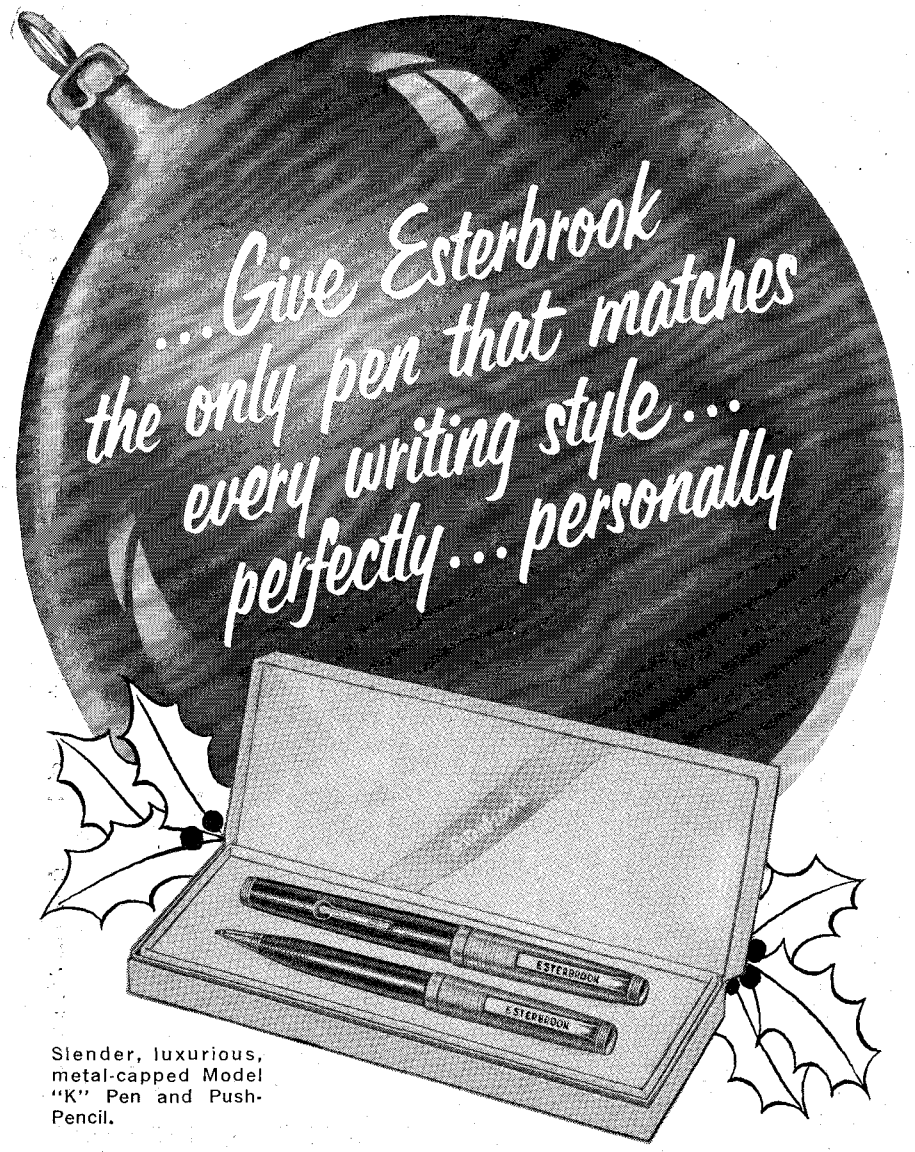

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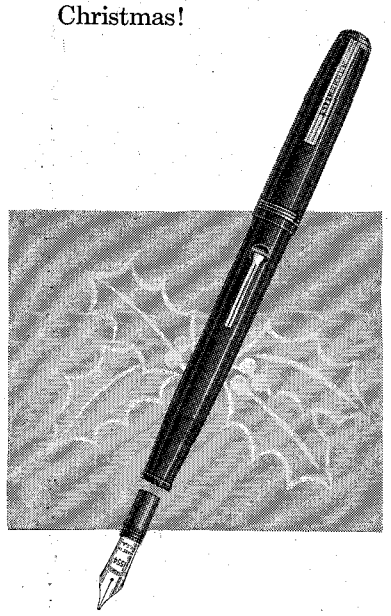

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(*Continued from Page 70*)

on his knees before they'd put a bullet through his belly:

"Fight them at Cheury, Murph."

"Take care of things here, lieutenant," Savage heard himself saying in a cold, emotionless voice. "I want a bazooka—and a man to load for me. I'll take care of the tanks."

Otto Hutchmeyer didn't know why he did it—it was a fool thing to do. Maybe, he guessed, it was to wipe out that twelve-year-old memory of what had happened behind the truck park.

"I'll load for the general," he said.

Savage heard that and liked it, somehow. It seemed right that he and Hutch were going together. After all, they were the old pros—the ones who wore the same stamp that the Old Man had worn. So it was good that they should go, because this was a job for the men, and not for the boys, and a job that two could do better than could two hundred.

They went down the street, Savage carrying the rocket launcher and Hutchmeyer lurching along with the three rounds, which was all that they had. They passed through the square, and Savage glanced at the house and thought of the Old Man and hoped that Jeanne would be all right. She was a nice kid. One that a man could —— But no time to think of that now. Machine-gun fire came from a side street.

"They're down that way," Savage said.

Sgt. Otto Hutchmeyer said roughly then, "I raised you up pretty good, I guess. For a phony general, you're doin' all right, Murph. I just thought I'd say it—in case."

And Savage said, "Thanks, Hutch."

They caught the first *Panzer*, stalled by rubble in a narrow alley, and Savage, Hutchmeyer at his heels, worked his way to a window looking down. The rocket slammed into the soft backside of the tank; exploded with a great sheet of flame and a violence that knocked Murph down. But the tank was done as he crawled back to look. A man's voice was screaming strangled curses, and then black smoke, spiked with flame, began to leak through the slits.

"One down. One to go," Hutchmeyer mumbled.

The second *Panzer* had reached the square as Savage and Hutchmeyer slipped back.

Savage's initial shot smashed the tank's track, but it wasn't enough. It slewed, and machine-gun bullets made a vicious rain patter around the two men, and Hutchmeyer went down. He struggled back to his knees, fumbling the last round.

"Get 'em, Murph," he whispered. "Get the lousy ——"

The last rocket went home—Savage had an instant left to see that. Again a winding sheet of flame. Then the world exploded as a salvo of shells crashed into the square, and a steel fist buffeted Savage's side and he slid forward onto his face and knew he was through.

From a great distance he seemed to hear Hutch's voice saying the last words Hutch would say: "A general hunting tanks with a bazooka. It's one for the books—Murph." Hutch couldn't know that it would be done again by another general in another war half a world away from a town called Cheury in Belgium.

It seemed to Savage that everything was strangely quiet now as gray curtains began to close around him. But through the stillness, he heard it—the clatter of tank treads and the growl of engines and the "thud-clump-thud" of marching men—and he knew somehow that help was near at hand. The thought comforted him. He'd rest for just a little while, he thought. Then he'd get up and go to meet them.

The Old Man's helmet lay in the street in front of him and, as the curtains closed more tightly, he saw its single star. Well, he'd done what the Old Man had wanted. He'd held the town.

Solly Moon leaned against a wall and spooned beans out of a can while he talked with Enver Bey. The battle had roared on to the east now, beyond the bastion of the hills. Stillness had once more settled over this battered town by the Bastogne-Liége road.

"Maybe, in the hospital," Solly said thoughtfully, "they'll give him a second-looey's bar in his Christmas stocking. It won't make no difference. He'll still be a general in my book."

Enver Bey nodded. "Yuh. I think maybe Murph finds something in his stocking he likes better than a gold bar, huh?"

Solly pitched the empty can away. "Such as what?"

Enver Bey's hawklike face relaxed and he made wavy motions with his hands. "Her name's Jeanne," he grunted. "Maybe you seen her when they were loading Murph into the ambulance."

Solly blinked; then grinned and whistled softly. "So that's it, huh? By golly, I knew I should of hung up my stocking in this town, Turk. The one that ain't got the hole in it." THE END

"Let's call it a season."

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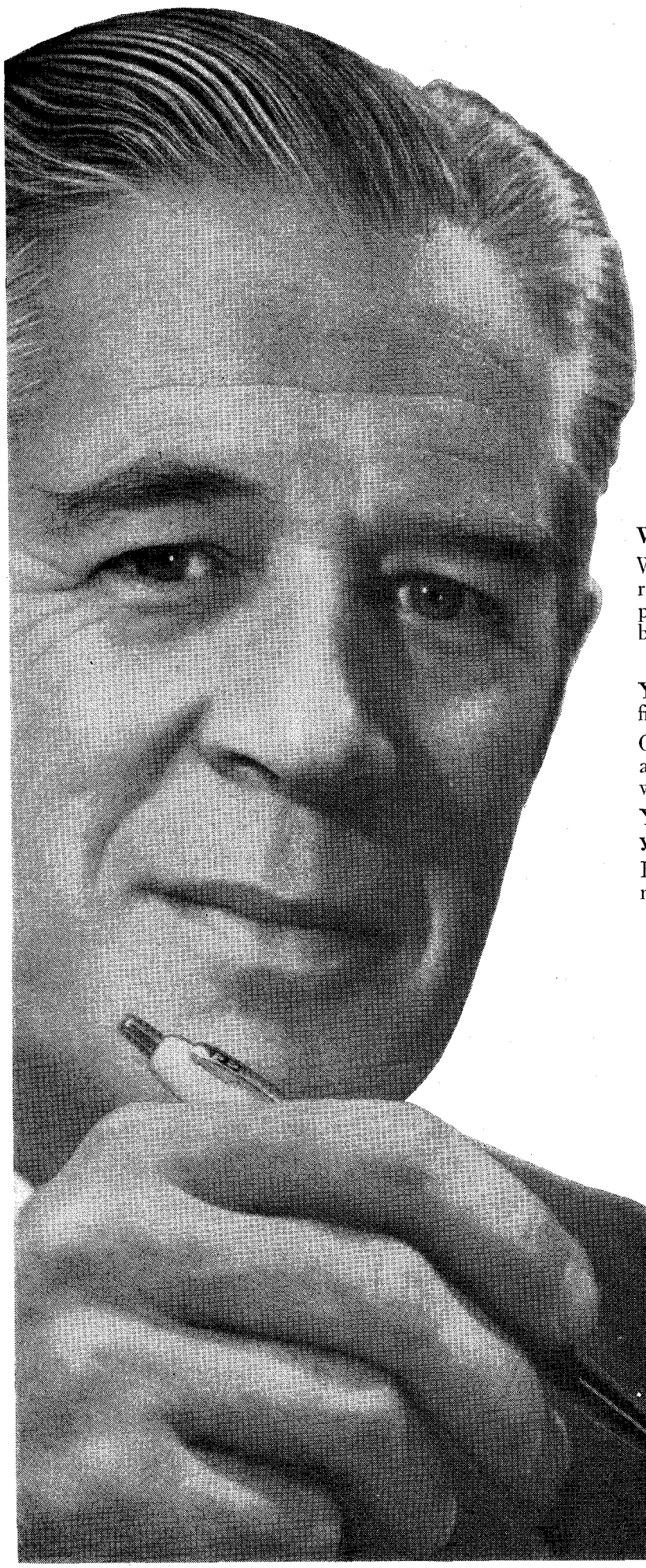

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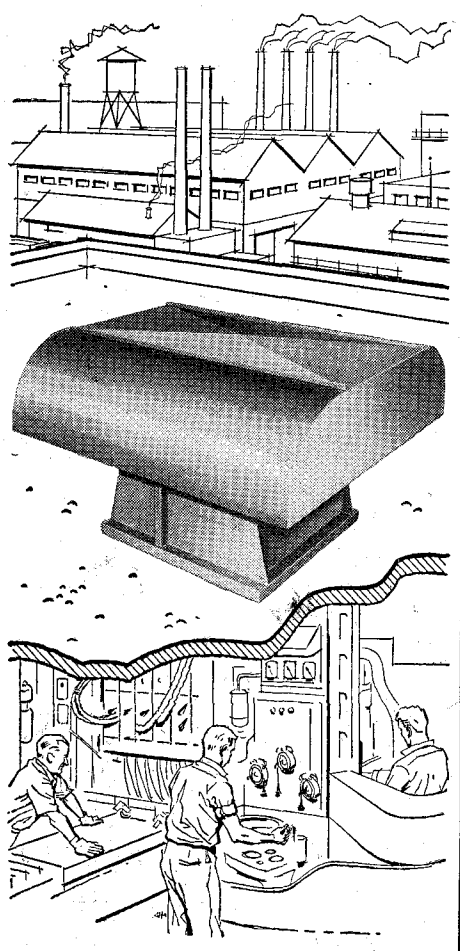

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The Susceptible Spy (Continued from Page 36)

suspicious at first, expecting sudden shenanigans, but after the weather mired the roads too bad for the passage of wagon trains to supply moving troops and it was plain that neither infantry could do nothing but set and wait for spring, the picket guards took to hollering friendly at each other. They made teeny little trade boats that floated across the Rapidan with Confederate tobacco and came back with a swap load of Yank sugar and coffee, and finally some fellers even swam the river their ownselves and visited back and forth.

Got so bad that high-up officers on both sides made a stiff rule against fraternizing across the Rapidan—said there was a passel of European foreigners sailed the Atlantic just to watch how Americans made war, and if they was to see Yanks and Rebs ajawing, aswapping, asinging and alaughing together between battles, the foreigners would likely go home snickering and tell that Americans didn't know the first thing about proper warring, which would be mortal mortifying to Mr. Abe Lincoln and Mr. Jeff Davis alike.

The rule and a threat to make prisoners of war out of visitors caught on the wrong side of the Rapidan slowed the traffic down to a dribble, but 'Gomery Lasher was one of the dribbles and he crossed the river twice.

The first time he just spent the day—got to jawing with Enos Baden when the two of them had picket duty on opposite banks of the Rapidan, and 'Gomery swapped Enos a piece of salt beef to leave him come visiting the next Sunday and go to preaching in one of the forty log chapels built along the Confederate side of the Rapidan that winter.

'Gomery got aholt of a Reb uniform raggedy enough to look natural in the Confederate camp, and dark-early the next Sabbath he sneaked past the Reb outpost and met Enos in the woods beyond, like they'd agreed. Enos promised to claim 'Gomery was one of his cousins, visiting from another regiment, if anybody was to ask, and when it came time for preaching, 'Gomery sat amongst the Rebs and sang the hymns louder than anybody.

It was in the chapel that 'Gomery first set eyes on Becky Jane Ritter—what with her and her ma and her Uncle Pinckney attending the soldiers' services, since their own church was north of the Rapidan—and, after preaching, 'Gomery brazened right up to the Ritters and told that he was compelled to speak without proper introduction because Miz Ritter reminded him so of his own dead ma that it drove him aloose from his manners. Beaming at Becky Jane all the while, he was, but cozying up to Miz Ritter, who went butter-hearted over him when he said her main likeness to his ma was in being as pretty as a June morning filled with robins.

Enos hustled 'Gomery away from the chapel and made him hide in their hut in the camp of Company B until it was dark enough for 'Gomery to sneak back to his own side. But Becky Jane had put wings to 'Gomery's heart, and two weeks later he got his re-enlistment furlough and his flying heart flapped him smack dab across the Rapidan for the second time.

Spent the fore part of his furlough and almost half of his $400 re-enlistment bounty in Washington City, 'Gomery did, and came back to the Rapidan with a load of vittles, raw, canned and jugged, and a heap of other hard-to-come-by supplies. Put his purchases in a big poke, and at black midnight he flanked the Yank sentries, waded the Rapidan, sneaked past the Reb outposts, changed uniforms and hid his Yank blues under a rock, then hot-footed it two miles south to where the 75th North Carolina was camped, and brazened into Enos' hut just after dawn.

"Morning, you old Johnnies!" 'Gomery said. "Glad to see me?"

Enos and Snipe and Toomey gaped at 'Gomery and shucked out of their thin, tattered blankets acussing. Brothers, Enos and Snipe were, from the hills of North Carolina—Enos, a black-bearded grizzly bear of forty-five, and Snipe, tow-headed, nineteen and still growing. Toomey Tuberville was the Badens' second cousin—a shaggy-haired, bug-eyed scarecrow half past thirty.

"Aw, now, 'Gomery, git!" Enos growled when he finished cussing. "Our colonel hided us bare-boned yesterday about consorting with the enemy, and we don't hanker to spend no guardhouse time on account of you, Yankee boy."

"Hoo!" snickered 'Gomery. "When our captain got through cussing us about friendlying up to you fellers, there was a melted place in the snow where he stood, but I'm here to spend my furlough with you Johnnies anyhow."

Enos shuddered. "You ain't neither," he said hollowly. "You ain't going to do no such of a thing."

"Not only me," 'Gomery said, "but this here load of bacon and beef and flour and strawberry preserves and ——"

"Make him hush, Enos!" Toomey wailed. "Us on half rations of but rancid bacon and corn meal for a month now, and him talking mortal cruel thataway."

"And shoes for you fellers," 'Gomery went on, "and blankets and sardines and a jug or so of peach brandy and ——"

"Shut your Yankee mouth!" Enos said. "Us Rebs may be going barefooted and gnaw-stomached this winter, but we're still prouder than a bribe. You just take your poke and git!"

"You're scared, that's what," 'Gomery said. "All I aimed to do was stay with you until I can figure a way to get invited to Miz Ritter's, and you fellers is too tallow-spined to let me."

"That's a flat lie!" Snipe said fiercely. "Ain't no Yank going to back me down on nothing. If he's fool enough to risk getting caught and shot for a spy, I'm fool enough to chance him a few days in our hut, Enos. Any time a Reb ain't every bit as jay-bird bold as a blue-belly, I'll find me a new flag."

"Me, too," gulped Toomey. . . . "Did you say you'd brung us some brandy, 'Gomery?"

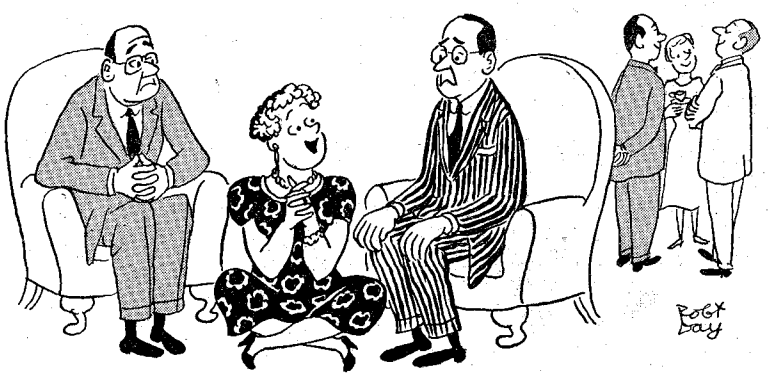
Enos scratched his beard over it a spell. "Well," he said finally, "don't reckon he'd see anything that he ain't seen already. If he'll swear and promise not to spy even a dab, I'm willing to risk him."

"I came over to court, not to spy," 'Gomery said loftily, "and I swear and promise it and vow it too."

Enos nodded and took a gleeful rummage through 'Gomery's poke of supplies. "How would crackers and strawberry preserves and sardines suit you fellers for breakfast?" he said dreamily.

When it came roll-call time, Enos told his captain that 'Gomery was a cousin of his up from a Home Guard regiment in North Carolina who was thinking of transferring from his easy command into the hard-fighting Army of Northern Virginia. The captain was so tickled at maybe getting a new recruit—like General Lee was then beating the bushes for—that he took it for true when 'Gomery said all his papers and passes and such had been in the knapsack that got stolen off him whilst he was wandering the woods hunting for the camp of the 75th North Carolina.

With the lie of 'Gomery's presence served up and swallowed, the four of them went back to the hut and got down to business. The Johnnies tried on their new shoes, and munched light bread and honey, and helped 'Gomery write a letter to Miz Ritter (*Continued on Page 78*)



The Perfect Squelch

Doctor Beale, a famous physicist, was a patient man. But after twenty minutes of trying to answer the aimless and endless questions of Mrs. Plur, he was ready to blow his learned top. Mrs. Plur had attached herself to him as soon as he arrived at the party and, although she obviously knew nothing of physics, she had kept up a constant barrage of queries, mixed with extravagant praise of all scientists.

Finally Doctor Beale managed to slip away and sit down gratefully next a fellow scientist. They had barely exchanged a dozen words before Mrs. Plur trotted over and plumped herself on the floor between their chairs.

"You scientists are so wonderful," she panted. "I sit at your feet."

"Then," the physicist said with a weary smile, "you won't mind if we talk over your head."

Dorothe L. Bonsignore

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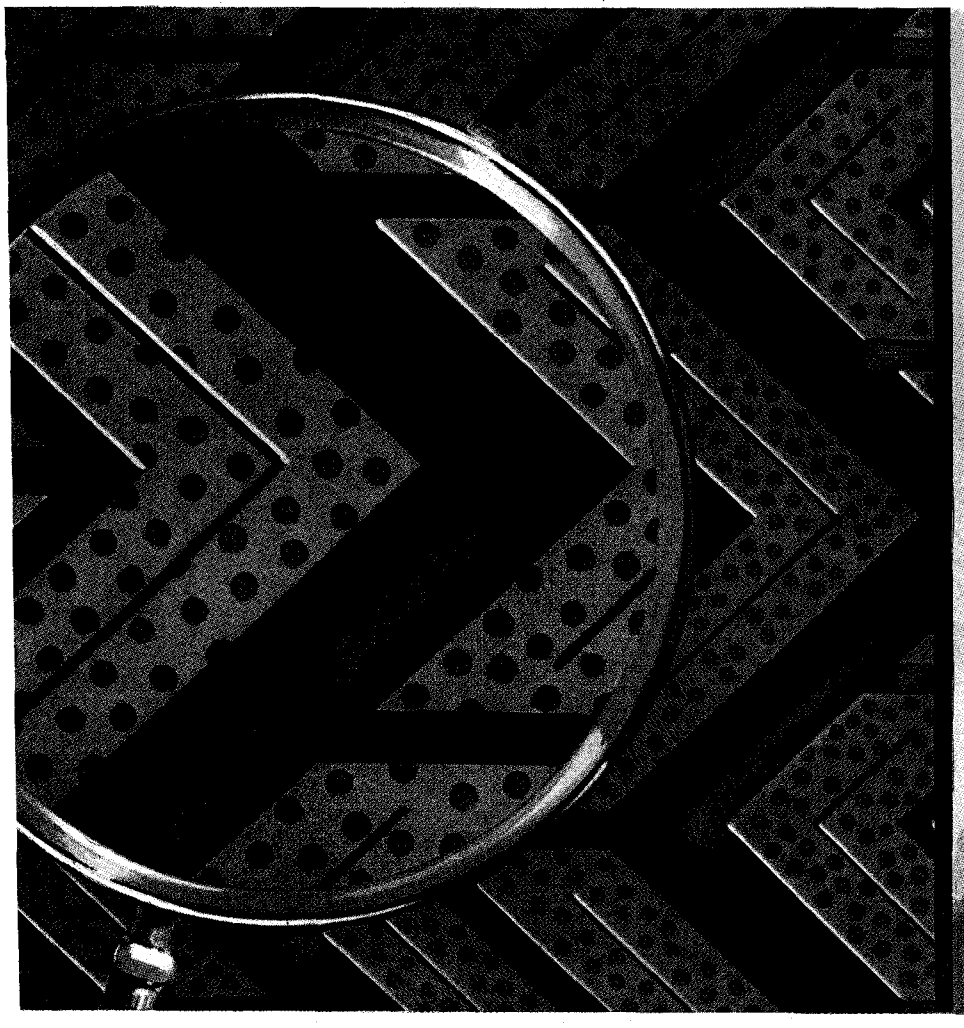

Non-skid action with built-in Skid-Resisters and sharp-angled cleats

2 Those action-angled cleats molded in the extra-width tread are powerful traction forces in themselves and, in addition, their design includes thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on slick surfaces.

Self-cleaning action prevents traction loss due to "packing up"

3 As your Firestone Town & Country Tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud out of the tread spaces to prevent them from packing up. This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—always ready for instant traction action!

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(*Continued from Page 74*) that would have wrung tears out of frozen granite. 'Gomery wrote:

Most Esteemed Madam, I take pen in hand to tell you I am the poor, motherless soldier that saw you onest at preaching and said how you looked like his own dead mother, and is made bold enough to write these lines by the misery of his present circumstances. I am, dear Miz Ritter, in possession of a furlough, but being an orphan boy with no home to call my own, I am denied the unspeakable joy of a mother's sweet smile of homecoming.

Knowing full well that what I ask is mortal bold, the yearning of my lonesome heart bids me speak and throw myself on your tender mercies. If you could but permit me to spend a few days of my furlough in your house, where I may pretend for a golden while that I, too, have a mother, it would make me the happiest of all soldiers.

Yr. Obedient and Hopeful Servant,

MONTGOMERY BADEN

P.S.: Answer in care of my cousin, Enos Baden, Camp of 75th North Carolina, Company B, as I am visiting him for a few days. I will pay board and bring food and chop wood and things.

'Gomery read the letter over and sighed.

"What's the matter, Cousin 'Gomery?" Enos grinned. "Don't it suit you?"

"It's only that it's true," 'Gomery said mournfully. "I am an orphan-raised, homeless feller, and seeing it all wrote out like that puts a clog in my throat."

Enos mailed the letter for him, and for the next four days 'Gomery did just what Company B did— ate and slept and played cards and drilled and went up toward the river to build breastworks and fought bravely in the front ranks when the 75th North Carolina whupped the 34th Georgia in a snowball battle.

And when the gray general on the gray horse rode by the camp, 'Gomery cheered and joined the cluster of adoring soldiers around him, same as any Reb. Looked right up into the calm, kind face, 'Gomery did, and patted Traveller on the neck.

"Marse Robert, he won't take a bit better fare than his soldiers git," Enos said proudly, when the gray general rode on. "Lives in a tent instead of a nice warm private house like he's been invited to many a time, and any special morsels of food that civilian folks send to him goes straight on to the hospitals."

'Gomery nodded gravely. "There's a magic about him, ain't there?" he said softly. "Something in his face says every tear shed over this war is somewhere inside him, yet he wraps a soft brave hand around your heart. Mr. Lincoln put the same feeling through me once when he reviewed our regiment. I mean it's somehow like him and General Lee are both bleeding inside for the whole country, and not each for his own half alone."

Enos studied about it. "You just might be right, 'Gomery," Enos said slowly. "After Gettysburg, there was this wounded Yank prisoner lying on the ground, and the Yank hollered, 'Hurrah for the Union!' when General Lee rode by. Marse Robert, he got off his horse and went over to the Yank prisoner and held out his hand to him and said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.'"

"You saw it?" 'Gomery asked.

Enos nodded. "Happened right after we came back from Pickett's charge."

Shaking their heads over the wonder of it, Enos and 'Gomery trudged to the hut and dealt out the cards. . . .

The answer came from Miz Ritter on the morning of the fifth day. It said her own son, Ranald, had already fallen for the noble cause at First Manassas, and while their farmhouse was small and their provender meager, and 'Gomery would have to share a bedroom with Uncle Pinckney, who snored considerable, she'd take it as an honor and a privilege to welcome a motherless son of the Confederacy and treat him as her own for a spell.

'Gomery went sad-faced when he read it. "I feel like a crawly old slimy worm," he said miserably. "Miz Ritter with her boy dead, and me telling a turrible pack of lies just so's I can court Becky Jane. Maybe I should go back to my own camp."

"You ain't going to back out now!" roared Enos. "Me and the boys was counting on getting invited to the Ritters' for meals and parties and such-like even after you're gone. If you behave yourself and help with the chores, you can't do much bad harm."

'Gomery perked up some, and leaving the Johnnies all the provisions but a sack of white flour, some coffee, a bolt of blue calico, tinned beef, sugar, crackers and a big hunk of mutton, he and Enos lit out and hiked the five miles west to the Ritters' farm. Enos left him at the edge of the pasture.

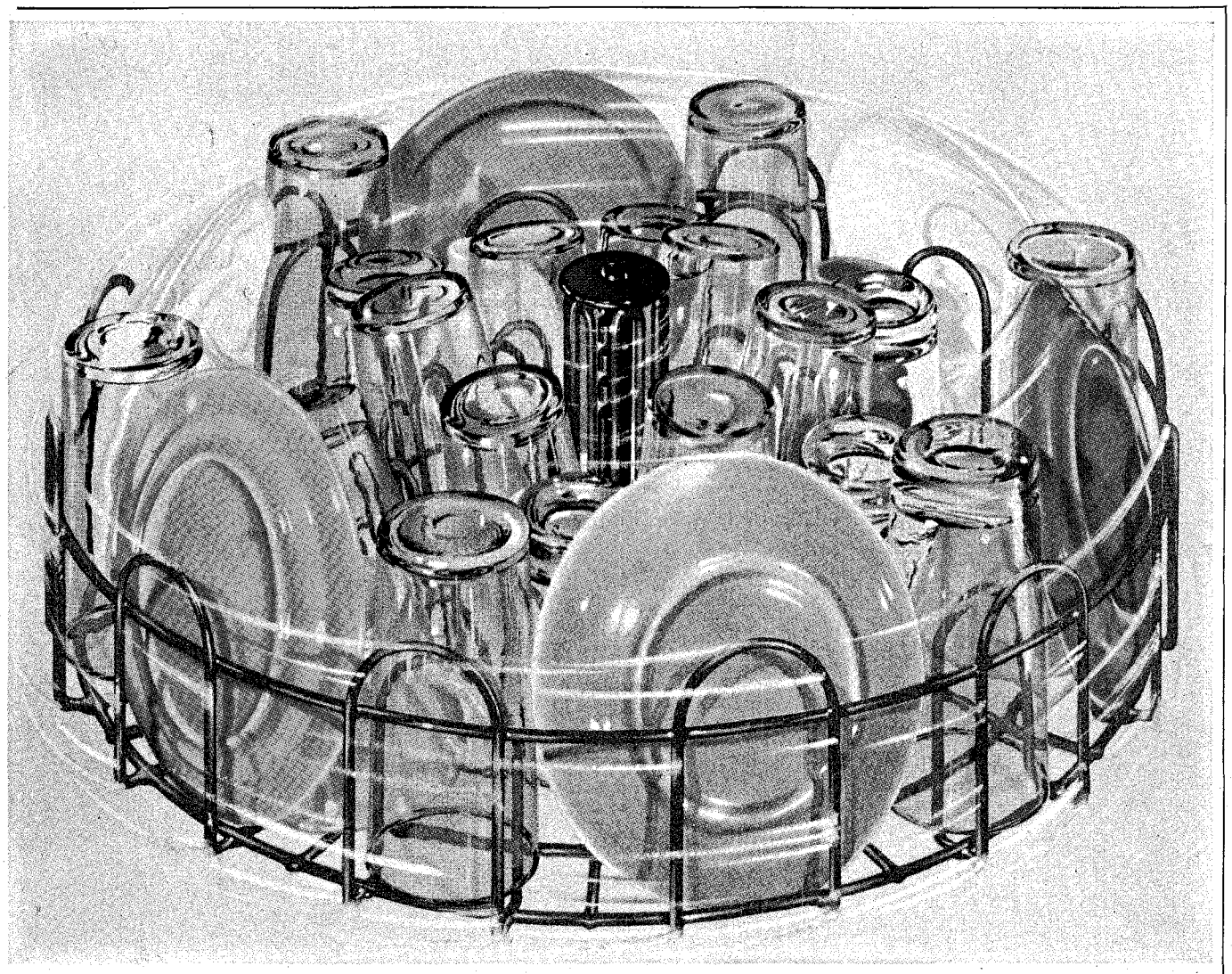
"We'll come see if you're behaving, Cousin 'Gomery," Enos said. "We're just liable to drop in any old time."

"It ain't fair for you to come too often," 'Gomery said. "I got to court me a wife, and I got but six days of furlough left to do it in."

"Wife?" screeched Enos. "Why, you ain't even seen her but onest."

"Someday Becky Jane and I will wed," 'Gomery said. "I knew by my heart's whisper that it was fated."

Enos grumbled off, and 'Gomery trudged across the Ritters' pasture. He



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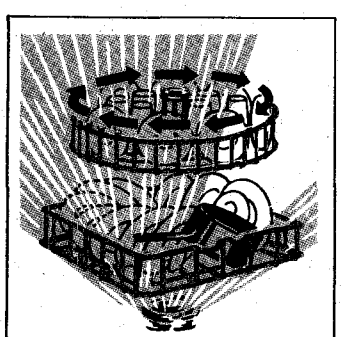

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saw Becky Jane at the barn and broke into a trot. She whirled when he squeaked open the pasture gate, and there was frost in her violet eyes. 'Gomery was struck suddenly shy by the fresh, golden-haired beauty of her.

"Well," he said finally, "here I am."

"Reckon you are," Becky Jane said coldly, "and I'm bound to say I was against your coming. But it's put ma to bustling around ahumming for the first time since Ranald was killed, and I warn you to do nothing to quench her joy."

'Gomery bowed stiffly. "I've a heartful of gratitude, Miss Becky," he said, "and I aim to do nothing but show it."

"Ma's been watching for you for two days now," Becky Jane said, "so we'd best go in."

'Gomery followed Becky Jane up to the house, across the back porch and into the warm kitchen. Miz Ritter met him at the door—a small, silver-haired hummingbird of a woman, glowy-eyed and soft-smiling.

"Welcome, Montgomery," Miz Ritter said shyly. "Have off your coat and set."

'Gomery beamed at her. "Thanky, Miz Ritter, ma'm," he said, heaving his sack of supplies on the table. "Brought you a few things as part of my thanks."

Miz Ritter gasped and marveled over the treasures, and put some of the coffee to boiling right away. Miz Ritter and 'Gomery took to chatting and laughing and liking each other same as next neighbors, and when old, white-haired Uncle Pinckney tottered into the kitchen from smelling the coffee, he joined right in with them. Becky Jane didn't, though; she just stared at 'Gomery with sort of a measuring, wondering look.

Right after lunch, 'Gomery set to work chopping wood and mending the fence and nursing the sick calf, and it wasn't until he was helping Becky Jane with the supper dishes that he got a chance to talk to her alone.

"Is it that you don't like me?" he blurted out. "If you think I'm such a turrible scoundrel, I'll just skedaddle."

Becky Jane went pink-faced, but looked him straight in the eyes. "I like you all right," she said. "You're overbold, for sure, but I don't find any harm in you yet."

"Well, I considerable more'n like you, and that's another 'for sure,'" 'Gomery said. "When I first saw you at preaching, you struck my heart like a soft golden arrow."

"I noticed you first off, too," Becky Jane said. 'Gomery went flutter-chested and dropped the dish he was wiping. "Hard not to notice a man singing louder than anybody, and off-key too," Becky Jane went on.

'Gomery hushed his courting talk from mortification and played checkers with Uncle Pinckney until bedtime. He slept like a cocooned caterpillar, Uncle Pinckney's thunderous snores only a lullaby....

'Gomery bounced through the next two days like a gleeful rubber ball—patched the barn roof, built new steps for the back porch and coaxed the sick calf away from the shadow of death.

"We'd given her up for lost," Becky Jane said, wonder-voiced, as she watched the calf struggle to its wobbly legs. "It's like your gentle-handedness put a magic on her."

'Gomery flushed. "If you could build the man you'd marry out of your best heart's dreams, would he be gentle-handed?" he said.

"Yes," said Becky Jane softly. "And he'd be strong and kind and willing to learn to be wise."

She smiled at 'Gomery and it was somehow as good as a finger touch.

"Some evening when you got nothing better to do," 'Gomery said, "I'd thank you to measure me up against the man in your heart's dreams."

Becky Jane darted from the barn and up to the house, and 'Gomery followed slowly. He found Enos and Snipe and Toomey avisiting with Miz Ritter in the kitchen, and stuffing their mouths full of cake and milk. They stayed the afternoon, and Miz Ritter invited them back for a chicken dinner two days later—on Thursday. 'Gomery was heaping glad to see the Johnnies go, too, because Snipe had bragged and strutted and cut his eyes at Becky Jane until 'Gomery was a thin inch from inviting Snipe behind the barn and bashing the leer off his face.

Until the Johnnies came back on Thursday, 'Gomery walked the days on cottony, gold-fringed clouds. It was like there'd always been a niche at the Ritters' just waiting for him to fill. With no words said on it, he loved Miz Ritter and Uncle Pinckney same as blood kin, and they loved him back the same way—a soft, warm feeling that seemed to weave itself into the air, awhispering. With Becky Jane, though, he put it into words. Told her he loved her bone-deep and hat-high and forever, and if she didn't find him altogether displeasing, he hoped she'd see her way clear to speculate on wedding him when the war got over. Becky Jane just smiled—a smile that didn't say "yes," but it didn't say "no," either.

Then the Johnnies came for their chicken dinner, and Enos had a private talk with 'Gomery.

"You'd do well to scramble back to Yank country straightaway," Enos said, worry-faced. (*Continued on Page 82*)

"And to think a year ago you didn't know a thing about carpentry."

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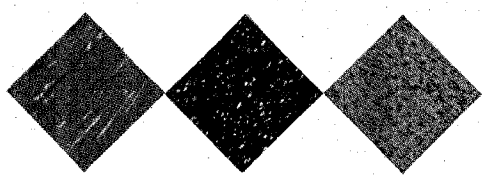

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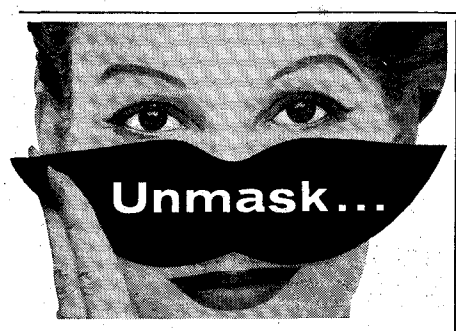

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(*Continued from Page 79*) "Captain's been asking what went with the new recruit, and a passel of other nosy questions about you. He's suspicious-eyed, 'Gomery, and I'm afeard he figures you was a deserter from another regiment, biding your time with us until the weather cleared a mite. Figures us boys covered up for you because you're kin of ours."

"Ain't no suspicion can lead him here, is there?" 'Gomery said. "Not likely to cross his mind he had a Yank furloughing with his company, is it?"

Enos shrugged. "Not likely," he said, "but captain's been picking at Toomey over it, and when Toomey gets a gulletful of liquor, his tongue comes aloose at both ends."

"Hide the brandy from him then," 'Gomery said. "I got another day of furlough left, and Becky Jane ain't given me a flat promise to wed yet."

"Well, just which 'Gomery is she to be promised to?" Enos said. "'Gomery Baden is a man who never was, and 'Gomery Lasher is a mortal blue-hearted enemy."

"Dad blast you, Enos," 'Gomery said. "I didn't aim to worry about that for a spell. Figured I could sneak in a few more visits before the war got up oft its haunches again, and tell her the truth one of those times, maybe."

Enos shook his head. "You can't hope to cross our lines many more times without getting caught," he said. "And it ain't fair nor fitting for Becky Jane to be wondering and worrying about why she can't write you letters and such. Finally she'll figure you for dead or a deserter, and a man loves a woman proper, he don't give her such pain for the sake of a lie."

"Consarn you, Enos," 'Gomery said.

"You leave the truth behind when you go, 'Gomery," Enos said grimly. "At first I figured you'd just have yourself a harmless frolic, but the Ritters' eyes say you've sunk deep roots of love here. The truth might cut the roots clean, but it's a heap better than having them pulled aloose by painful inches."

"I'll think on it," 'Gomery said sadly. "I'll turn it in my mind, Enos."

The Johnnies went back to camp and 'Gomery was took with the glooms. After supper he was so quiet that Miz Ritter felt his head for a fever.

"What would you do if a thirsty Yankee was to walk through the kitchen door and ask nice for a glass of water?" 'Gomery said finally.

"I'd fetch my musket and shoot the scoundrel," said Uncle Pinckney fiercely.

"I'd lock him in the pantry and give him to General Lee for a prisoner," said Miz Ritter.

"I'd find out if he might have been the one that shot Ranald at Manassas, then I'd decide," Becky Jane said burny-eyed.

'Gomery stared at them bleakly and drooped off to bed. . . .

The next morning he sat brooding by the stove, and the more the Ritters asked him what was the matter, the bigger and tighter the lie grew inside him. Finally Becky Jane cupped his hand in hers and looked him deep in the face.

"I can tell it's bad trouble by the pain in your eyes, 'Gomery," she said softly. "Can't you speak it out—even to the ones that love you?"

And the lie suddenly was too big to hold. "I've done a turrible bad thing," 'Gomery said huskily. "So turrible you'll likely never forgive me."

He told it then—the whole of it—his eyes pleading from face to face. He saw shock there, then horror, then a hurt that was worst of all. Miz Ritter ran from the kitchen, sobbing, and Becky Jane swished after her, and Uncle Pinckney fetched his musket and sat across the room from 'Gomery with a fierce mist in his eyes.

"Soon as the womenfolk get aholt of theirselves, we'll decide what's to be done with you," Uncle Pinckney said grimly. "You set right where you are or I'll shoot me a Yank."

'Gomery waited, and his misery put an ache to his blood. Finally Miz Ritter and Becky Jane came back to the kitchen and sat, red-eyed and white-faced, at the table.

"We ought to turn him in, oughtn't we, Pinckney?" said Miz Ritter, leaden-voiced.

"Ought to," said Uncle Pinckney, "but in that get up they might shoot him for a spy."

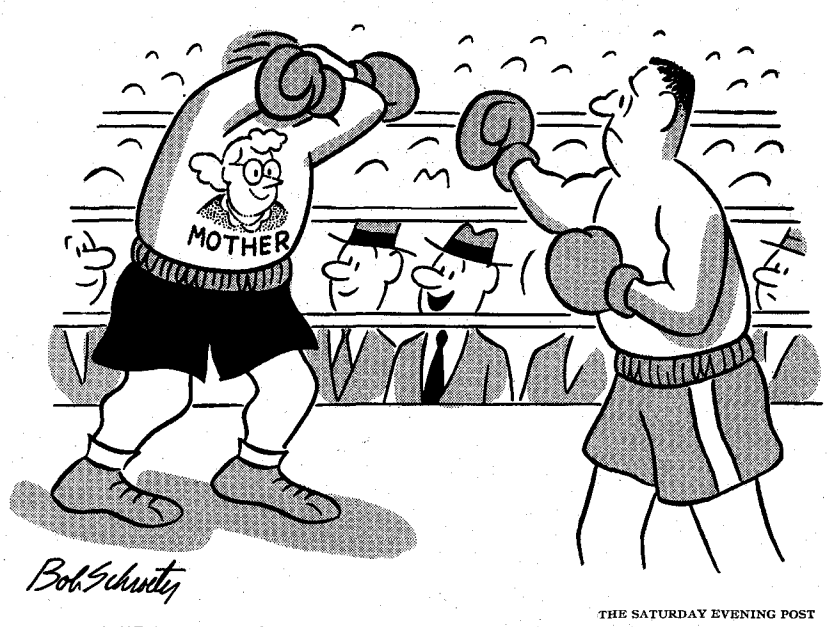
"No!" quavered Becky Jane. "I mean, he's not exactly a spy, is he?"

"I don't want him hurt," said Miz Ritter, sobbing again. "I can't help it. I just don't want him hurt."

All of a sudden, 'Gomery was boiling mad—what with them not speaking to him nor looking at him, and treating him like an invisible bug. He busted out of his chair and charged over to the table.

"I done bad and I'm bone and blood sorry," 'Gomery said, "but the love I feel for all of you is taller than a war and deeper than the name of Yank or Reb. And if what you feel for me changes with the color of a uniform, we're well rid of each other, I reckon, whether it's by me getting shot for a spy, or made prisoner, or trying to get back to my own lines—Uncle Pinckney's musket or no."

"You lied!" Becky Jane blazed at him. "Worse'n a Yankee, you're a lying Yankee, and (*Continued on Page 85*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's gonna be tough getting through his defense!"

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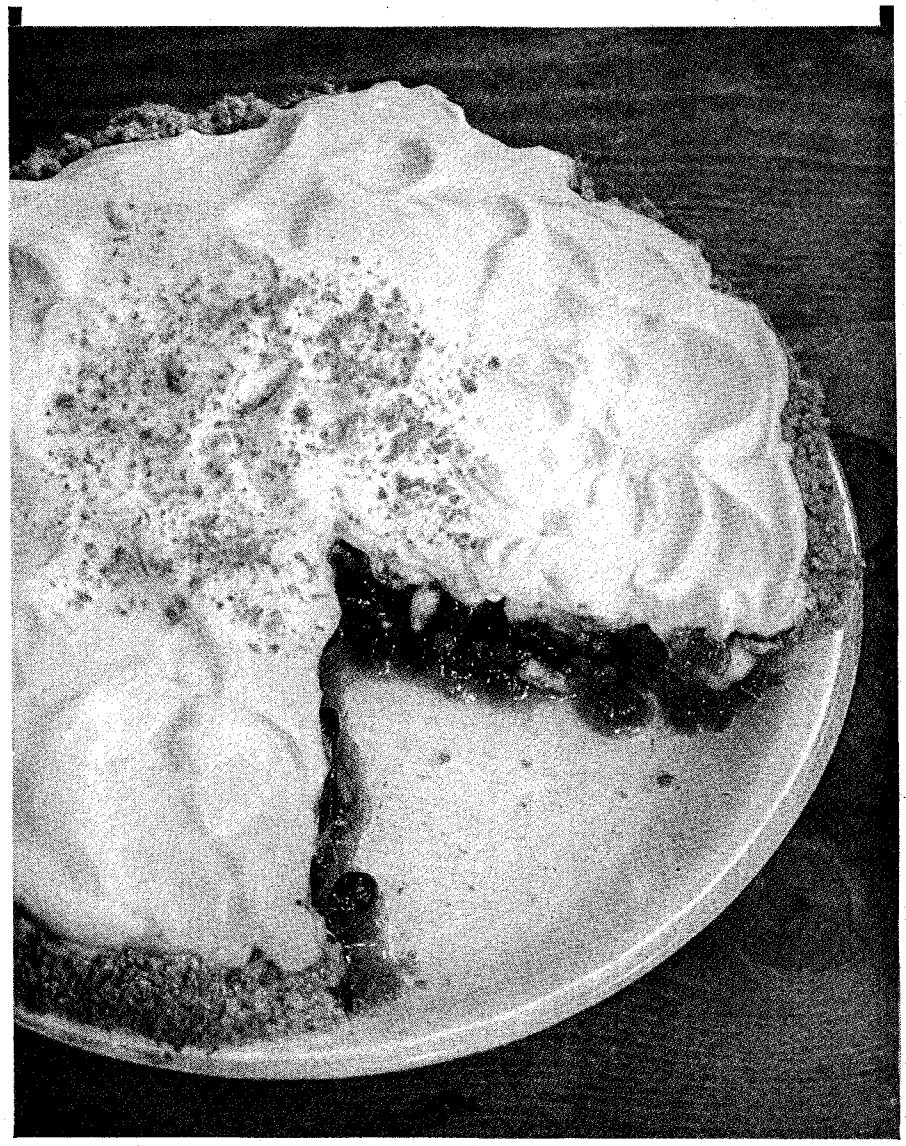
Break Borden's Condensed None Such Mince Meat into small pieces, add water and sugar. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken. Boil gently 10 minutes. Cool slightly. Pour into crumb crust. Chill and top with whipped cream.

To use Borden's Ready-to-use Mince Meat, heat 1½ cups slightly and pour into prepared crumb crust. Chill before topping.



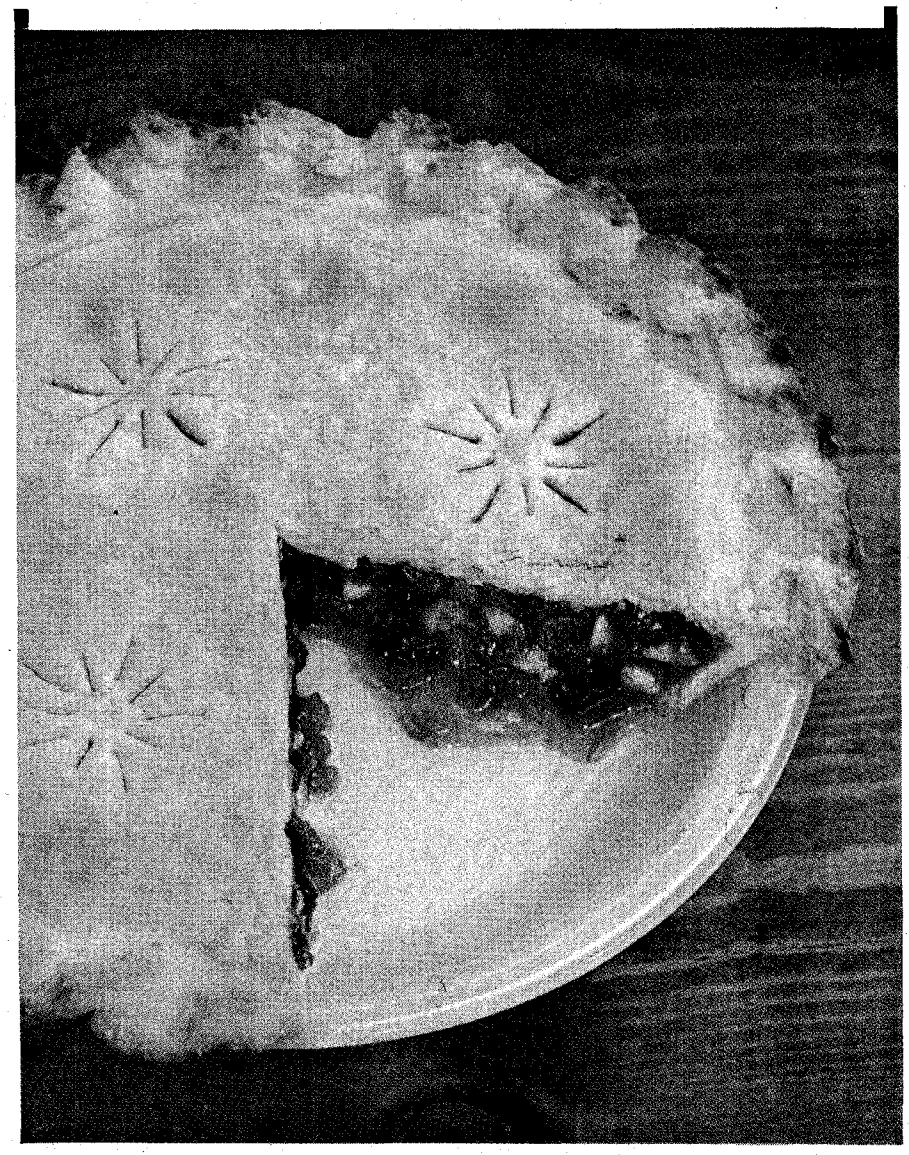
Family Favorite

EVERYONE LOVES IT AT HOLIDAY TIME

1 9-ounce package of Borden's Condensed None Such
1½ cups hot water
1 to 3 tablespoons sugar
1 8-inch pastry recipe

Break Borden's Condensed None Such Mince Meat into small pieces, add water and sugar. Place over heat and stir until lumps are thoroughly broken. Boil 1 minute. Cool slightly.

Fit lower crust into 8-inch pie pan. Pour in mixture. Moisten edge of crust. Cover with top crust. Slash top. Press crust edges together. Bake in hot oven (435°) 30 minutes or till done.



None Such comes in 2 forms. Condensed, in the 9-ounce package, Ready to use in the 28-ounce jar.

See Borden's TV Shows, "The People's Choice," and "Queen for a Day"—over NBC.

Only None Such makes perfect mince pies...always!

That's because only the finest selected apples, raisins, currants, spices and beef . . . 21 quality ingredients in all . . . are used in None Such. And they're put together according to an old New England recipe. No wonder None Such mince pies turn out perfect every time. *FREE recipe book.* 21 None Such Mince Meat recipes for all seasons. Beautifully illustrated.

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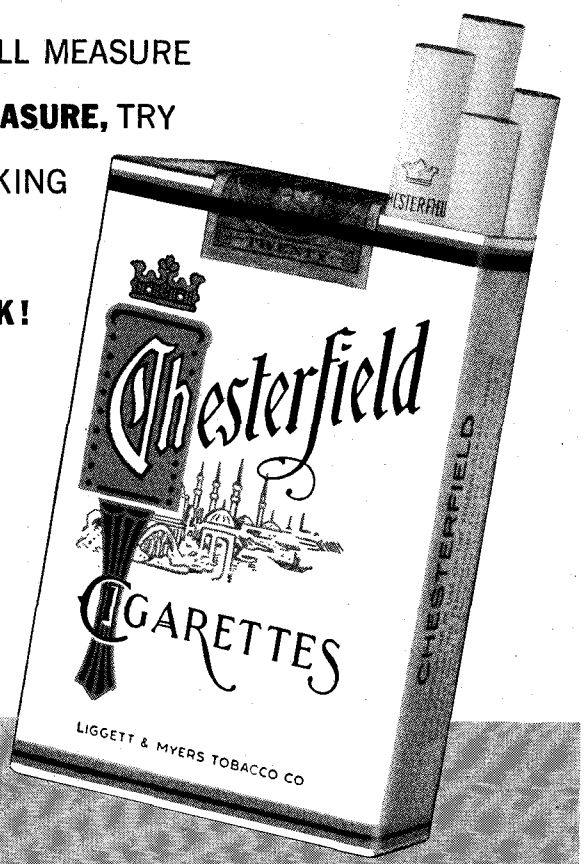
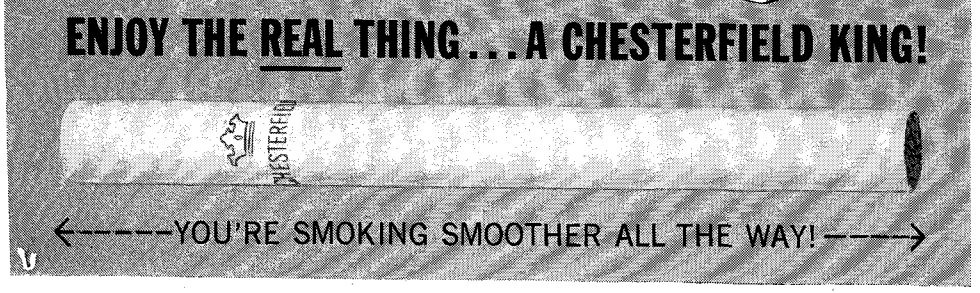


ENJOY THE REAL THING . . . A CHESTERFIELD KING!



© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

CHESTERFIELD

(*Continued from Page 82*)

who's to know if you didn't lie about everything?"

"I love you!" 'Gomery roared. "I love you, Becky Jane Ritter, and you know that's truth!"

Suddenly there was a knock at the back door, and Enos busted in, anguished-eyed and gray-faced.

"Toomey told, 'Gomery," Enos said. "Captain filled him full of red-eye whisky and wormed it out of him. Captain's outside now. Says you got fifteen minutes to surrender, else the Ritters might get hurt in some shooting. I'm mortal sorry, 'Gomery; and Snipe and Toomey too."

"It's all right, Enos," 'Gomery said hollowly. "How bad a trouble you fellers in over it?"

Enos shrugged. "Probably not shooting bad, like you are, though," he said.

Thick, desperate silence crouched over the room. "You'd think," Becky Jane said finally, "that two men who schemed themselves into a mess would at least try to scheme themselves out of it."

'Gomery gazed at her with hope in his eyes. "You don't want me caught?"

"We've no time for answering foolish questions!" she snapped. "Get to thinking!"

'Gomery paced the floor, his brain going clickety-click. After a bit, he stopped pacing and grinned a devilish grin.

"The thing," 'Gomery said, "is to make it so the captain wouldn't have me, even if I was President Lincoln come to surrender."

He told his scheme and everybody got busy—Miz Ritter and Becky Jane heating needles red-hot, and Uncle Pinckney and Enos doing the rest. When they were through, they locked 'Gomery in Uncle Pinckney's bedroom, and Enos hollered out the door to the captain.

"Yank's all broke out with something red-speckledy!" Enos yelled. "Ritters say it looked so powerful contagious that they locked him up for safety a few days back!"

The captain tore into the house, unlocked the bedroom door, gaped at 'Gomery lying there with his face and hands full of hot needle welts, and slammed the door quick.

"Smallpox!" the captain said, shuddering.

"That or some new kind of Yank disease that's even worse, maybe," Enos said darkly.

The captain sat in the kitchen for a long spell, trying to figure a way to take 'Gomery without risking an epidemic in General Lee's camp or in a Confederate hospital or prison. He couldn't honorably shoot 'Gomery for a spy without a fair trial; and fearsome speckledy like 'Gomery was, the captain didn't want no truck with him, dead or alive.

"You all really figure that Yank came over here for courting instead of spying?"

Everybody told him yes, and the captain took a good long look at Becky Jane.

"For a girl as pretty as that young lady, a man might be that big of a fool, at that," the captain said. The captain gazed up at the ceiling and chewed the end of his mustache. "Got around that I had a Yank furloughing amongst my men, they'd hoot me out of the regiment," he said, like he was talking to himself. He smacked his hand hard on the kitchen table and marched back to the bedroom.

"You can just take your Yankee contagion right back where you got it," the captain told 'Gomery. "Come dark, you're going to skedaddle out of this house and back across the Rapidan, and not touch anything nor anybody as you go."

'Gomery said, since he was fixing to die, he'd prefer to do it here where he was warm and comfortable, but if the captain would give his word of honor as a North Carolinian not to punish Enos, Snipe or Toomey in any manner, shape or form, 'Gomery would be willing to suffer his cold, wet, miserable way back to the Yank lines and do his dying there.

The captain spluttered and cussed, but finally said if 'Gomery and the Johnnies would swear and promise to seal their mouths about the whole mortifying incident, he'd give 'Gomery his word on it. At good dark the captain told 'Gomery to git, and said he and his ready rifle would be behind 'Gomery all the way. 'Gomery shambled out of the bedroom and into the kitchen.

"If I was to somehow survive this turrible pestilence and this war was to get over, would I ever be welcome here again?" he asked Becky Jane.

"Come and see," Becky Jane said, but what else she said silently with her eyes put a grin in 'Gomery that tweaked his ears all the way back across the Rapidan.

And the reason the mortifying scandal ever got told at all was that 'Gomery looked the Johnnies up at Appomattox and brought them back to the Ritters' for the wedding, and Toomey drank too many toasts to the bride. But even Toomey didn't tell it out loud—he whispered it.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That beauty contest was days ago. Don't you think . . ."

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Confessions of "an S.O.B."

(Continued from Page 45)

taxpayers' expense—75,000 reprints of a speech drafted by my mother-in-law's ghost writers.

Before all this, my mother-in-law had been warmhearted and generous—and to some extent I had been like a son to her. I had been best man at her second marriage, had helped bury her husband, had made her battles my battles, had been halfway in love with her part of the time and scared to death of her all of the time. But mothers-in-law can be mothers-in-law, and publishers are publishers. So, when a certain moment came in our lives, the sweet past was forgotten.

I confess that when the first of my mother-in-law's fierce fusillades hit me, it hurt. Eventually I got used to them. And now there are times when I almost miss her stormy blasts. Life seems too peaceful today. At any rate, an accurate description of how I became an S.O.B. cannot omit the important part that Cissy Patterson, my mother-in-law, played in my life, and how she came to hurl more accusations at me than has any President, including Harry Truman.

In 1938, Cissy Patterson posed affectionately with her ex-son-in-law, Drew Pearson, and granddaughter, Ellen. Cissy's mood changed a few years later. By then, she was calling Pearson "America's outstanding journalistic heel."

Cissy Patterson came of a family that pioneered buccaneering journalism. Even before the cow kicked over Mrs. O'Leary's lantern, starting the Chicago fire, my mother-in-law's grandfather, Joseph Medill, had started the Chicago Tribune on its path to fortune, political power and the claim of being "The World's Greatest Newspaper." Her cousin, Col. Robert R. McCormick, made the Chicago Tribune one of the world's wealthiest newspapers. Her brother, Joseph Medill Patterson, founded the New York News, which has the largest circulation of any newspaper in America.

Cissy Patterson's one ambition was to be as great a newspaperman as her brother, Joe. They grew up together and she worshipped him. Her given name was Eleanor. But Joe, as a little boy, couldn't pronounce it and gave her the nickname, Cissy, which stuck for life.

Into the lap of this fast-moving, hard-boiled family I landed—a naïve, unsophisticated young Quaker from Philadelphia—through a whim of fate and my own fault. I was a young, impecunious economics instructor at Columbia University, when I went to Washington for a weekend to see my father's old friend, William Hard. He was sick. His wife, Anne, invited me to go to dinner in his place to meet the most glamorous lady in Washington. I went.

The glamorous lady became my mother-in-law. She was then Countess Eleanor Gizycka, divorced wife of a Polish cavalry officer. At the dinner was her beautiful nineteen-year-old-daughter, Countess Felicia. Among the other guests was Eugene Meyer, of the War Finance Corporation. I had no idea at that time that I would ever marry the daughter, or that Eugene Meyer would engage in a bitter newspaper duel with our redheaded hostess, or that later I would replace Eugene as the object of her hate.

We dined in state from monogrammed plates, with uniformed butlers in attendance. I tried to pick up the right fork at the right time and pretended to be completely at home. I was not. I had never been in a mansion so fabulous. Designed by the famed Stanford White before he was murdered by Harry K. Thaw, the house had been built by Cissy's mother on Dupont Circle, which her sister, the mother of Col. Robert McCormick, claimed was a swamp. Mrs. McCormick built a rival house, now the Brazilian Embassy, on Massachusetts Avenue. Although the two sisters lived only a few blocks apart, they never spoke to each other. They were the daughters of Joseph Medill, who had helped make Abraham Lincoln and then feuded with him. One of their sons was Sen. Medill McCormick, who feuded with Woodrow Wilson over the League of Nations. It was a feuding family. I did not know this, however, as I sat beside lovely young Countess Felicia. If I had, it would have made no difference.

I made various excuses to come to Washington after that, and the next summer was flabbergasted to receive a telegram from the elder Countess Gizycka inviting me to spend a couple of weeks at her ranch near Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

The telegram reached me in Columbus, Ohio, where I was making my weary way across the United States on one of the most thankless jobs in the world, peddling syndicated features to newspapers. My pay depended entirely on commissions.

When I received the invitation I was broke. Through luck or inspired salesmanship, I sold a woman's feature to George Smallsreed, of the Columbus Dispatch, borrowed the year's commission—fifteen dollars a week—and caught a train to Wyoming.

Jackson Hole was one of the most fascinating places I have ever visited. But the young Countess Felicia was not fascinated with me. The more I fell in love with her, the more bored she became. Finally, in an effort to escape both me and her mother, she got on her pony, rode to the railroad station and caught a train west. I managed to catch the same train, also by cow pony, and went with her as far as Salt Lake City. There we parted company. It seemed quite clear I was unwelcome. She went to Los Angeles. I went on peddling syndicated features.

For many months I did not know what had become of the girl who was to become my wife. Nor did her mother. Then Felicia wrote me from San Diego, where she had a job as a waitress. In the spring of 1925 I went there and we were married. There followed months of great joy and some sorrow.

In fairness, I should report that during the brief period I was married to her daughter, my mother-in-law did everything possible to bring happiness to a match which had few ingredients of success. Among other things, she offered us a fabulous income, which we refused.

My young bride had been reared in the lap of luxury; I faced the problem of keeping her happy on $125 a week. My answer was to wangle a trip to China to report the communist menace. I am not sure I then was so alarmed about the problem of communism as I was anxious to keep my wife entertained. But that was in 1925. It was not until 1950, exactly twenty-five years later, that a rambunctious senator from Wisconsin woke up to that same communist threat.

At any rate I managed to persuade the kindly backer of my syndicate, Lewis E. Pierson, of the Irving Trust Company, that we should begin to worry about communism in Asia. Two weeks later, my wife and I were on the SS President Madison as first-class passengers heading for Japan. Two years before, as a

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seaman, I had scrubbed paint on the same President Madison.

Once in China, we headed across the Gobi Desert toward Mongolia, meeting ground between Red Russia and the then placid, pro-West China. With us were Mary Waller, a friend of my mother-in-law from Chicago, and Miss Helen Van Sant, a nurse from the Peking Hospital. We rented a car from Amtorg, the Soviet trading agency, which operated the only means of crossing the desert, and drove through a country resembling the badlands of South Dakota to the border between Inner and Outer Mongolia.

Here all semblance of Chinese authority terminated and Russian authority began. At the village of Abas Khan Urga, a collection of felt yurts shimmering under the desert sun, I was told that we could go no farther. The commissar of police, a crusty old Mongol, was adamant. It would take a week, he said, to cable Moscow and get a visa.

I broke the news to the ladies. They were equally adamant that they would not wait a week in this desert outpost. They demanded to see the commissar. I led them to his round felt tent; they ducked through the opening, squatted on the floor and presented him with chocolate, sugar, cigarettes and a flaming blue-and-gold silk handkerchief.

Without further argument, he took out a paintbrush and in Chinese characters painted a passport to Urga, the sacred capital of Mongolia.

That hand-painted passport worked miracles. Every military outpost waved us on. When we arrived, English friends translated the passport. It read: "Good for one passage to Urga for Pearson and three wives."

During the trip, which took us through some of the most inaccessible country in the world, I was able to obtain photographs of Russian arms entering China. This opportunity came late one afternoon when a tiny dust cloud on the horizon gradually materialized into a caravan of 200 or more American cars, driven by Chinese chauffeurs. As luck would have it, part of the caravan stopped for the night at the water hole where we were camped. Wooden cases, which I could see contained rifles, were strapped to the running boards of the cars. I knew that if I took a broadside photograph of the arms, I would never get my camera out of Mongolia. But some Chinese soldiers were tormenting a wounded eagle and I maneuvered them near the cases of rifles and snapped several pictures.

My wife almost killed me for pretending to be amused at the torture of the eagle. She demanded that I rush to its rescue. But I managed to get out of Russian territory and turn over to the American military attaché in Peking the first tangible evidence that Russia was building a communist army in China.

Back in New York on our return, my syndicate could arouse no editorial interest in my information. American newspapers simply were not interested in the danger of a communist Asia. Only Hearst's New York American was willing to carry my report on a situation that later brought headlines and a Senate investigation.

My wife and I settled in Washington, where I joined the staff of David Lawrence's United States Daily, forerunner of his U.S. News and World Report. My wife wrote movie reviews for the Washington Post. A daughter was born. My mother-in-law was the height of motherly consideration. If someone had predicted that someday she would be calling me a social pariah and the polecat of journalism, I would not have believed it.

One day, coming up in the elevator to the State Department pressroom, from which I covered foreign affairs, I saw a headline in the Washington Times. A girl next to me was reading it. It was an eight-column banner smeared across the front page: [illegible] V PEARSON TO BE DIVORCED.

I had known, of course, that it was coming. But there, in flaming headlines, for all the world to see, was the story of my attempted happiness—and how it had ended in failure. The elevator operator, who knew me, glanced at the headline, glanced at me, then looked away.

The boys in the pressroom didn't look. Nor did they say anything. They had

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

All That Glitter is Not Me

By Philene Hammer

There are skirts with sequin
clusters;
Sweaters, bagatelled and
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There are rhinestone-
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Is there nothing
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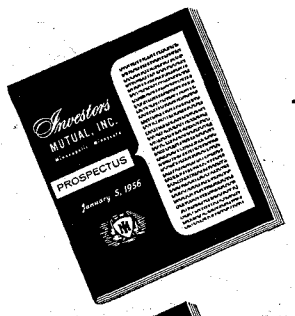

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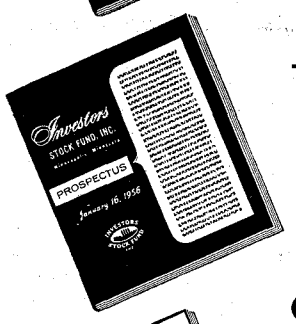

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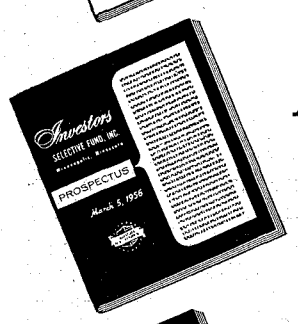

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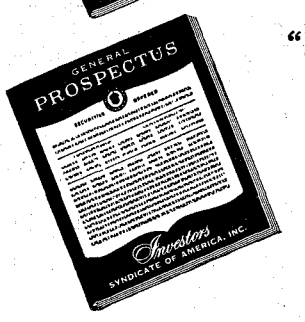

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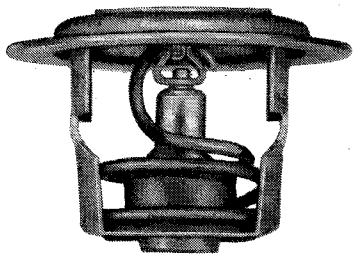

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read the papers. Some of them even had queries about me from their city desks. But they were kind. I could feel their glances, however, as I sat at my typewriter trying to make my fingers move when there was nothing behind them to tell them which keys to strike, when all my thoughts were on a rosy dream of marital happiness which had faded.

As I left work that night, the pressroom, littered with the news output of the day, stared up at me with smudged and dirty headlines: DREW PEARSON TO BE DIVORCED. I walked over them to an empty house, to a series of painful periodic visits to my daughter, and a ten-year period during which, if anything, my mother-in-law and I became closer. She and her daughter quarreled frequently. She had no son.

When her second husband, Elmer Schlesinger, died of a heart attack on a golf course at Aiken, South Carolina, in February, 1929, I went with my mother-in-law to bring him home. After this, she changed her name to "Mrs. Eleanor Patterson" and revived her ambition to get into the newspaper business. In 1930 she became editor of Hearst's Washington Herald, which later she leased, then purchased and combined with the Washington Times. At first, my relations with Cissy Patterson as editor and publisher continued on an even keel. The Washington Merry-Go-Round column was featured in her paper. In addition I wrote occasional editorials for her, visited her at her Long Island home, and spent part of my summers with my daughter at Dower House, my mother-in-law's Maryland estate.

Others, however, were feeling the bite of her personal journalism. Her hate at that time was aimed at her old girlhood friend and rival, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, eldest daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt. They had been competitors for the dapper and debonair Nicholas Longworth, who became Speaker of the House of Representatives. Alice won. When Cissy became an editor, her cousin by marriage, Ruth Hanna McCormick, was running for the United States Senate in Illinois—and it was rumored that Alice Roosevelt Longworth planned to take part in the campaign. This infuriated Cissy, and she promptly threw an editorial barb at Alice that rocked feud-loving, gossip-doting Washington.

In a box on Page 1 of the Herald, under the caption, INTERESTING BUT NOT TRUE, she announced:

"The news is that Mrs. Alice Longworth will be not only confidential adviser to Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick but that she will campaign publicly for her lifelong friend. Interesting but not true.

"Mrs. McCormick takes no advice politically or otherwise from Mrs. Longworth.

"Mrs. Longworth gives no interview to the press.

"Mrs. Longworth cannot utter in public.

"Her assistance will therefore resolve itself as usual into posing for photographs."

It was brief. But in a city whose first industry is government and whose second industry is society, it was an earthquake.

Along with the rest of Washington, I smirked and enjoyed it. Little did I dream that the acid that dripped from my mother-in-law's pen later would fall on me.

Cissy's next victim was another old friend, Eugene Meyer. By this time Meyer had resigned from the Federal Reserve Board to buy the Washington Post. As publisher of that paper, he had refused to relinquish to Cissy's new newspaper certain prized comic strips which he had purchased long before from the Chicago Tribune. Thus Cissy, who owned part of the Chicago Tribune, found herself selling Little Orphan Annie and The Gumps to her competitor, the Washington Post.

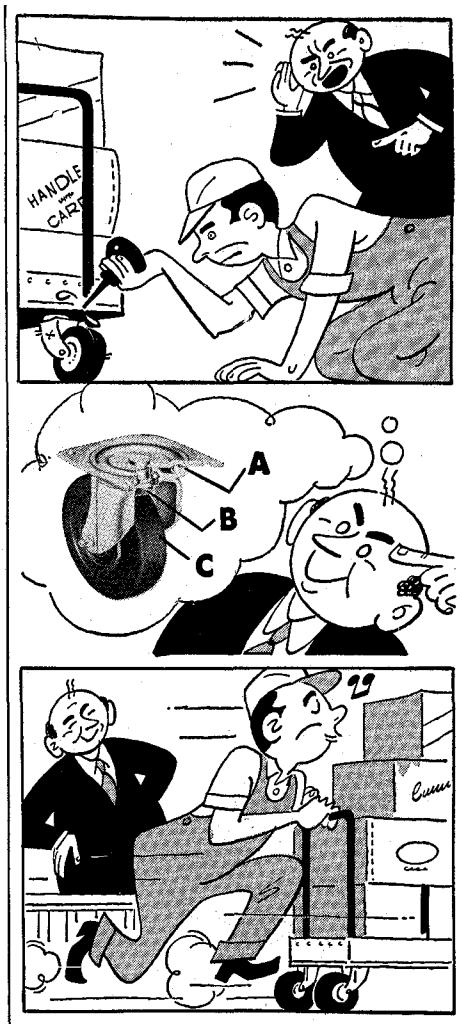
It was then that I began to realize that printer's ink in a newspaper family's blood is more important than friendship. For years, Cissy had been an intimate friend of Agnes and Eugene Meyer. But she wanted those comics. So she sued. And when she lost the suit, she turned on Meyer all the venom for which the Medills, McCormicks and Pattersons were famous. To open her attack, she sent Meyer a pound of raw beefsteak, wrapped up in ribbons and tissue paper. With it was a card. It read: "Eugene, here is your pound of flesh."

Gleefully she told me about it, and gleefully I wrote the story in the Washington Merry-Go-Round, then a top feature in my mother-in-law's paper.

The Eugene Meyer feud continued for several years. It ended abruptly at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Welles, he then being Under Secretary of State. An hour or so before dinner, Mathilde Welles phoned in some consternation to say that she had unwittingly invited both the Eugene Meyers and Cissy, and was afraid hell would break loose at the (*Continued on Page 91*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He deliberately tries to catch colds."



End lubrication worries

Bassick sealed casters for industry virtually eliminate maintenance and put lubrication on a once-a-year basis. Here's how:

A Baffle ring keeps dirt and water out of swivel bearings.

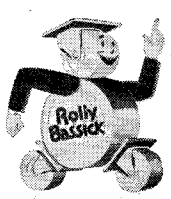
B Grease retainer keeps grease in swivel bearings.

C Both swivel and wheel bearings are fully sealed, have Alemite fittings for once-a-year maintenance.

Maybe there's an assembly line or materials-handling job in your business where Bassick sealed casters could save your money. Call your industrial distributor for details.

Streamline office work

Here it's the famous Bassick Diamond-Arrow casters that can do a job for you. On files, racks, and equipment, they'll bring the work to the man. On office chairs, they'll roll smoothly, swivel easily, and keep expensive rugs and floors looking like new, too. See them at your office supply dealers.



THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 2, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ont.
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Bassick
A DIVISION OF STEWART SW WARNER
MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS... MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

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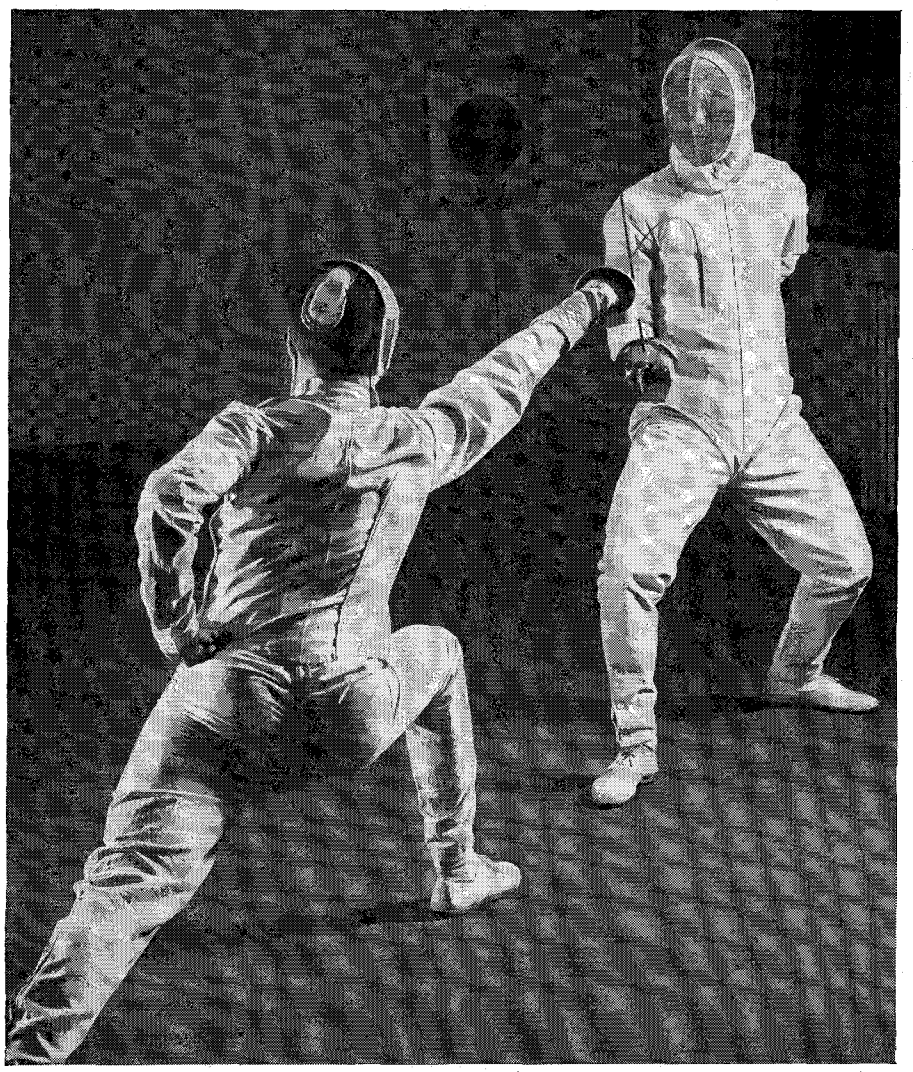
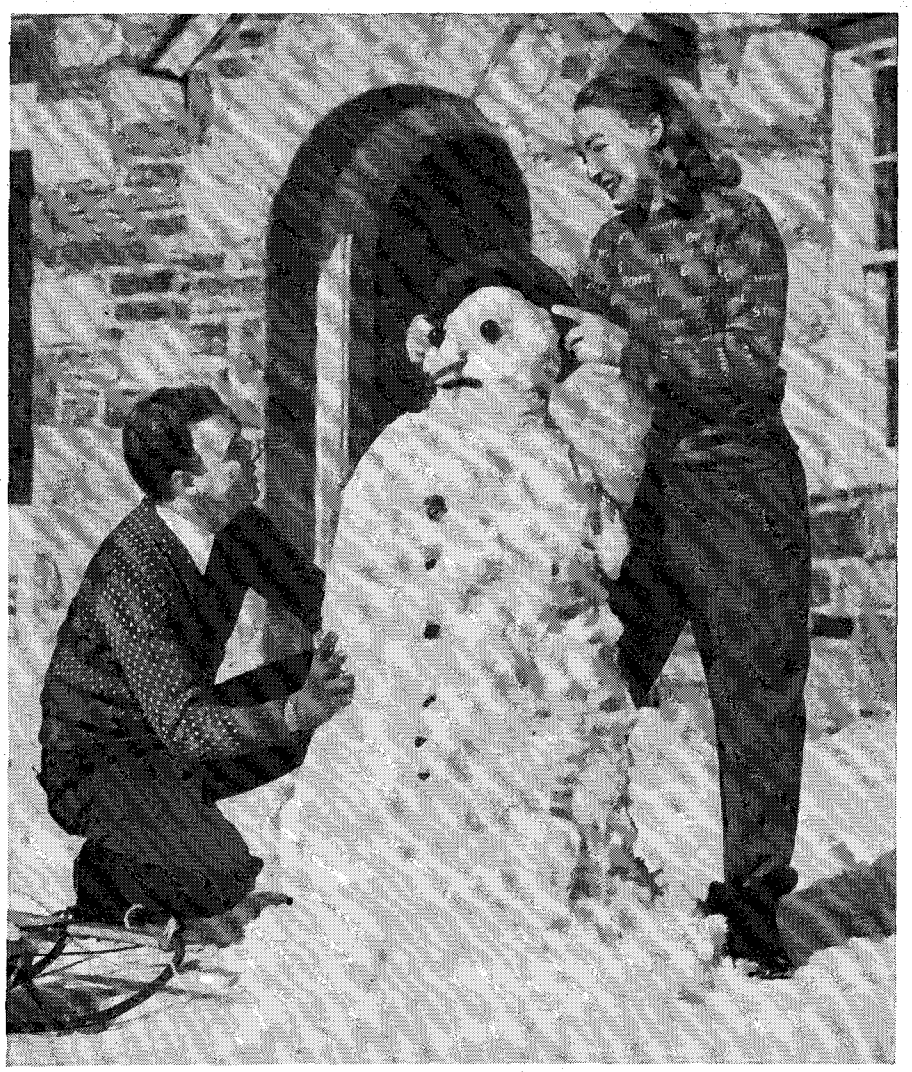
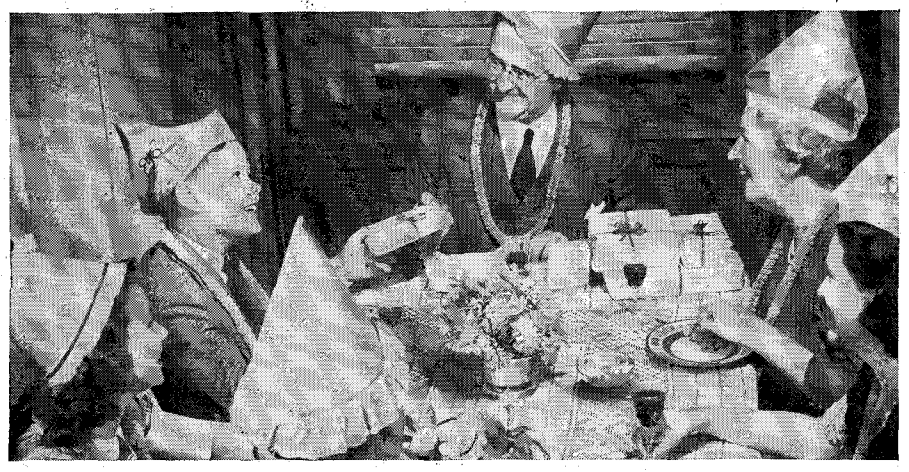
BACKACHE? CATCHING COLD? HEADACHE? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE?





BACKACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Almost any kind of exertion, whether it's fencing or fence-mending, may cause an irritating backache. If this happens to you, remember that Bayer Aspirin will bring the *fast* relief you want . . . the safe relief you need. And it relieves neuritic and neuralgic pains quickly and gently, too!



HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Grandpa didn't let a headache spoil his fun. Bayer Aspirin gave him *fast* relief! To see one reason why, drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. It starts to disintegrate *instantly*. The same thing happens in your stomach. Thus, Bayer Aspirin works with amazing speed!

HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Even with help like this, you can still feel headachy and irritable after a busy day of housework. So take Bayer Aspirin to relieve your headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up . . . and *relax!* You'll feel better *fast*—ready for a pleasant evening with your husband.

CATCHING COLD? FEEL BETTER FAST—The snow man can't catch cold, but *you* can if you don't dress warmly! When a cold does come, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets. Bayer Aspirin works with amazing speed to relieve painful cold discomforts and reduce fever. And for the youngsters—get *flavored*, Children's Size Bayer Aspirin!

BAYER ASPIRIN makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

AND it's one thing most people can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

BAYER®

Don't Pay Twice the Price of Bayer Aspirin for ASPIRIN "IN DISGUISE"!

What is aspirin "in disguise"? . . . a pain relieving product that attempts to belittle straight aspirin yet combines aspirin with such non-pain relievers as aluminum compounds, magnesium carbonate, or baking soda—and it costs *you twice the price* of Bayer Aspirin!

Why pay more for extra ingredients that can't relieve pain? Instead, get Bayer Aspirin. It's *all* pain reliever—100%—and medical science has never discovered a safer and more effective pain relieving agent!

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(*Continued from Page 89*) dinner table. She said she was rearranging the place cards so I would sit beside Cissy and could keep her happy.

Cissy arrived, as usual about forty minutes late, and I did fairly well in diverting her attention away from her old enemy, Eugene Meyer, who sat across the table. But after dinner as the men rose for cigars and coffee, I noticed with alarm that Cissy was crossing the room toward Meyer. Suddenly she threw out her arms and kissed him.

They spent the rest of the evening chatting in one corner of the room as if not a ripple had ever disturbed the surface of an old friendship. I had no idea that the feud being patched up that evening was to erupt on another front.

Ten years after my divorce, I remarried, and Cissy welcomed my new wife as her own daughter. We were almost one big, happy family.

On November 7, 1941, Cissy came to our home for the annual birthday dinner we always gave her. It was, I think, the last time I talked to her as a friend.

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, bearing out all the warnings my partner, Bob Allen, and I had been giving. Only a week before, we had reported that the Japanese fleet had put to sea and might attack anywhere.

These warnings, however, were exactly opposite to the editorial policy of Cissy's newspaper in Washington, her brother's paper in New York and her cousin's paper in Chicago. She was an isolationist—a sincere and fervid isolationist. She believed America would never be attacked. When our column differed with that view, as it did frequently before Pearl Harbor, our copy was either heavily edited or omitted.

There is nothing that makes a newspaperman writhe more than censorship, whether it be by government or by editor; for the first time in my long and happy friendship with my mother-in-law, relations became slightly strained.

Three weeks after Pearl Harbor I flew to Brazil to attend the Rio de Janeiro conference of foreign ministers on the defense of the Western Hemisphere. When I returned in January, I found that Eugene Meyer and Bob Allen had worked out a plan, subject to my approval, to remove our column from the blue-penciling of my mother-in-law and place it with the Washington Post. I agreed. That decision caused me more headaches than any other I ever made.

I have since learned that there are two things a man does not do if he wants to avoid trouble. He does not hit back at a woman, and he does not pull a newspaper feature out of a newspaper.

When I made both mistakes, all the feudal spite that Cissy Patterson had thrown at Alice Longworth, Eugene Meyer, Evalyn Walsh McLean and the Roosevelt Administration, was aimed first at the two "headache boys," Bob Allen and me, then exclusively at me.

Her first shot was an editorial claiming that she had canceled the column because it was unreliable, irresponsible, reprehensible. Bob and I tried to buy a full page in the Washington Post to print correspondence showing we, not she, had canceled the column. Eugene Meyer, the man who had helped maneuver us into all this, spurned our $2000 and turned down our ad. I didn't blame him. He knew the lady's wrath.

We approached Fleming Newbold, then the vice-president of the Washington Evening Star. He read our ad with interest and amusement, but said no. He was not going to get into a row with the redheaded publisher of the Times-Herald. Publishers, he said, must stick together.

Next the Washington News, a Scripps-Howard paper, declined our money, but said the ad was news, and ran it as news—free.

That was only the beginning. Cissy's attacks came so thick and fast that we didn't have time to answer. It is true that for a time she embraced some of her other pet peeves—Henry and Clare Luce, of Time Magazine; Marshall Field, of Chicago; George Backer and his then wife, Dorothy, publisher of the New York Post; and Vice-President Wallace. Sometimes she paid tribute to them jointly, sometimes individually, but seldom was I neglected.

"You will note," she wrote, in one typical comment, "how all these splendid people keep coming together.

"The Baltimore Sun," she continued, "got rid of Pearson. He found himself about as welcome as a leper in a diet kitchen. Possibly no man in Washington ever had so many doors slammed in his face.

"Hate began to corrode him. Former friends relate that, green around the gills, he used to roll on the floor in hysterical rages."

At one time I seriously considered suing my onetime mother-in-law, and discussed it with my daughter, then aged fifteen.

"That's just exactly what grandmother wants," she advised. "Don't give her that satisfaction."

I decided that out of the mouths of babes came more wisdom than I possessed at that sensitive period. I tried to follow the Cal Coolidge technique of not reading what was "agin me," but I was not too successful.

Cissy's effusions were gobbled up gleefully by the general public, and when I didn't hear them repeated by my friends, curiosity usually got the better of me.

At times I was lost in admiration for the vehemence of her spleen.

"Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow-Chautauquan Lecturers!" began one full-page spread. "This is the story of the Quaker Oat who became a sour mash in Washington!

"Gather closer, folks, because it's practically an epic. It is instructive, informative, a warning to evildoers. I'm sorry, lady, you'll have to get that boy out of here. This is strictly for adults," my mother-in-law continued.

"We present for your inspection one of the weirdest specimens of humanity since Nemo, the Turtle Boy. People, on seeing him the first time, often make wagers on which way he is facing. Madame, I'm sorry, but I must be insistent. Please take that boy out of here. I don't care if he does have a dirty mind. This is no place for one of his tender years.

"Our principal exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, is baffling. No one can tell how he got this way. The reason why it's difficult to tell which way he is facing is that he has two faces. Also he can talk out of both of them at the same time, and if a word of truth comes from either, the management will seriously consider refunding your money.

"Don't be alarmed, folks, when you first lay eyes on this oddity. But be sure to keep facing him. He has been known to do awful things to people the minute they turn their backs.

"This creature, folks, actually has two eyes. At first glance you may think he only has one, like that fellow Velocipede or Cyclops. The explanation is that his eyes are so close together they overlap.

"Don't be frightened when he sniffs at you. . . . This sniff is a nervous habit acquired after years of reading the things he wrote. It is a strange sniff, ladies and gentlemen, disconcerting to strangers.

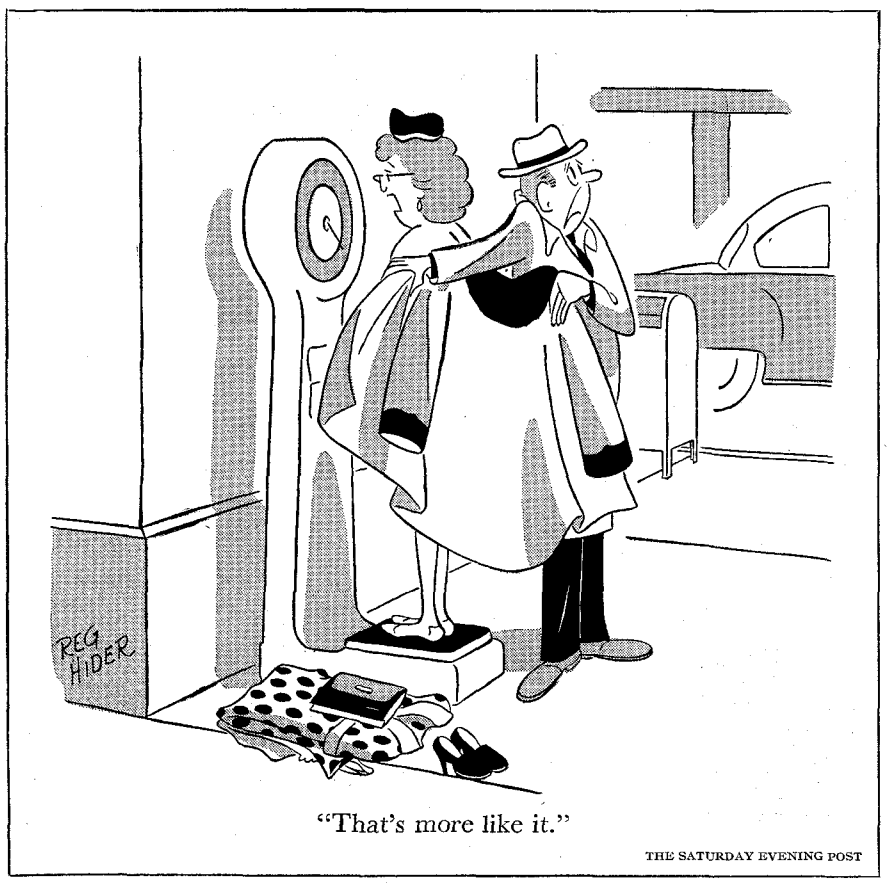
"In the event we can get our exhibit to open his two faces wide enough, you will note the poison sacs. For years now we have had to keep our pet Gila monster away from him because, in a battle of fangs, it wouldn't be a fair fight.

"The name of this thing—this What-Is-It?—is Drew Pearson. Years ago, when he first came to Washington, he was nearly all one color, having only about the normal number of spots on his escutcheon. Today, by rooting in the muck virtually all of his working hours, he has more spots than you can shake a leopard at."

That was the introduction. My mother-in-law went on from there—one full page and a quarter of regular newspaper type all captioned under the headline: HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME.

I am still not sure that I understand the significance of the title, but I am sure that in publishing this, my mother-in-law was herself having a wonderful time.

My mother-in-law was rather lonesome in her later years. Her beloved brother died. She had been deeply in love with a prominent Eastern publisher who was married and either could not, or would not, divorce his wife. She had alienated many old friends. Her daughter would not speak to her. My daughter was not happy in her presence. I sent a special invitation urging Cissy to hang up the shooting irons long enough to attend her only granddaughter's wedding.

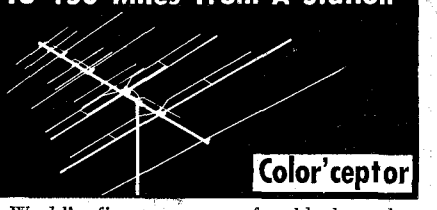


"That's more like it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

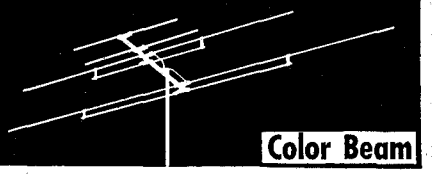
Winegard GUARANTEES BETTER TV PERFORMANCE!
or money back

If You Live In A Fringe Area Up To 150 Miles From A Station



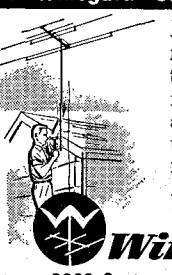
World's finest antenna for black and white reception now . . . color when you want it! Brings in distant stations clearly. Eliminates ghosts, snow, patterns. Famous patented "Electro Lens"* focuses signal, magnifies it like a telescope. Anodized in gleaming gold. Only $29.95. (with optional Power Pack—$44.90)
*Pat. No. 2700105

If You Live Within 50 Miles Of A Station



A complete, factory-assembled unit you can put up yourself in 5 minutes. Everything included. Nothing else to buy! Anodized in gleaming gold to complement your home. Only $17.95. (Deluxe model, with "Electro Lens"* and Jigger Mount—$33.95.)

If You Can Open an Umbrella and Hammer A Nail . . . You Can Install A Winegard "COLOR BEAM" Yourself.



All you need is a hammer and 5 minutes time! Pre-assembled at factory. Just open like an umbrella and nail up. Full length lead-in included and attached. Just uncoil and clip to terminals on set!

Winegard Co.
3000 Scotten Blvd., Burlington, Iowa

If Your Dealer or Serviceman Can't Supply You, Order Direct

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3000 Scotten Blvd., Burlington, Iowa
Rush me a _____ model Winegard Antenna at $_____
( ) I Enclose Payment in Full
( ) I Enclose $5.00—Ship COD
We prepay postage, except on COD's
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
The name of my TV Dealer or Serviceman is _____
Address _____

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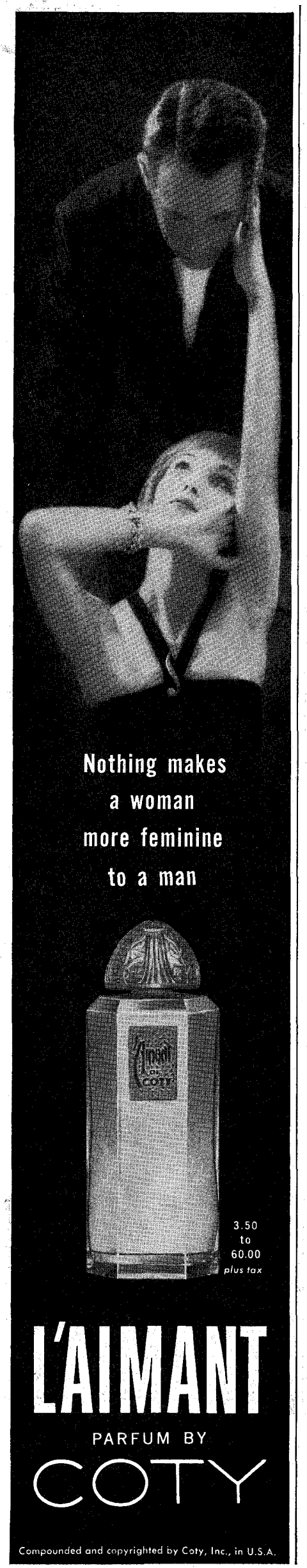

She did not come. She died July 24, 1948.

In her will she disinherited my daughter, perhaps a blessing; virtually disinherited her daughter; and left her newspaper as a trust to seven executives, who promptly sold it to Colonel McCormick, of the Chicago Tribune, who later sold it to Cissy's old rival, Eugene Meyer.

I went to her funeral in the marble palace of Dupont Circle where I had attended so many gay parties and which held so many memories. Afterward I wrote a column which did not do justice to the lady who had been my mother-in-law. But in it I said:

"A great lady died the other day—a lady who had caused me much happiness and much pain.

"She was my ex-mother-in-law, Eleanor Patterson, who used to write about me in such scathing terms that even the very frank Time Magazine had to interpret them with dots and dashes. And although I never answered her, I want to write about her now because she represented a great newspaper cycle which may be coming to an end.

"Cissy Patterson always reminded me of the house on Dupont Circle in which she lived. It was a beautiful house, born of travail. Across the street was the ornate mansion of Joe Leiter, another Chicagoan, who once almost cornered the world wheat market. And farther up the avenue were the homes of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Cissy's close friend and rival; and the Walsh castle, built by Evalyn Walsh McLean's Irish-immigrant father when he 'struck it rich.'

"But the restless District of Columbia has now surged far beyond Dupont Circle, surrounding the Patterson home with shops and apartment houses. It still stands, however, a monument to the past. So stood Cissy Patterson's journalism.

"Her method of running a newspaper was brilliant, sometimes vitriolic, always personal. It was her newspaper and she ran it as such.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hang on a second, Beverly—I have to eat dinner."

"Frequently the first page featured headlines about 'the headache boy'—Cissy's description of her ex-son-in-law.

"People used to ask me why I didn't answer Cissy or sue her for libel. I didn't partly because she and I had been through a lot together, partly because I have come to the conclusion that the American public is the best judge of these things and will eventually decide that a man is what he is, not what someone else says he is.

"That was the chief trouble with Cissy's journalism. It defeated its own ends. She did not seem to realize that great wealth and power, used wantonly, destroy themselves. That is why I say her type of journalism may be somewhat like her beautiful house on Dupont Circle—a landmark that is passing.

"I shall miss the personal journalism of my ex-mother-in-law, even though I did not agree with it. I shall even miss her diatribes against me. Cissy was tired toward the end of her life; tired and lonesome. Her ruthless use of power had alienated some of her old friends, part of her family.

"The subway under Dupont Circle and in front of her house, which Cissy had fought so bitterly, was finally put through. Ironic fact was that as friends went to her funeral, workmen shoveled on the subway outside.

"And so the house on Dupont Circle now goes to the Red Cross, and a great lady, representing a great age of journalism, will be troubled by 'headaches' no more."

Editors' Note—The concluding article in this series will appear next week.

The Too-Proper Young Man (Continued from Page 32)

glanced at the mail when the daughter of Mike King appeared in the open doorway. William stood up, trying to be as calm and composed as an employee of the State Department at all times ought to be.

It was a little difficult. Even in a simple white cotton dress Judy King was a shock to any normal man's emotions.

"Can I see you for a minute, Willy?" She called him Willy because her father called him Willy. It hurt.

He held a chair for her. She murmured, "Thanks" without smiling and leaned toward him as he sat down. "What's going on, Willy?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

She tapped two fingers on the desk—a sign, William knew, that she was annoyed. "Dad's in Miami, looking at some equipment. I told you at the club, night before last, when we were dancing. He won't be back till next week."

William seldom remembered what she said when they were dancing—except that it was never what he wanted to hear. He nodded, though.

"Last night," she went on, "I heard that Otto Schmidt, the man who's building the big hotel on the water front, is spreading wild stories, knifing dad behind his back."

"For heaven's sake," William said. "What kind of stories?"

"That dad is cheating the government."

William leaned back and stared at her, incredulous. Her father, Mike King, was the Caribbean's best-known builder of roads, dams, bridges. You name it and Mike King would build it, even if mountains and jungles stood in the way. In San Marlo he was building a dam back in the mountains; had been for eight months. Everyone knew he was doing the job practically at cost, because San Marlo was his home base, his winter residence was here, and he was a hunting and fishing pal of President Miguel Cadena.

"Why in the world should Otto Schmidt try to make trouble for your father?" William said. "He's a hotel man."

"I don't know why. That's what I came here to find out. Nobody's going to knife dad in the back if I can help it!"

"Honestly ——" William said.

She stood up. "You're taking me to see those Haitian dancers at the casino tonight, aren't you?"

William wasn't sure. When the eyes of Mike King's daughter had that high-mountain blue in them, he was never sure of anything. Experimentally he said, "Of course."

"Well, if you ask enough questions around this stuffy place, you ought to know something by then." Her hand rested lightly on his shoulder, sending an electric shock through him. "'By, Willy," she said more softly. "Try hard, huh?" And she was gone, leaving him enveloped in the memory of her quick smile as though he were adrift in a cloud.

The ambassador was in Puerto Rico having some teeth repaired. William stepped into the office of Acting Ambassador Clyde Coldwell, a large and laconic man who considered everything in San Marlo faintly amusing.

"Mr. Coldwell," William said, "I'd like to ask you something."

"Ask away," Coldwell said.

"Just who—and what—is Otto Schmidt?"

"He's building that big hotel down by the beach."

"I know that. But who is he?"

Coldwell placed his finger tips together. A fly buzzed in the room's silence. "Well, he's an American citizen who lives in Florida, but used to reside in Chicago." The acting ambassador's knowing smile seemed to indicate that this meant something. "He came here last year after unsuccessful attempts to operate in Puerto Rico and Haiti, threw some of the biggest parties in the history of San Marlo, then bought property and began building his hotel. That help you?"

"No."

"What do you want to know, then?"

"Miss King was just in here. She says Schmidt is spreading lies about her father, accusing him of cheating the government."

"Schmidt isn't in the dam-building business," Coldwell said. "The girl probably heard some idle tea-party chatter ——"

(*Continued on Page 94*)

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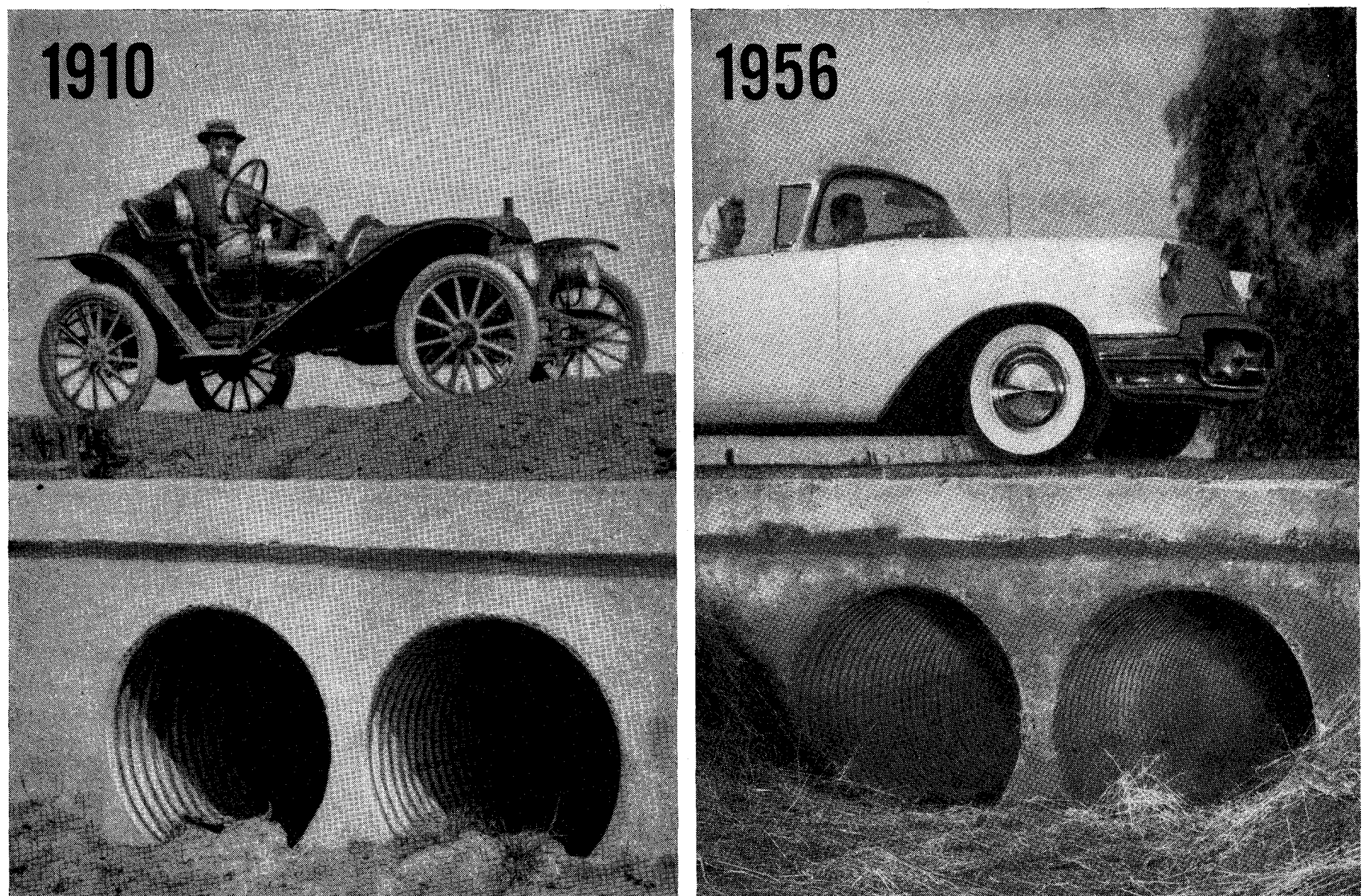


ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW. These Armco Corrugated Metal Pipes (left) were installed under Cherokee Lane Road near Stockton, California, back in 1910. They are still in fine condition (right) after forty-six years of service. Everything has changed but the culverts.

How Armco Steels save highway tax dollars

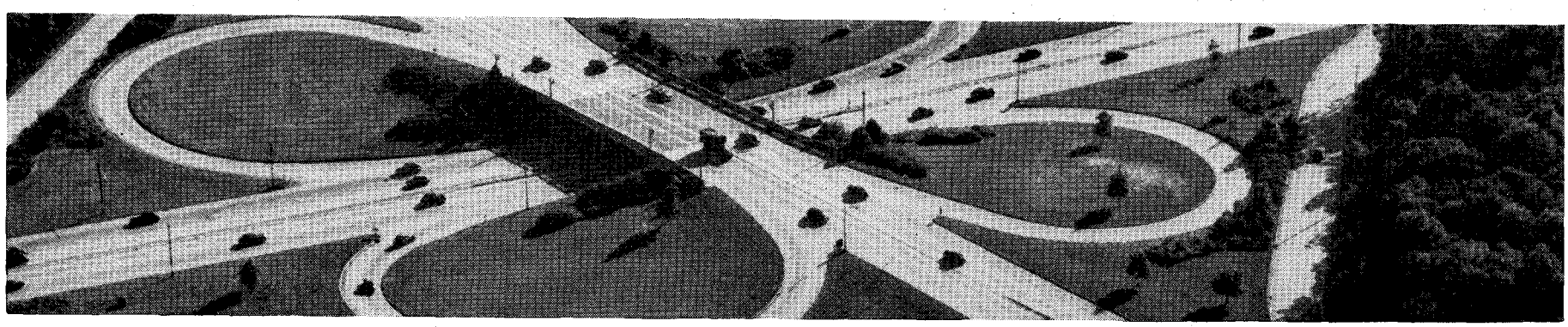
Another way that Armco serves America through research in steel

For more than 50 years, highway engineers have used Armco Steel products to preserve the nation's roads . . . and stretch your tax dollars.

Heavy-duty corrugated metal structures, for example, are used to carry streams under expressways, highways, and county roads. Armco Steel Guardrail makes danger spots less hazardous. Rugged Armco Steel retaining walls help provide broad, safe roadways along steep hillsides. Installed beneath the surface of the road, Armco Perforated Pipe drains away harmful underground water that causes broken pavements.

These are only a few of the many special Armco Steel products that are making America's new highways safer, longer lasting and easier to maintain, so your tax dollars go further.

They result from the same Armco Research that develops special-purpose steels for manufacturers to use in new and improved products for your home or business.



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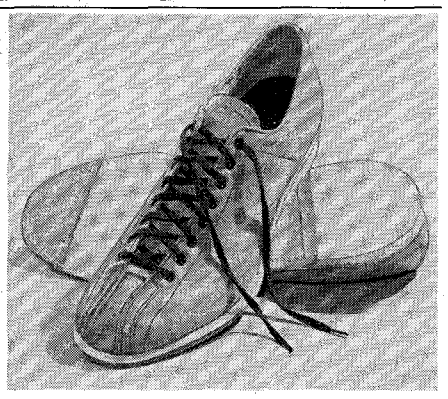
Earn These Comfortable Bowling Shoes for this Season!



THESE gunsmoke bowling shoes of soft glove-tanned leather can easily be yours.

Send us two 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or four 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $5.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your shoes.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until February 28, 1957. Sorry, no bowling shoes may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
860 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Dennison is the name for
FLAMEPROOF CREPE PAPER AND STREAMERS

Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in seconds

(*Continued from Page 92*) "She doesn't go to teas. She works for her father."

"M'm." Coldwell studied the backs of his hands. "You've been seeing quite a lot of her lately, haven't you?"

"I've taken her out once or twice."

"Attractive girl. Very. A bit out of your league, though, don't you think, Dawson?" The acting ambassador held up a hand. "No offense intended. What I mean—the daughter of Mike King isn't exactly a girl who worries where her next pair of nylons will come from, is she?" The hand waggled in mid-air to forestall a retort. "How old are you, Dawson?"

"Twenty-seven," William said.

"Young," Coldwell said. "M'm, yes. Well, a word to the wise, eh? Will that be all, Dawson?"

"Yes, sir," William said with a sigh. "Thank you."

It was an exasperating day. He missed lunch because the bank was crowded and it took an hour to get Ignacio straightened out. Then in the afternoon he was tied up at the police station with a tourist arrested for creating a disturbance in a perfume shop. Only by squeezing the most out of every remaining minute was he able to talk to People Who Might Know.

They didn't know. He arrived at the King residence at eight with the melancholy feeling that, having at last been given a golden chance to be of service, he had flatly flunked the assignment.

Judy King took it surprisingly well. "Never mind," she said. "Let's forget it and go to the casino."

"Forget it?" He was startled. It was not like the daughter of Mike King to drop a thing once she started it.

"You did what you could, Willy."

Relieved, William escorted her to the casino where they sat at a small round table under a palm tree, sipping pink rum punches and watching a troupe of Haitians dance to the beat of voodoo drums. William paid little attention to the performance. This was the twenty-third time he had taken her out, he thought. Why didn't she either brush him off or give him a crumb of encouragement?

He guessed the answer. She didn't dream he loved her, and she certainly had never thought of loving him. She was simply an active young lady who liked to do things, and in tiny San Marlo there were precious few men for an American girl of twenty-four to do things with.

He gazed at her as she watched the dancers. Mr. Coldwell was right; it was hopeless. Still, a man couldn't go on forever just looking, could he? With a mental hitch at his belt, William reached across the table and placed a hand on hers.

"Judy," he said.

She turned her head to look at him, and her hair, the color of fresh-cut mahogany, cast a devilish shadow in what she probably thought were innocently wide eyes. "Yes, Willy?"

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Millvale Grammar School installed a cafeteria bossed by a female dietitian, and passed a rule forbidding pupils to lunch elsewhere. Bann O'Bannion, a rugged individualist, snorted and told his two youngsters to eat where they pleased. For lunching at a hot-dog stand across the street, they were expelled. O'Bannion thereupon sued to have the school-lunch rule declared null and void.

"A rule which requires students to eat only at the school cafeteria is unreasonable and dictatorial," he argued. "My children should be allowed to continue in school whether they eat at the cafeteria or elsewhere."

"The school cafeteria, directed by an expert dietitian, assures the children of a well-balanced lunch which they may not get elsewhere," the school officials replied. "Therefore it is to their interest to insist that they use the cafeteria."

If you were the judge, would you make the children eat in the school cafeteria?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The school won. The court decided that the rule was for the best interest of the pupils. "It is common knowledge that children, if allowed to depend upon their own selection, often indulge themselves in unbalanced diets," the court said. "Furthermore, if uncontrolled at table, young children are apt to engage in rough or uncouth practices and conduct."

Based upon a 1955 Kentucky decision.

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"I love you."

"I know you do, Willy," she said calmly.

"You know?"

"Uh-huh. What kind of girl would I be if I didn't? I like you, too, Willy. You're very nice."

"Darn it," William said, "I didn't say I liked you. I said I love you!"

"I know what you said, Willy." She squeezed his fingers. "Look. There's our friend, Otto Schmidt."

William saw a thick-shouldered, baldish man in a gray business suit walking alone across the palm-studded dance floor toward a small blue door with golden stars on it. *Looks like a gangster on a holiday*, he thought. He felt Judy tugging at him.

"Let's go into the gambling room," she said. "Shall we, Willy?"

William sent a frantic glance at the blue door, now swinging shut behind Otto Schmidt, and felt weak in the knees. Gambling? On his salary? Never before on their visits to San Marlo's plushy clip joint had Judy mentioned gambling. She was on her feet now, though, and when he stood up, she made for the blue door as though she just couldn't wait to lose her money.

Inside, William looked about him in dismay. He had never been in a gambling room before. But he knew chips were money, and wherever he looked he saw them: in teetering stacks, in scrambled heaps like pirate treasure poured from a chest, even clutched—desperately, he thought—in perspiring hands. He doubted that even the bank handled that much money at one time.

Judy led him to a roulette table and took the only vacant chair, with a quick smile at him as she seated herself. She played. William stood behind her and watched, fascinated, while she lost forty dollars. Money, he realized, meant nothing at all to the daughter of Mike King. She played with scarcely a glance at the whirling wheel and placed her bets just anywhere.

Tiring of that, she bounced up and tried her luck at blackjack, then at a game called bolero, at which the croupier's constant chatter made William dizzy. He saw Otto Schmidt watching her with a faint smile on his owlish face, and noticed Schmidt was not playing, just walking about with his hands in his pockets, watching.

The rest of Judy's chips vanished. With a sad shake of her head, she took William's arm. "I guess I'm just not lucky," she said. "Would you mind awfully if we went home, Willy?"

Not until they were rolling out of the casino driveway did William get his equilibrium back. "Brother!" he said then. "They must make a million dollars a night in that place!"

"They certainly do well, don't they?" Judy said. "I've often wondered."

"Now I know what to do with my first million. Open a casino."

"It isn't that easy."

"You think I'll never make the million, huh?" William's laugh was hollow.

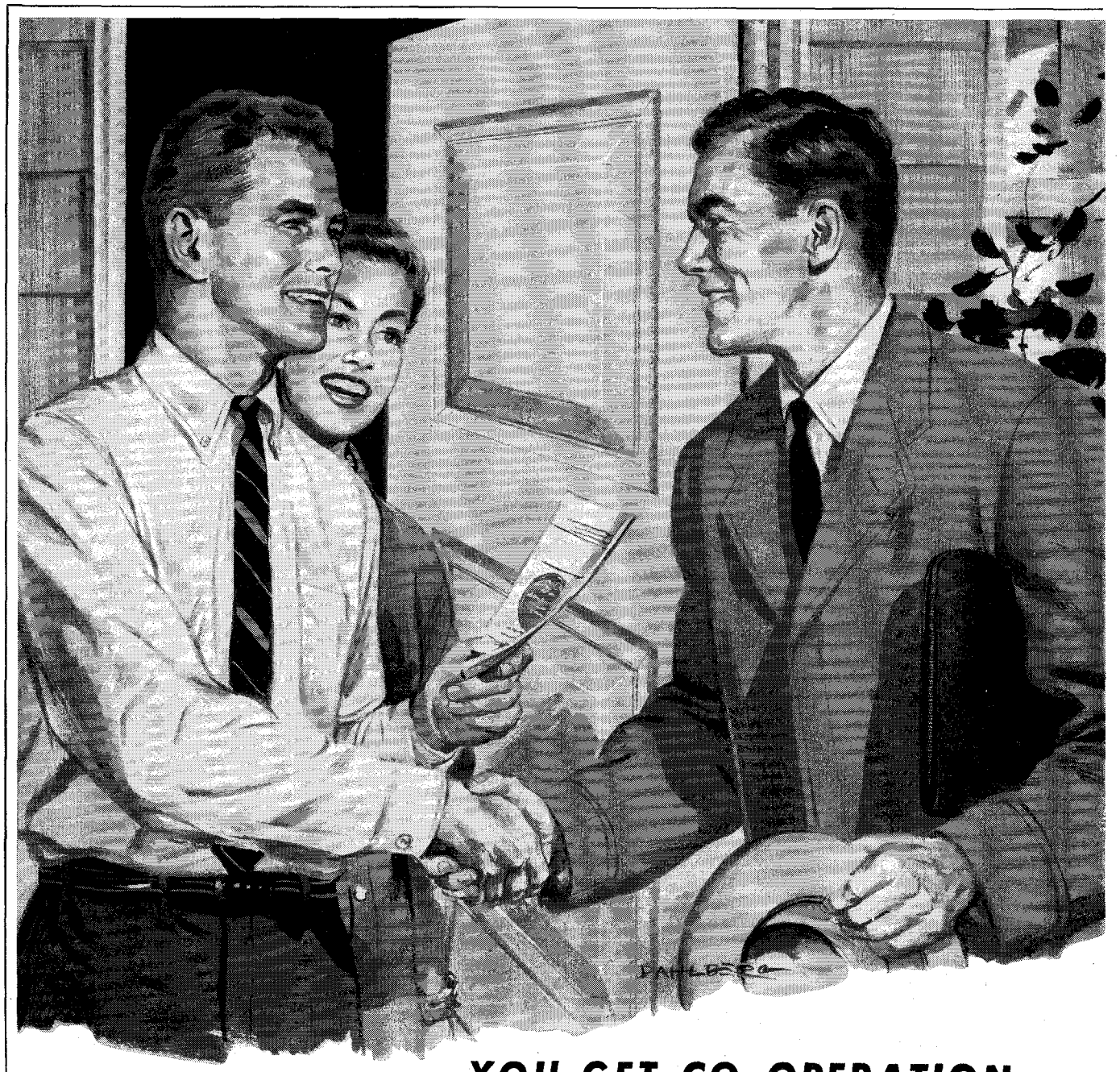
"I mean you have to have a government license," Judy said. "The government grants a monopoly and takes a cut." She was silent a moment; then turned her lovely self sideways and gazed at him while he drove. "I'm sorry I was such rotten company tonight, Willy," she said. "Forgive me?"

"Sure I forgive you," William said. But his grin was wistful at the edges. Forgive and forget, he thought; that was what he had to do. Mike King's daughter had tossed away a hundred dollars tonight without (*Continued on Page 97*)

Hearth Fire

By Mary Alice Hart

All seasons telescope before a fire;
All time reverts within the flickering stir
Of light in darkened caverns of desire.
Pile high the logs of applewood and fir;
The puppy will worry his bone, the kettle sing;
A forest etched in fern on windowpane
Will brood in silence and earth cease its swing,
While moons grow constant—fail to wax and wane,
As eons merge and wheeling stars stand still.
Here is the first hearth, and first spoken word;
Here is the first beast growling over its kill,
Autumn in fruitwood smoke, and summer, heard
As old dawns, flaming in its blazing burn,
Invoke new Edens and Gabriel's return.



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HOW ABOUT THAT MEDICINE THAT KNOCKED HER FEVER OUT LAST TIME...ISN'T THERE SOME LEFT?
BUT A TEMPERATURE CAN MEAN ALMOST ANYTHING--SO HOW DO WE KNOW IT'S THE RIGHT MEDICINE?

One of the responsibilities which parents feel most keenly is that of giving medicine to a child. To be sure, there are times when circumstances would seem to justify trying a course of treatment that worked well during a previous illness . . . and which seems safe enough to repeat without consulting the doctor.

At such times, parents should recognize that they probably cannot answer these fundamental questions:

Is the child's illness the same?
Should the dosage be the same as it was?
Has the medicine lost its potency?

Many illnesses have symptoms in common. What may seem like a familiar and none-too-serious symptom to you, could be something else requiring an entirely different form of treatment.

Medicine given under a physician's supervision is a *known* remedy prescribed for a *known* condition. That's why checking with your doctor is the better part of wisdom. And that's why getting prompt and proper medical care may well turn out to be one of the biggest bargains of your life.

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(*Continued from Page 95*) blinking an eye, while only last week William Chester Dawson had been forced to let his cook go and trust his digestion to Ignacio, because her salary of twelve dollars a month was pinching him.

He arrived home earlier than usual and found Ignacio on the veranda, wearing a brilliant green sport shirt and a too obvious look of innocence. The porch glider gently swayed in a mist of seductive perfume.

"You alone?" William asked.

"But of course, *señor!*"

William pretended not to hear the quick patter of sandal-shod feet on the driveway behind him. "How about some coffee then?"

"At once."

He slumped onto a chair in the living room and kicked his shoes off. The affair at the casino had unnerved him. A hundred dollars in half an hour—there was something so hideously final in it. When Ignacio came with the coffee, William scowled at the look of enchantment on the boy's homely face. "What the devil are you so happy about?"

"Happy, *señor?*"

"Come clean. You had a visitor tonight. Who was it?"

"*Señor*"—Ignacio shut his eyes in ecstasy—"I cannot tell a lie. She was here. She came of her own accord. My Anna Maria!"

"Your Anna Maria? You told me only last week she threatened to call the police if you didn't stop annoying ——"

"Things are different now. I am rich."

Bitterness welled up in William and he scowled. "Money," he muttered. "The root of all evil, eh? The hell it is." Feeling mean, he strode to the sideboard and laced his coffee with rum. "You know, of course, it's your money she's in love with, not you?"

"Who cares?" Ignacio retorted. "I get what I want, don't I? Suddenly the lad's smile was all-knowing. "*Señor*," he said softly, "when a man has what a woman wants, he gets the woman. Some women want a handsome husband, some a smart one, some a man with muscles. My Anna Maria wants only money, so I am lucky."

Rumors fly fast in San Marlo City, but this one, it seemed to William, must have been equipped with rockets. Judy King had first mentioned the name of Otto Schmidt on a Tuesday. By Friday, William had heard her father maligned eleven times; he kept count. And Saturday morning, while going over details of protocol for the impending visit to San Marlo of an American V.I.P., he was startled to hear it once again.

"Your Mr. King is swindling us," said Señor José Tovar, a close friend of the president. "The new power dam could have been built at a different place on the river for much less money."

"Who told you this?" William demanded.

Tovar, a slender man with angry eyes, shrugged and spread his hands. "Everyone knows it."

"But if Mike King is cheating the people, then so is your president," William argued. "They planned the dam together. And you, Señor Tovar, are one of President Cadena's best friends!"

"I was," Tovar said.

"It's fantastic," William said later to Acting Ambassador Coldwell.

"It is," Coldwell agreed. "But I take back what I said before about Miss King. She was right. Someone is waging a whispering campaign against her father. Undoubtedly it's political."

"The election next month?"

"Precisely. Cadena has done a fine job; he ought to be re-elected. But obviously he has resourceful enemies."

"Otto Schmidt can't get himself elected president of San Marlo," William protested. "He's a foreigner."

"You have no proof Otto is involved."

"Miss King said ——"

"More than likely he simply heard the rumor and passed it on." Coldwell folded his hands and fixed William with a stare. "In any case, this is not our affair. I repeat, Dawson: this is not our affair. We do not mix in San Marlo politics. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir," William said grudgingly.

On Sunday, sick of himself and hoping some tennis would alter his outlook, William drove to the club. Mike King was sitting at the outdoor bar.

"Hello, Mr. King," William said. "I didn't know you were back."

"Willy," the big man replied with a soft growl, "when are you going to stop being so damned polite?"

"Pardon?"

Mike motioned him to sit down, and William did so, feeling like a midget in the shadow of a mountain. A man had no right to be that big, either physically or reputationwise.

"You've known me all these months," Mike rumbled. "You've drunk my liquor and made eyes at my daughter. But, confound it, you still call me mister."

And you call me Willy, William thought unhappily. "I'm sorry, Mike. It's the old State Department training. Always be proper."

"It'll be the ruin of you," Mike said. For some reason his glance traveled over the lawn to the club pool, and William saw Judy sitting there at the pool's edge in a white bathing suit, adding an even lovelier touch as she dabbled her feet in the water. It was the first time he had seen her since the evening at the casino, and his sigh was so loud he almost failed to hear Mike say again, "Yep, it'll be the ruin of you."

"You sure it's safe for you to be seen in my company?" Mike said then.

William wasn't sure he had heard that, either—at least, not correctly. "What?"

"You know how they're talking about me? The politicians? The people on the street? Even some of the Americans here?" Mike spoke with a smile, but his hand was so tight around his rum-soda that William thought the glass would break.

"I know. And it's the craziest thing I've ever heard." William looked toward the pool again and was suddenly overwhelmed by his uselessness. It was part of a diplomat's job, wasn't it, to protect his own people in a foreign land? "If I knew who was behind it, I'd knock his lying teeth out!"

"I can guess who's behind it," Mike said calmly.

"You can? Then why don't you knock his teeth out?"

"The whole country would take it as proof I'm guilty," Mike said sadly.

"I see." William did see. "But, Mr. King—Mike—who is this louse?"

"Now, now, Willy," Mike said, chuckling, "you keep out of this. It's not your kind of game."

"Meaning I haven't enough ——"

"Let's just say you're not a man of violence, Willy."

William gathered up his racket and departed. He didn't feel like playing tennis after all. He felt even less like facing Judy. On the way home he argued the right of way with two cab drivers—a folly which in San Marlo could be suicidal—and later he bawled out Ignacio for being ten minutes late serving supper.

The next morning at the office, before William even had time to examine his mail, Mr. Coldwell came in with a handful of unopened letters. He dropped them on William's desk.

"These seem to be just routine stuff," he said. "Take care of them, will you? And don't disturb me unless you have to. I've got to send Washington a report about this King business."

"Washington?" William said, startled.

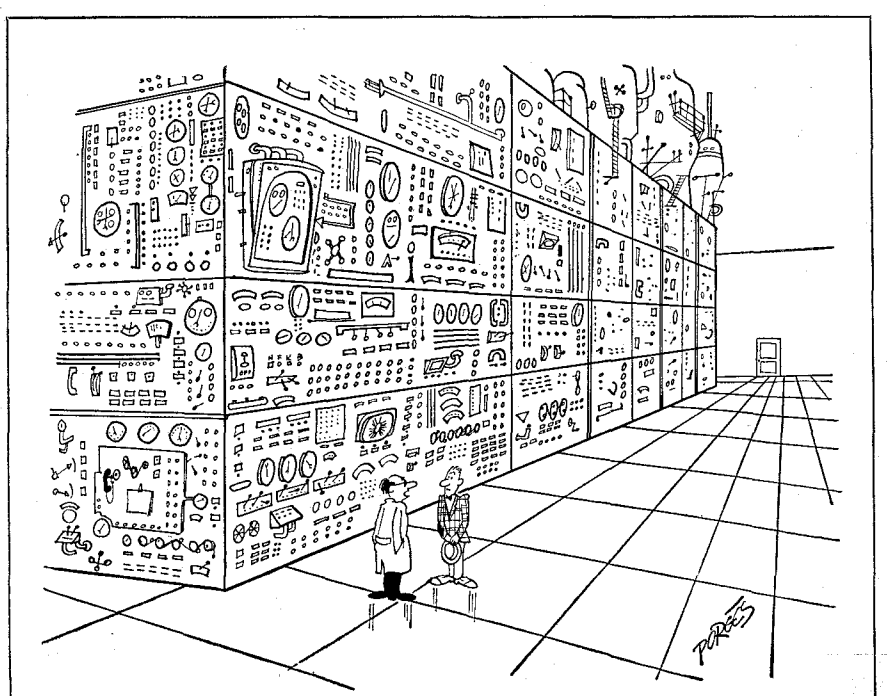
"It's serious. It could cost Cadena the election—probably will—and hand the country over to some crooked rival."

William mumbled the proper reply and, when the door closed, picked up the letters. The fourth one he opened was not the routine thing Mr. Coldwell had imagined it to be.

His heart pounding, he snatched up the phone. His hands shook as he awaited an answer. When he heard Judy King's voice at last, he had almost lost his own.

"Judy," he sputtered, "I want to talk to Mike!"

"For heaven's sake, Willy," she said, "you sound as though you're drowning. What's the matter?"



"Did you ever handle one of these before?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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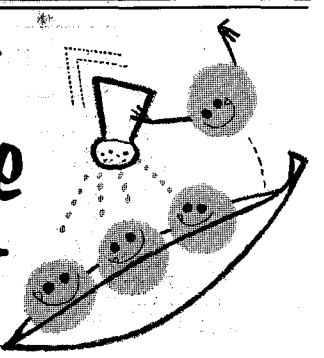

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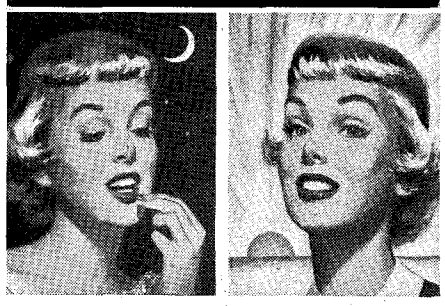

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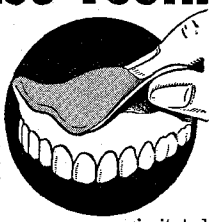

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"I've got to talk to your father!"

"He isn't here. He's out at the dam."

William groaned. He could call the dam, he supposed. But he would have to wait for the call to creep along forty miles of single-strand wire through mountains, swamp and jungle, and for Mike himself to come to the phone from wherever he might be. It would take forever.

"Judy, listen," he said. "Something has happened. I've got a stick of dynamite in my hand."

"You what?"

He told her what he had, and heard her gasp.

"Willy, that's it! That's the proof we've been praying for!"

"You mean you knew this all along?" William said, dazed.

"We suspected, Willy. You don't think I went to the casino that night to gamble, do you? Look. I'll be right over. Don't you do a thing until I ——" She caught herself with a tense little laugh. "I'm sorry, Willy. I guess I forgot who I was talking to." He heard a sigh, or thought he did; maybe it was only the phone connection. And finally, "I'll be there in ten minutes, Willy. Don't worry."

She hung up and William sat there staring at the phone. Not at the letter; at the phone. *Don't you do a thing, Willy. Oops, I'm sorry; I forgot who I was talking to.* Her voice was all around him, filling the room. Even louder was her sigh. *As if you'd be apt to do anything, Willy. Huh!*

"Wouldn't I?" William growled, unconsciously imitating the growl of Mike King. He snatched up the phone again. He dialed.

"Señor Tovar is not here," said the houseboy at Tovar's home, in answer to his question.

"Where is he?"

"Pardon?"

"I said, 'Where is he?'" William shouted. "This is the American Embassy!"

"*Señor*, I am afraid you cannot reach him. He is in conference at the palace."

"That's better," William snapped.

He thrust the letter into his pocket and walked out of the room, taking long strides. It surprised him how long a stride he could take. A girl at a desk waved a piece of paper at him and said, "Oh, Mr. Dawson, I wonder if you'd be good enough to ——" and William ignored her. *Errand boy*, he thought bitterly.

He got into his car and drove to the palace.

"Official business!" he snapped at the soldiers guarding the entrance. Startled, they let him pass.

A sentry blocked his way to the conference room at the head of the great marble staircase. "I am expected!" William told him, waving the letter, and strode past before the man could get his mouth closed. He thrust the door open and walked in.

He found himself in the presence of eight men seated at a long mahogany table. One was President Miguel Cadena. Another was Otto Schmidt. The rest were San Marlo's political leaders. All of them stared at him as though he had materialized out of thin air.

William froze in his tracks, staring back at them. *Good grief*, he thought, momentarily panicked; *this is it.* He had expected to find Tovar and the president alone. By the expression of triumph on the round red face of Otto Schmidt, he knew he had walked into a demand for Cadena's resignation.

His knees shook. But that voice on the telephone—especially that sad, accusing, telltale sigh—drove him on. He strode forward and slapped his letter on the table, in front of the president.

"That, Mr. President, came in this morning's mail," he announced.

Cadena picked it up, read it and leaped to his feet. "Gambling equipment!" he gasped.

"Precisely," William said. "Gambling equipment." He turned, hands on hips, to face Otto Schmidt. "Gambling equipment for what, you louse? Your new hotel?"

"What are you talking about?" Schmidt said.

"This letter is an inquiry into your political status, from a Florida firm that makes gambling equipment. They're concerned because you placed a large order for expensive equipment to be delivered here six weeks hence, and they know that in San Marlo the casino holds the government monopoly and any unauthorized equipment sent here will be subject to seizure." William wondered if it was actually his own voice he was hearing. It sounded oddly like Mike King's.

Otto Schmidt pushed his chair back and gripped the edge of the table. "It's a lie!"

"The letter," William snapped, "speaks for itself. Gentlemen, there's only one way this fat thief could operate a clip joint here—by tricking you into electing a man who will hand him the privilege. You're being taken, all right, but not by Mike King and your president. You need your heads examined."

He walked out. He got into his car and drove back to the embassy and found Judy angrily pacing his office.

"At a time like this you disappear!" she said. Tears of frustration filled her eyes. "Oh, Willy!"

"Relax," William said. "It's taken care of."

"What?"

He told her. "Sit down," he ordered then, "while I write out my resignation. You don't want me fired, do you?" He sat and hammered a typewriter for a moment, read over what he had written, grunted with satisfaction and signed his name. "Let's go," he said then, taking her arm.

He and Judy walked out together. In the driveway, Otto Schmidt was waiting for him.

"Look out, Willy!" Judy screamed.

"For what?" William said. He stepped aside as Otto lunged, and planted a fist in the bulge above Otto's belt. It wasn't especially difficult, he discovered. A moment later, standing toe to toe with the man and giving better than he got, he wondered if, after all, he might not have been a pretty fair football player. *Shouldn't have let myself be talked out of it*, he thought. *A man never knows till he tries.*

Embassy people stopped the fight, but not before William had a clear-cut decision. Judy tenderly wiped the signs of battle from his face and led him to his car, where she sat and stared at him.

William stared back. It was there. It was in her eyes—the look he'd never hoped to see. He grinned. Ignacio, he realized, was really the one who had wrought the miracle—homely, bat-eared Ignacio with his priceless gem of wisdom: "Señor, when a man has what a woman wants, he gets the woman."

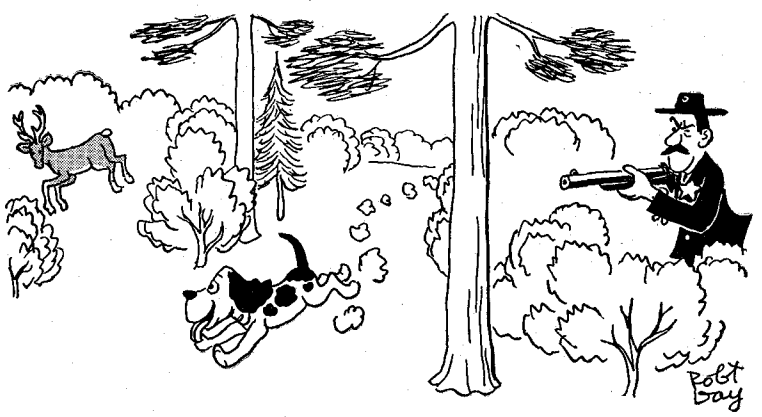
What on earth had ever possessed him to think that Mike King's daughter, of all people, wanted a man with money?

He started the motor. "Wait a minute," Judy said. "Willy Dawson, I don't understand this."

"You don't have to. Let's go see Mike."

"But, Willy ——"

"And stop calling me Willy," William ordered. "Call me Bill." THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

A new law authorized game wardens to shoot dogs running loose in deer areas. So a warden killed Fido in sight of deer just outside the city limits. Fido's owner sued the warden for damages.

"That little pup couldn't have hurt a fawn, much less a grown deer," the dog owner asserted. "And he wasn't in a game preserve or anything of the kind. There are deer running all over everywhere."

"I don't make the laws or control deer traffic," the warden countered. "My job is to see that the deer aren't menaced by dogs, and I was only doing my job in shooting Fido."

If you were the judge, would you make the warden pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The warden had to pay. The court said he should have known that the law was unconstitutional because "it is common knowledge that deer browse near farms, making them more of a nuisance than dogs. Hence to outlaw dogs running at large is arbitrary and unreasonable. . . ."

Based upon a 1955 Idaho decision.

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Tagati! (Continued from Page 43)

there is no doubt that no man can kill animals who does not love them and know their ways. There is a bond between the hunter and the hunted, between the lover and the beloved."

"She said, 'Take care of yourselves,'" Jan said.

"*Ja*, she said that. That must mean something."

"She also said, 'Take care of each other.'"

"Do you know what I think, Jan?"

"What is in your mind?"

"That she cannot choose. That she loves us both equally."

"Well, brother, it is a hard choice for a girl to make. We are both good men. You are richer than I am. There is no doubt that Rustenberg is a better farm than Boskop, and you have more cattle. On the other hand, I am better-looking and have more brains. In fact," he said, "it is only my brains that hold me back. Some men have only one idea, so they can go and carry it out. But me, *magtig*, ideas swarm in my head like bees."

"But they make no honey, *jong*."

"That's the trouble. There are too many of them. They get in each other's way."

"And they are all drones."

Now they were both laughing. The horses pricked their ears, laid them back to listen to their riders, threw their heads, jingled their curbs and chains and began to dance. The night was fresh and cold. The men tightened their reins, pressed their knees into their saddles and leaned forward. The horses were off, galloping thunderingly into the night toward the small red eye ahead of them that was the fire of their camp.

It was good to be young and strong and in love, and be going out on an adventure. In front of them were the unknown days, behind them the girl to whom they would return, and who, they knew, would be waiting for one of them—which, they did not know. They did not think she knew, herself.

The ground trembled beneath the hammer of the stallions' hoofs. Their forelocks blew back, their manes and tails streamed as they galloped. The moonlight caught the steel barrels of the men's slung guns. The night was broken, its silence ruptured by the two horsemen ripping through it, through the dark and between the trees, weaving this way and that, lying over in their saddles to avoid the thorny branches that reached out like hands to hold them back. A hundred small things—buck, mice, rats, snakes, a jackal or two—all fled unseen before them, and then came back to stand with twitching nostrils when they had passed, to smell the strangeness of horse and man sweat, to sniff at the spoor where the horses' toes had dug deep into the red iron of the soil. Men and horses were then still scarce enough in Africa to excite more curiosity than alarm among the animals that lived there.

When they reached the fire, the men pulled their horses up sharply onto their haunches, with a touch of the reins on the heavy bits. Then they dismounted and offsaddled and, undoing the riems that were rolled under the halters that the horses wore below their headstalls, knee-haltered them, making the rawhide thongs fast just below the knee. Once freed, the horses rolled, clambered clumsily on three legs to their feet and began to graze. There was no danger of lions here. That would come later.

The light of the fire shone on the iron tires of the wagon, polished by the sand and earth of Africa. Its tent was pink in the firelight. The men rested their saddles on the disselboom of the wagon, out of reach of the white ants, unslung their guns and called for coffee. They drank it black, with sugar.

Then they sat on the ground near the fire and lit their pipes. Their tobacco was home-grown and they carried it loose in their pockets. They lit their pipes with brands from the fire.

Klaas was dark and Jan fair. Klaas had dark eyes and Jan gray, but apart from their coloring they resembled each other closely. Both were six feet tall, both weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds, both were twenty-one years of age, both were dressed in tanned-skin trousers, with cotton shirts and leather jackets. Both had veldschoen—untanned-leather shoes—on their bare feet. Each wore a heavy knife in his belt. Each carried a bullet pouch and powder horn. Each had his gun beside him, ready to his hand.

It was like this that they sat gazing into the glow of the fire, like brothers, lifelong companions, with the curious silent communication of animals or men who have lived so much among them that they resemble them. Their thoughts followed parallel lines, the way two dogs will follow a scent on the veld, sniffing with twitching nostrils, their noses raised to the breeze.

It was Jan who spoke first. He said, "This time we will go in."

"*Ja*, this time we will go in. I am sick of all this fool's talk."

The thing that was in their minds was a patch of bush at the foot of the Berg from which they had twice been deflected by the natives—their own boys, the local natives. Somehow, something had always gone wrong there: A wagon had broken down, the local native guides and trackers had not turned up. Both times it had been at the end of their journey and they had wanted to get back. But there must be some cause, some mystery, something hidden.

"They say it is bewitched," Jan said. "*Tagati*."

"It is a good place. Everything is just right there. The trees, grass, water. There should be some big tuskers there."

"There is something hidden. Something they do not want us to see."

Klaas laughed. "Then we must see it."

They got up to look at their grazing horses and then climbed into the wagon to sleep with their guns beside them.

It took them fourteen days to get to the foothills of the mountains in the north. They were in no hurry. Their whole life lay before them. They hunted for meat and pleasure as they trekked, killing hartebeests and impalas and reedbuck for meat. Jan shot one lion, and together they killed a black rhinoceros for its horns. They always fetched a good price. Their progress was slow. Because of lions, the horses and working oxen had to be grazed under guard in the daylight and tied by night. At night, too, great fires had to be lit to keep off the marauding beasts. But this was nothing to them. They had done such things all their lives, and the lion's roar, the jackal's cry and the moan of the hyena were sounds they loved to hear.

Day after day, the wagon lumbered on, crashing over rocks, over red-ant heaps, the driver's whip cracking like rifle shots in the stillness of the day. The mountains came nearer, became bigger, changed from horizon blue to olive green with dark patches of timber. There were big trees here on the south side of the Berg, and splendid springs that were fresh and cool.

But now their boys began to get uneasy. Several times when they came in from hunting they found that the wagon had changed its course and was going west along the base of the Berg instead of directly toward it. The driver said he had been forced to swing away because the bush was too thick or to avoid a great donga. But they had crossed many worse places.

Then one night Hendrik came to their fire. He was one of Klaas' boys.

He said, "*Baas*, I have worked a long time for you."

"*Ja*, Hendrik, that is so."

"And I am a good boy. Honest and hard-working?"

"You are a good boy." Klaas put his hand into his pocket and pulled out some tobacco that he gave him.

"Thank you," the boy said. Then he stepped closer and said, "Master, turn back or go along the foot of the Berg, not towards it."

"Why not?"

"It is a bad place. I know it. I was here as a young man. As a boy."

"Then you can guide us?"

"*Baas*, I will guide no man to his death. You can beat me, but I will not guide you."

"We will go on, guide or no guide."

"The boys will run away. That is what I came to tell you. If you go on, they will desert."

"What is it that frightens you?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Very well," Klaas said. "We will make a plan. I suppose you are not afraid to stay here? There is good water and we could camp and hunt from here."

"That," Hendrik said, "we would do. But we will go no nearer. We are afraid."

When he had gone, Jan said, "What do you make of it?"

"There is something. Hendrik is a good boy. A brave boy, as you well know."

"*Ja*, I know. But there is something queer about him. Those marks? What are those marks on his body, Klaas?"

"I have often asked him. But he would never tell me."

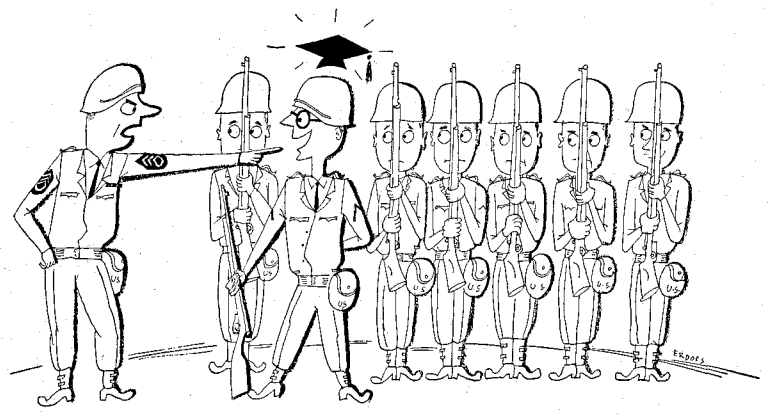
"I have seen them once before," Jan said. "And that was on another northern boy. I have only just remembered it."

The marks were not very noticeable unless you were standing very close. Most of them were on the back, which was visible only if he was stripped. Close up, they were pinkish on his black skin—about the size of a shilling. They were covered with small raised spots—a little rough, like the outside of a strawberry. Hendrik had a dozen or so spread over the small of his back and shoulders. There was also one on his neck. They were obviously scars, something not natural, caused by some disease or curious wounds.

"We'll draw lots," Klaas said, "to see who is to go and who's to stay. One of us must stay or the boys will bolt. One fright and they'll go."

They got the fright the following morning, when a witch doctor appeared, dressed in all his terrifying panoply of monkey tails, snake skins, feathered headdress and tooth necklace, with a naked attendant behind him carrying his divining basin and leather bags of bones and remedies.

"Young men," he said, "go back before it is too late. There is nothing here for you. This is a sacred place. It has been sacred for a thousand moons, for ten thousand. (*Continued on Page 104*)



The Perfect Squelch

Having postponed his military service until he graduated from law school, Tom Meeker found himself with a group of younger recruits, none of whom happened to have gone to college. This didn't bother Tom, a placid person. But it obviously irritated the sergeant in his barracks.

He started right in calling Tom "Professor" and "Attorney." He also managed to find fault with Tom's posture, equipment and manner, and he blamed everything he found wrong on the fact that Tom had gone to college.

When Tom remained cheerful, the sergeant grew more irritated. Finally, after bawling out Tom before a group of men, he said in a disgusted voice, "Boy, these college guys—you can always spot 'em!"

"I hope so," Tom said with a smile. "That's why I went to college."

Patricia A. Leech

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November Is Longines-Wittnauer
"90th Anniversary" Month At Your Jeweler

Wittnauer

Distinguished Companion Watch to the World-Honored Longines

CELEBRATING THE *"90th Anniversary"* OF LONGINES-WITTNAUER

During the ninety years of Longines-Wittnauer, the history of the modern watch has been written almost in its entirety. And during this whole era no watch company has contributed more to the progress of the horological industry. ¶ To mark this anniversary milestone, Longines-Wittnauer has prepared a series of watches, ultra-modern in style, breathtaking in beauty, superior in accuracy. Now, more than ever, these Wittnauer 90th Anniversary watches offer exceptional quality in the price range from $34.75. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

A gift-within-a-gift—boxed in double-duty metal Picture Frame cases illustrated are these Special Wittnauer 90th Anniversary Duets, perfectly paired for man and maid. Left—"Majestic Duet," with engine-turned dials; right—"Companion Duet." Each watch $49.75. Federal tax included.

The Wittnauer 90th Anniversary Duets are boxed in this handsome metal gift case which becomes a decorative twin picture frame. Can be separated into single frames.

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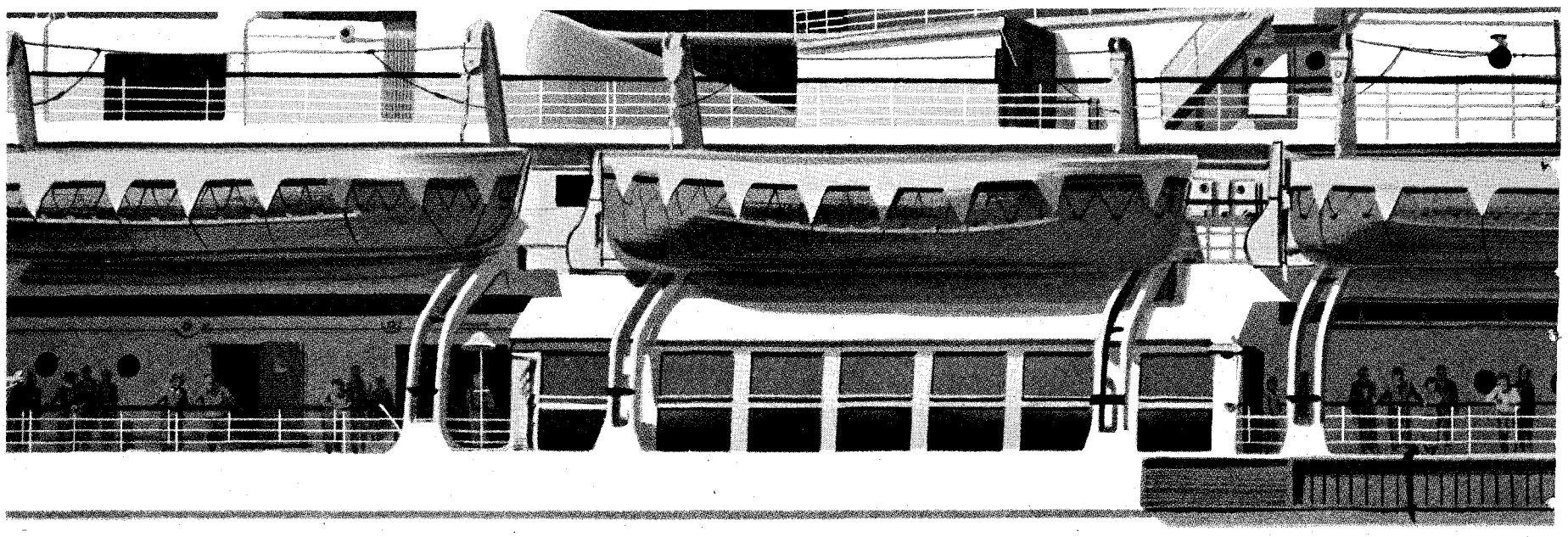
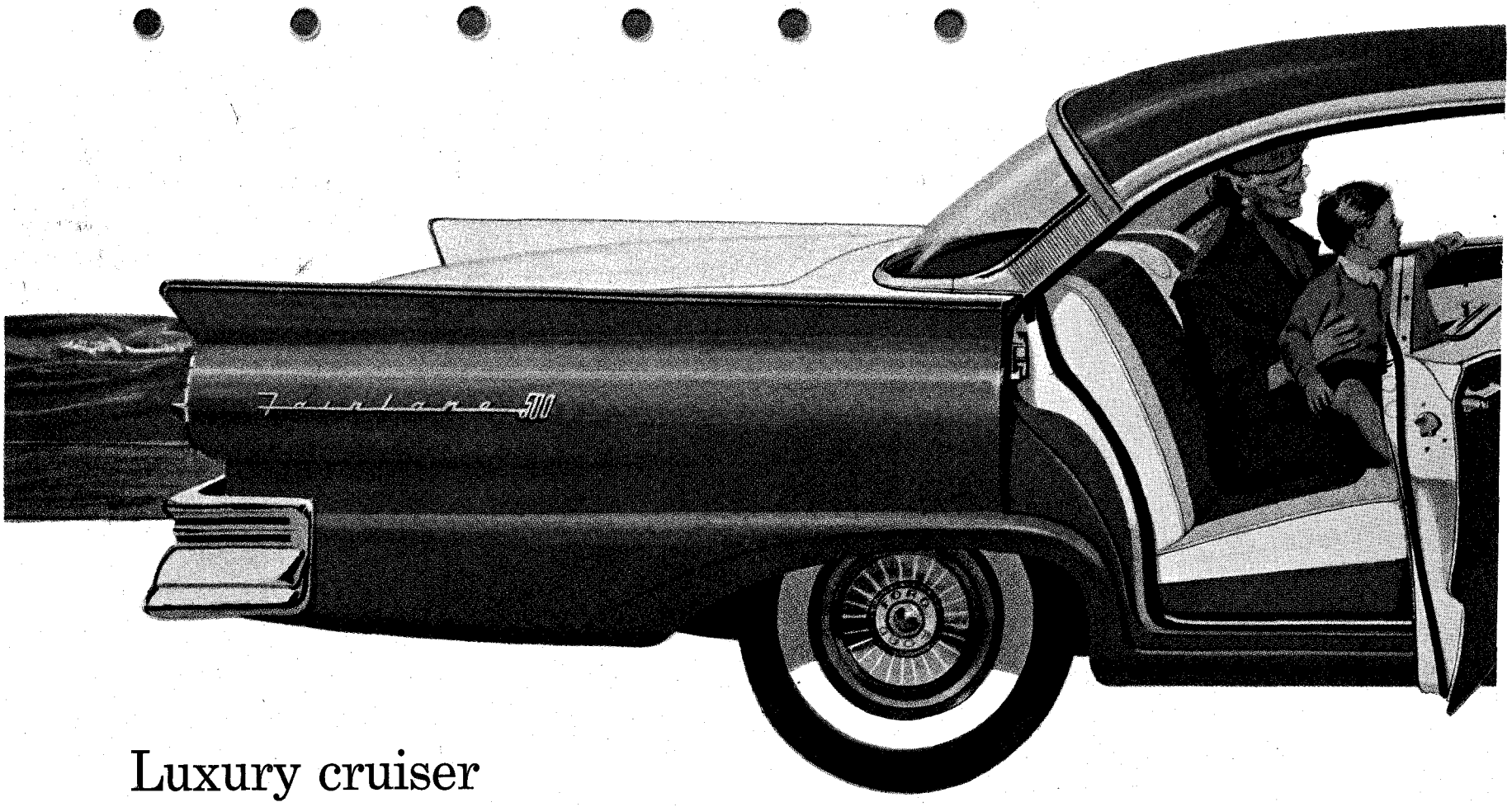


Here's your First Class Stateroom



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This is the way to cruise . . . to float over the miles.

The New Kind of Ford is a long boat (over 17 feet in the Fairlane Series), a low boat (only 4 feet, 8 inches high), a power boat (with a wide range of horsepowers to meet your every need).*

Those sharp, rakish lines, glittering with the Touch of Tomorrow, enclose real luxury. From the momen you open heavier precise fitting doors, you are sur rounded by a solid, cushiony comfort—as solid as th car itself. For the luxurious comfort goes deep, dow into the engineering that rides you with the silen smoothness of a swan on a pond. And you cruise i

*A special 270-hp Thunderbird 312 Super V-8 engine available at extra cost. Also, extra-high-performance Thunderbird 312 Super V-8 engine delivering up to 285 h

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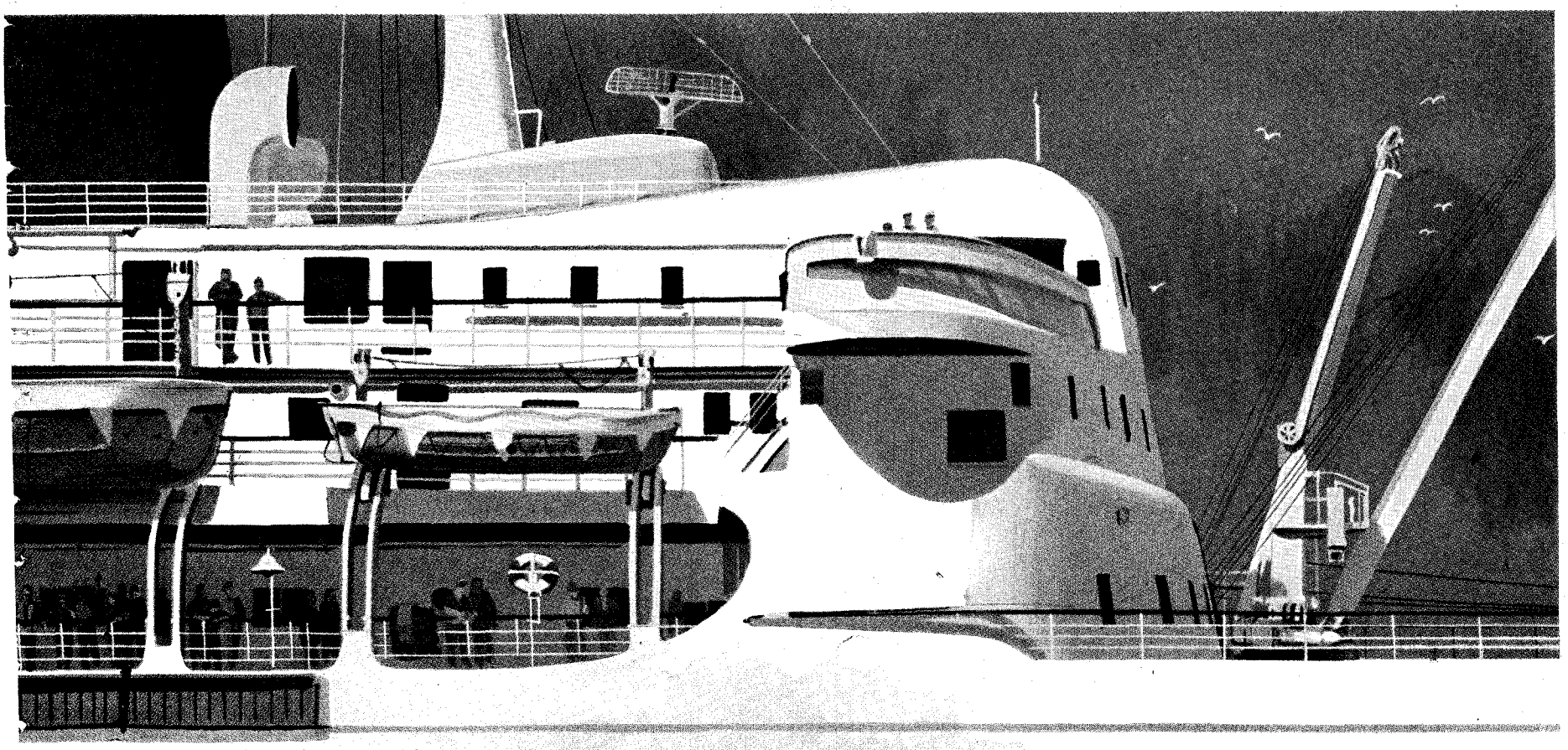

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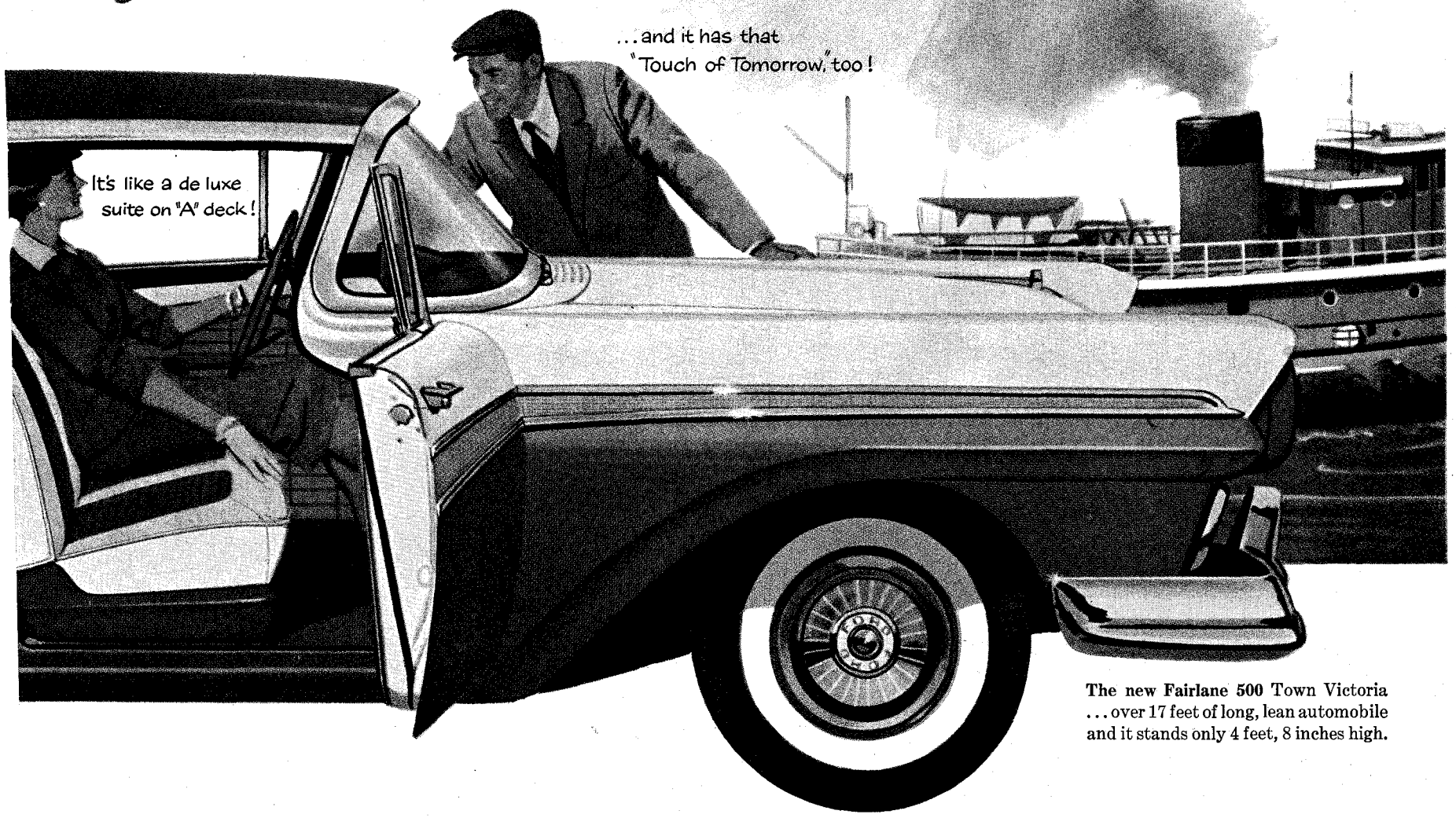

The new Fairlane 500 Town Victoria ... over 17 feet of long, lean automobile and it stands only 4 feet, 8 inches high.

olor—the rich but delicate new 1957 shades harmoniusly keyed throughout, from the heavy, rich-looking ooped-rayon carpets to the crush-grain finish on the inyl seat trim. Every interior detail, from the cleanit instrument panel to the clean, smooth sweep of the ide-wrap rear window, is styled for fine-car elegance. And this luxury cruiser sells at the low Ford prices, despite the fact that it's completely new, from the small wheels that give you a plushier ride to the steering that's so sensitive yet firm that it almost seems to work by thought control. *See the great range of new Fords at your dealer's. Anywhere on land, this is the way to launch yourself in 1957*

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Don't get stuck on winter roads!

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assures batteries of longer dependable service

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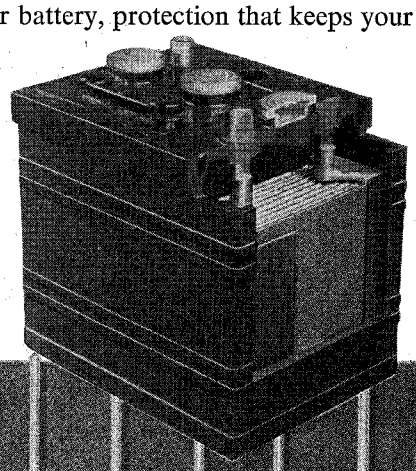

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BATTERY SEPARATORS

Guard the Life of Your Battery

NEW PLASTIC RIBS GIVE GREAT MECHANICAL STRENGTH

US RUBBER **United States Rubber**

(*Continued from Page 100*)

For the gods dwell here. Only they and I, and those under my command, who protect the sanctity of these hills."

"Sit," the white men said. "Sit and smoke."

They gave him tobacco. They gave him *dop*, home-brewed spirit made by distilling peaches. He sat and drank. He talked. He said that they must go; that to remain was certain death. "It is not I who would kill you. Not I, for you seem admirable young men, though you are white and hideous, resembling things found under stones, that are searched for and eaten by the baboon people. No," he said, "it is not I, for even I am in danger sometimes, and must make strong medicine to protect myself when I go to the sacred place."

"We will think of what you say," Jan said.

Then they said good-by and gave him gifts. They watched him go, and later, when he was out of sight, followed him, searching till they found a small path that led toward the mountains. It was well defined and must often have been used. Perhaps those who came to visit the oracle used it or people came along it to bring food or offerings.

"Now we will draw lots," Jan said.

They cut some small twigs of uneven length and thrust them into the ground with their eyes closed. Then they drew them. The one who drew the shorter was to remain in camp while the other followed the path the witch doctor had taken.

Klaas drew it. Klaas was to remain in camp. That night they did not speak much. There was nothing to say.

In the morning, Jan mounted his horse and, leaning over its neck, shook hands with his friend. "Man," he said, "I do not like this. We do not often do things alone, but this time we have no choice. If we both went, we should come back to find the boys had gone."

"*Ja*, one of us must remain," Klaas said. "So good-by till I see you. And good luck."

He watched Jan ride out of sight. It did not take long. For a few minutes he was visible as he rode along the narrow, twisting path, and then he disappeared, hidden by the trees.

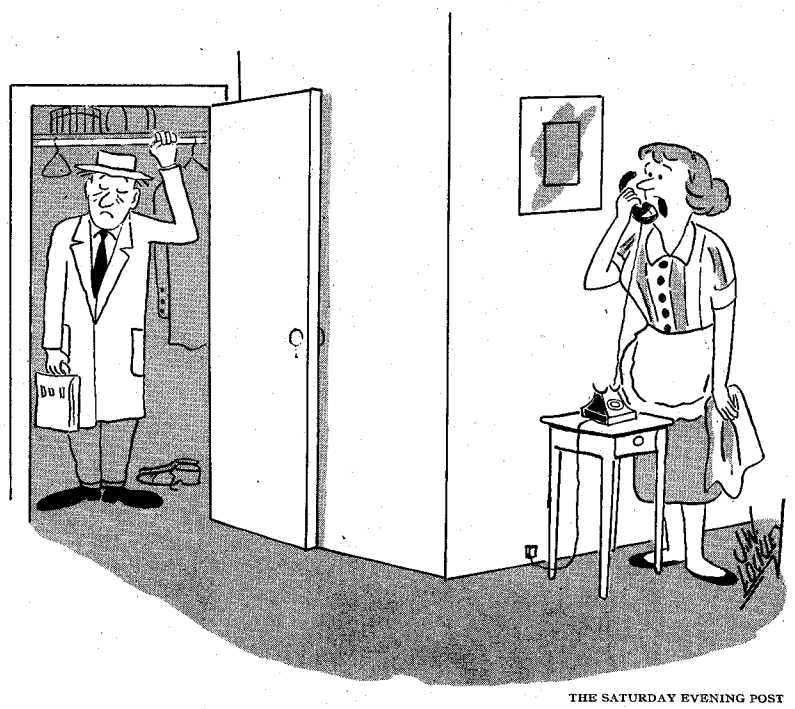
All day Klaas waited. The sun began to go down. The tree shadows lengthened. A hunting jackal called. Suppose he did not come back? Suppose something had happened? That he had been killed? These were the night thoughts when the devil was abroad.

If Jan were dead, everything would be simple. Anna would marry him. Anna . . . Anna . . . Anna. Alone with his thoughts of her, he was obsessed by her. She filled the night. She filled the world. She was Eve to his Adam. The death of his friend was the apple she unknowingly offered him.

A year ago, no such thoughts would have been possible. A year ago, his life had revolved around Jan, as Jan's world revolved about him. Their plans, their movements, had been one. Since his parents had been massacred in the Kaffir wars and Jan's had taken him in, they had been like brothers. He had been six then, and had hidden in an aardvark hole when the Kaffirs had overrun the tiny four-wagon laager. Eight men, even with the women and girls to load for them, had not been enough to do more than hold back the black tide of tossing plumes and shields for more than a moment.

How odd that he had been forbidden to stray because of the danger of leaving the security of the camp and the wagons drawn up into a protecting square. Odd, that by taking the risk he had been saved. Peeping out, he had seen them swarm in their hundreds over the wagons, ripping the tents with their spears. He had heard them shouting, and the cries of his people as they fought, and the screams of the women as they were killed. His mother and two sisters, and his cousins and their women. The whole of that little trekking party of eight men and twelve women and children.

Then the Kaffirs had torn the wagons apart, smashing the wheels to get the iron tires that could be beaten into spear heads. Later, the vultures came on great circling wings; and then the hyenas and jackals. That was a strange thing for a boy of six to see and hear. All that was his destroyed, all his loved ones killed before his eyes, and then consumed by the scavengers of the veld. He hid in his hole without food or water for two days and two nights, till a commando, having heard rumors of disaster, rode up. Big, bearded men, enormous on their small,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He must be around there somewhere, Mr. Butler. He always catches the 8:15 bus."

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hardy horses. Very strange to him who then was newly up from the Cape. Men who, with their bloodshot eyes and beards red with the dust of their riding, looked to him almost as savage as the naked Kaffirs. But they found him, and one set him up on the front of his horse and rode home with him. That was Jan's father.

Ten years later, at sixteen, a full burgher of the republic, he had fought in his first Kaffir war, riding on commando with some of the men who had rescued him and their sons. Riding with Jan at his side. That was when Jan's father had been killed. Since then there had been other wars and forays and hunting expeditions. His memories were of men dead, both black and white, of horses that had been killed or had died of horse sickness, of elephants and lions and buffaloes killed, of dogs killing and killed. And always, till tonight, Jan had been beside him.

All night he waited. At dawn he called Hendrik and said, "I am going to look for Baas Jan. You will stay here and guard the wagon. If I am not back in two days return home and tell the field-cornet what has happened."

He knew it was hopeless to expect the boys to stay alone for more than two days. They might even pack up the moment his back was turned. Having done the best he could, he mounted his horse and rode along the little path. He did not have to go far. Only five miles away there was a great dip in the land and the mountains ran forward toward it, coming down into the valley. Here he saw a *kloof* where once these mountains divided. The path led directly toward it. It was narrow and overhung with bush, forming a tunnel that opened out into a small kraal fenced with poles stuck into the ground. There were huts here, and goats. Chickens scratched in the dust. It was a gloomy place, shut in by the bush and the hills which enclosed it like a cup. The sun would reach into it only in the noonday hours.

The witch doctor came out of his hut. At that moment Klaas' horse pricked up his ears. A horse neighed close by. Klaas' horse answered it.

"So you have come, too," the witch doctor said. "He came yesterday and his horse is where he tied it."

Klaas rode round a corner of the cliff and saw Jan's stallion tied to a tree. He dismounted and went up to him.

"I have fed and watered him," the witch doctor said.

"And my friend, where is he?"

"He went that way." The witch doctor pointed to a small gate in the kraal.

"And did not come back?"

"He has not returned," the witch doctor said.

"Then go and get him."

"I dare not. That is the abode of the gods. Those who go do not return."

"There is a path and a gate."

"A goat path, lord. The goats do not return. Every full moon I set a goat upon the path and drive it forward. It does not return. I go, but only in one season of the year and only for a week on a waning moon."

"I am going," Klaas said.

"Do not go, lord. To go is to die. To die like a goat or a dog."

"Or a man?" Klaas said.

"Or a man," the witch doctor said. "Your friend is not the first to die."

Today, the witch doctor, having been caught unawares, was not dressed in his finery, and Klaas noticed that he, too, had the strange strawberry scars on his body.

"What are those marks?" Klaas asked.

"They are the brand of the gods, lord. Sometimes the medicine is weak or I am careless."

Klaas tied his horse. "I am going," he said. He took his gun off his shoulder and went out of the kraal through the little gate. His gun was ready in his hand, his knife loose in its sheath.

There was some carefully guarded secret here. He wondered what it was. Wondered what guarded it. What had happened to Jan? Something that ate goats and dogs and men. Some beast—a lion? A great snake?

The path from the kraal resembled the path to it—a tunnel through thick, thorny bush. Then it ended. And there ahead of him was a small grass-grown glade like a green-lined bowl. All around it the mountain cliffs rose vertically. But all this was only a setting for the centerpiece. Right in the middle of the grass was a low, thick-set tree. The trunk was ten feet in diameter.

It must have been very old, but was only twenty feet tall at its highest. It was like some tremendously powerful and ancient dwarf. The branches spread out from the central stem, sending down sucker roots and rerooting themselves, giving the glade a churchlike appearance. The leaves were large, glaucous, bright green; and the whole tree covered with hanging flowers—fat pink water-lily or tulip-shaped flowers. Their scent was very sweet and made him feel dizzy.

He went back a little way and sat down. There was something very strange here. Danger, but nothing he would need his gun for. He leaned it against the rocks where the path came into the cup. Only then did he notice something—a movement in the tree, a kind of writhing. It was not the wind. There was no breath of air here. But still the tree moved and the flowers on their long, pendent stems raised themselves to face him from all directions. He could see them reaching toward him—stretching. They were like the trunks of elephants when they test the wind. They were like serpents. Their pink suddenly seemed more vivid, their petals more fleshy. The inside of each flower was yellow, and seemed to be dripping with some kind of viscid honeylike substance. The branches, which were thick and bulbous, rather like those of the baobab, were becoming thinner as they elongated themselves. The whole tree was moving toward him.

Anchored on its tremendous trunk, its branches were advancing, stretching, searching with those terrible flowers. Now that they were (*Continued on Page 109*)

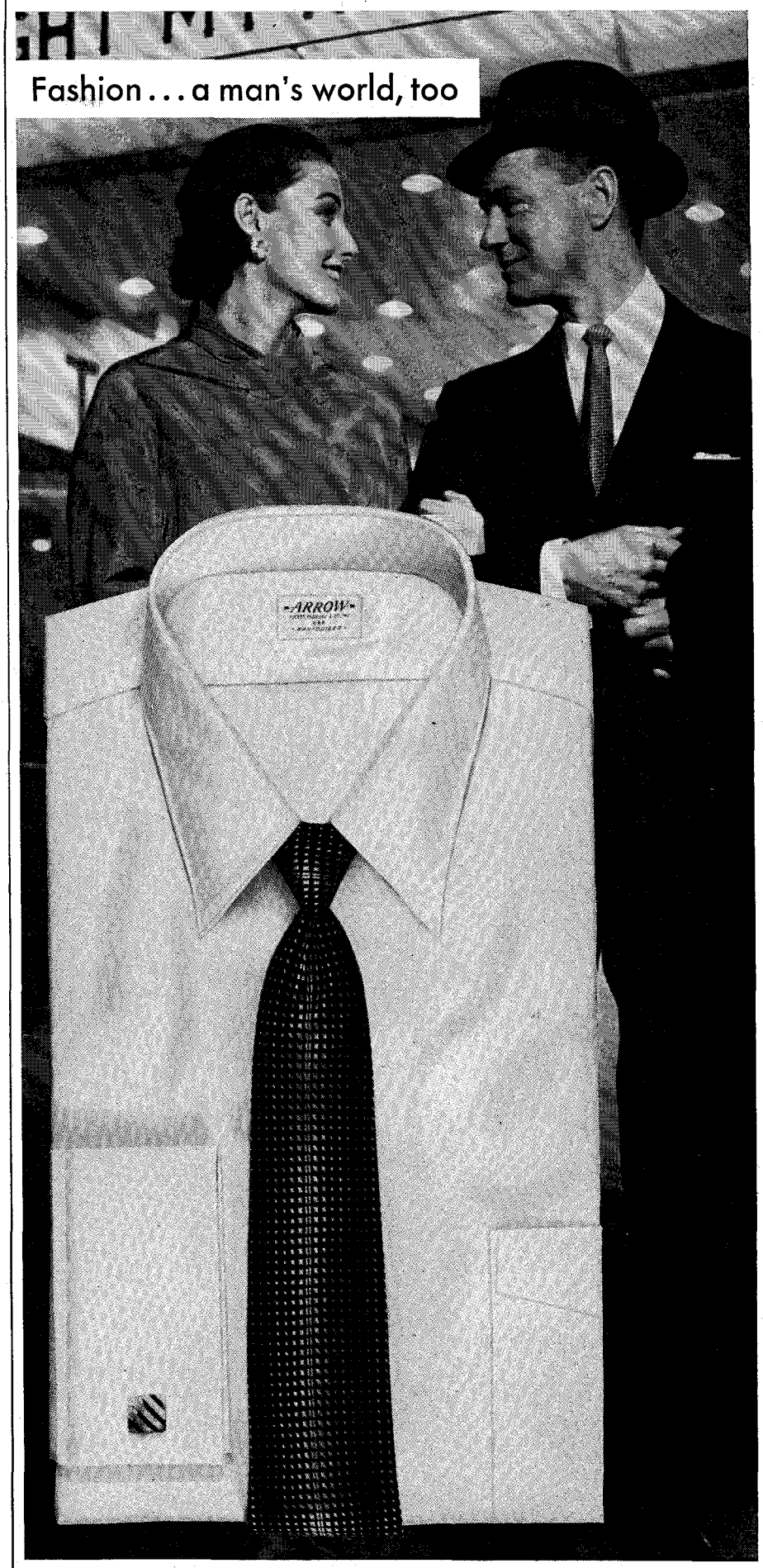
SEPXG=
52×(VMC)

Puzzled? Here's that formula in simpler terms: "A SATURDAY EVENING POST Christmas gift means 52 'Very Merry Christmases' a year."

You can use that formula to solve many of your Christmas gift problems—and now's a good time to start! The POST is one of America's most-wanted Christmas gifts, it's economical and it's so easy to order.

You'll find a convenient order form bound in this issue . . . fill it out and mail it today. Close to the holidays we'll send a beautiful gift card, hand-signed in your name. And you won't be billed until next year. Order now!

Fashion . . . a man's world, too



THE ARROW LANE $3.95

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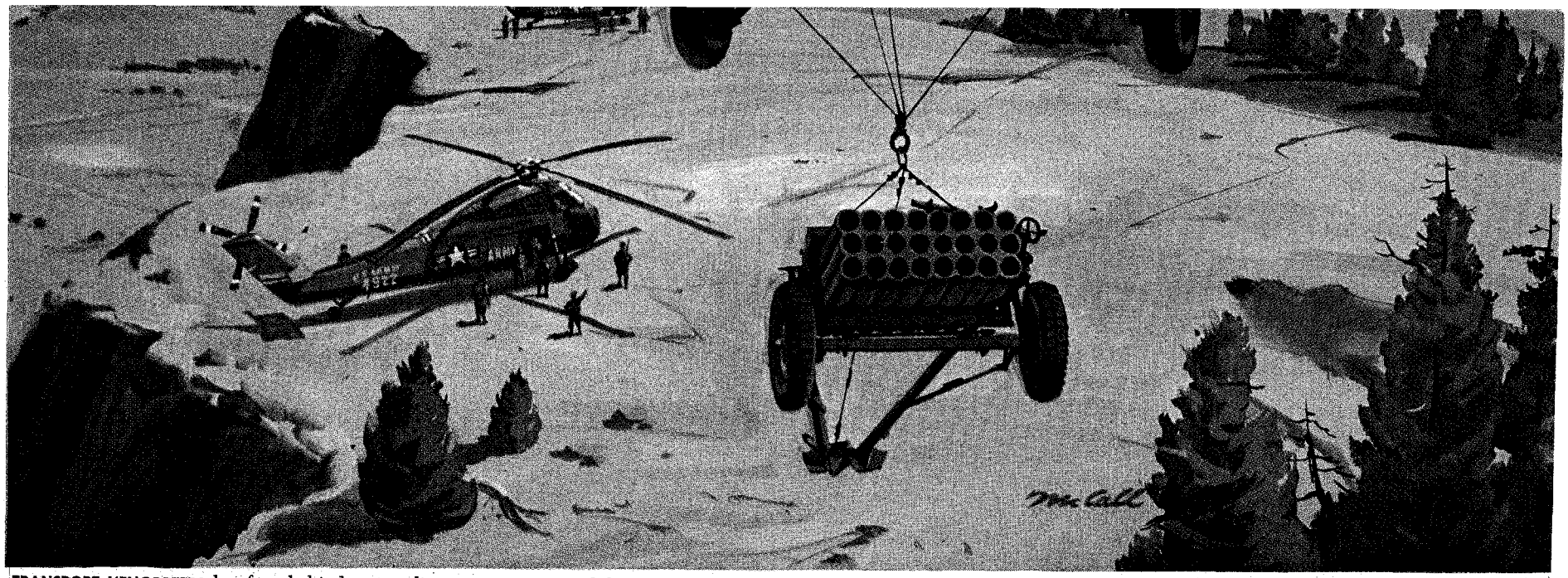

TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS leapfrog behind enemy lines, giving new mobility to tactics of the atomic-age Army. Big Sikorsky H-34s carry troops, rocket launchers, or other cargo. At right above are a Bell H-13E helicopter, and Cessna L-19, both small reconnaissance aircraft.

How Can America Continue to Have

Army Aircraft Second to None

Superiority in modern weapons is America's best hope for lasting peace. But these weapons—notably aircraft—are so complex that they take years to progress from the drafting board to service with the armed forces.

Today the U. S. Army, Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps have aircraft second to none. This leadership was achieved by vigorous programs of research, development, and production extending over many years. Only if these programs proceed without interruption can America continue to excel in air strength.

Some idea of the importance of Army aviation is indicated on these pages. Today's Army must be mobile as never before to carry out modern battle tactics. Fast changing combat operations call for new techniques of reconnaissance and observation from the sky. Years of research and development lie behind specialized aircraft built to do these jobs. Tomorrow's aircraft, because of even greater requirements, will take still longer and cost still more. Yet if America is to remain free, U. S. military Air Power must continue to be superior to that of any potential aggressor.

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How Yesterday's Research and Development is Paying Off Today

"Sky Cavalry"—new Army units to provide intelligence—have proved themselves in trial during recent maneuvers. Helicopters and small fixed-wing aircraft make up the core of "SkyCav" units, which seek information on enemy actions and relay the intelligence back, using airborne television as well as photo, radar, and radio facilities. Army aviation does a big job also in other observation and survey work, and in medical airlift, transport of men and supplies in combat zones, laying of telephone wire, and command and courier missions.

Most versatile of Army aircraft is the helicopter—the jack of all trades which can fly almost anywhere and needs no airfields. Helicopters came of age during Korean combat, saving countless lives, hauling men and cargo to win victory in battle. The Army's Sikorsky H-19 first flew in 1950, and was the only Army transport helicopter in the Korean war. Today the larger Sikorsky H-34 with twice the carrying capacity is serving the Army at home and overseas, paying off for all the years of research and development.

How Today's Research and Development Can Pay Off Tomorrow

Giant helicopters and other aircraft for tomorrow's Army aviation are today on drawing boards, in research test cells, or at flight test fields where their advanced capabilities are being proved. A new Sikorsky helicopter, the H-37, is an example of the advanced aircraft to play a major part in Army aviation in the future. The two-engined H-37—the size of many of today's airliners—is designed to carry 26 combat-ready soldiers, or about three tons of cargo. But as with every advanced and complex modern aircraft, it has taken a long time to get the H-37 through research and development to the production phase—in this instance about five years.

Only by uninterrupted programs of research, development, and production can America continue to have Army aircraft second to none.

TOMORROW'S HELICOPTERS such as this Sikorsky H-37 will pay off for all the years of research and development that lie behind it. The twin-engined H-37, largest Sikorsky helicopter, will carry a military payload of three tons.

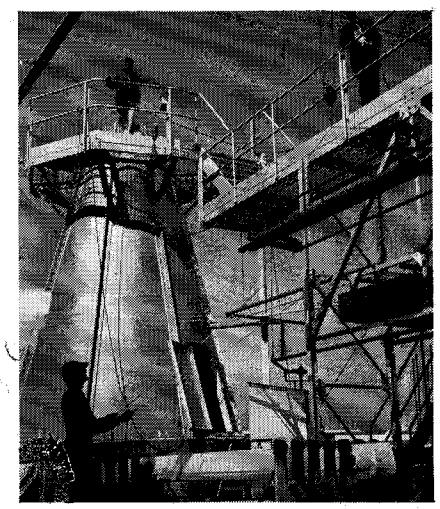
RUGGED, designed for short, unimproved runways, DeHavilland *U1-A Otter* carries 13 people, is Army's largest fixed-wing aircraft. Engine is famous Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Wasp.

SLEEK COURIER aircraft, the Army's twin-engined Beech L-23 cruises at about 200 miles per hour. Carrying six passengers, the L-23 is used primarily on command and liaison missions.

UTILITY HELICOPTERS like this Hiller H-23B can observe enemy activities, rescue and evacuate wounded, lay phone lines. They carry an observer or two litter patients plus the pilot.

CARGO can be carried by helicopters in a net or sling, or inside. Here a Vertol H-21 personnel and cargo carrier hauls ammunition. A Wright Cyclone engine powers the two rotors.

VERSATILITY of the Army's Sikorsky H-19 transport helicopters was proved in Korea combat. They saved lives, carried supplies and personnel. More than 1000 helicopters of this basic model have been built.



ENDLESS RESEARCH in engines, controls, blade design and other features increases helicopter performance, makes them more useful. Stamina of new rotor blades is proved at Sikorsky on this whirl test stand.

YOUNG MEN: Opportunities for interesting careers in Army Aviation are available for qualified young men. For full information, contact any Army recruiting office.

ENGINEERS: We need experienced engineers in many categories. If you are not employed in national defense work, write to our Personnel Department, stating your complete qualifications.

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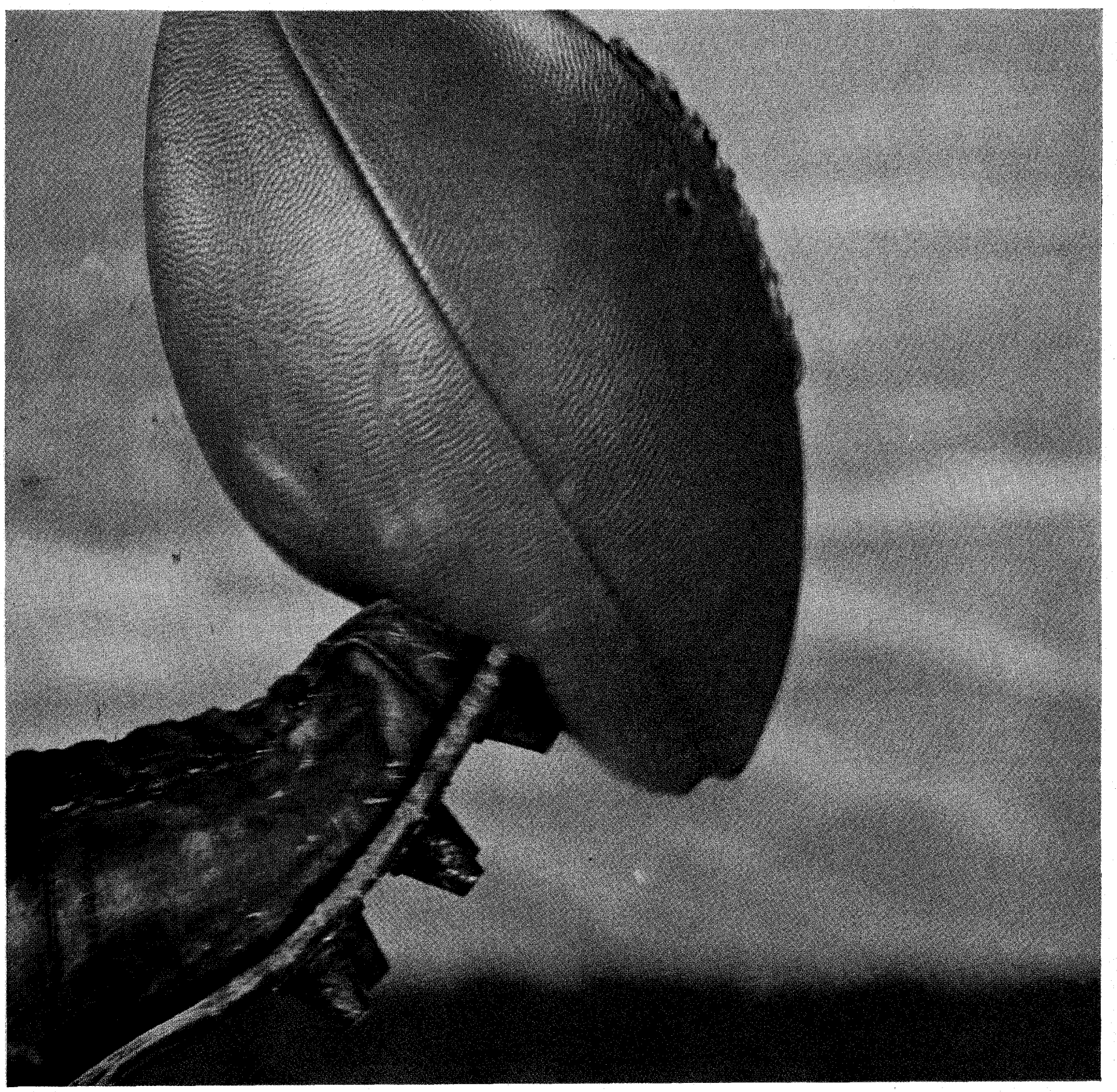

All-American kicks and crashing tackles put a brutal squeeze on the rubber in a football. But footballs with bladders of Butyl rubber take punishment in stride . . . hold air indefinitely . . . resist weather extremes. Developed from oil by Esso Research, Butyl rubber out-performs natural and other types of rubber in hundreds of ways. Proof, once again, that **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil!*

Esso

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(*Continued from Page 105*) raised, he could see that the ground below them was littered with bones. There were the bones and skulls of men, and there were goat skulls and skeletons. One fresh goat's body, dehydrated, drained of its blood, lay only a few yards away from him. It was blotched with circular scars where the flowers, like the suckers of an octopus, had affixed themselves to its skin. The scent was stronger. Soon it would overcome him. Then he saw Jan near the bole of the tree. He was alive and trying to say something.

Pulling out his handkerchief, Klaas tied it over his nose and mouth, and ran toward his friend. One flower, striking downward like a snake, fastened itself onto his left arm. Drawing his knife, he cut its stem and still it clung there. Then he had Jan over his shoulder and was running out when three flowers fastened onto his coat. Their grip was so strong that they almost pulled Jan off his shoulder. Those, too, he cut, staggered on, and managed to reach the little path. There he flung Jan down and lay panting beside him.

A flesh-eating tree. A tree to which, no doubt, not only goats but men also had been sacrificed. Some men escaped it, as Hendrik had done, as the man Jan remembered seeing as a boy. Like the witch doctor, who no doubt had some method of protecting himself, as they had themselves, he and Jan. By accident, by the realization of their danger, by his quickness with a knife. He pried off the blossom that was stuck on his forearm. It had flattened itself out like the head of a leech and clung by suction, coming loose when he pried up one fleshy petal. The circular, shilling-sized scar was there beneath it. Now they, too, were marked by the tree and belonged to the strange brotherhood that had escaped its clutches. *One day*, Klaas thought, *we will come back and kill it.*

Jan looked up. "You came in time," he said. "But what an adventure that was. Man," he said, "I fought that tree. That is why I am not dead. Its blood ran out on me—a kind of white milk—and then it let go. I saw that any flower, when it came near the juice, turned back. So I smeared myself with it, but I was weak and drugged with the smell." He began to breathe deeply. "I'm all right now," he said. "A drink of water and a good meal, and I shall be all right. You saved me, Klaas. Once again. That seems to be our fate—to save each other."

"I have a terrible thing to tell you," Klaas said. "Almost I did not come. Almost I hoped you would die and never return."

"So that you could have Anna?"

"*Ja*, so that I could have Anna. Never would I have believed that such thought could have entered my head."

Jan began to laugh. His laughter echoed oddly in the mountains, making the baboons on the cliffs cough and bark with anger.

"Man," he said, "I understand that thought. The same would have come to me, for we are men. We could not have killed each other, for we are as brothers. But if one of us died, if God saw fit to remove one of us, then who are we to argue with God's will, even though it was Satan himself who put the idea into our hearts? But take comfort. As I lay dying I thought, '*Magtig*, if I am to die, this is a fine way to do it. Not like a stolid burgher in his bed. Not like a woman. But in a great adventure.' No, Klaas, I see it clearly now. Anna, though I love her, is not for me. I love her, but I love the mountains more. The faraway mountains. And when you reach them, there are more mountains beyond them. There are always more mountains, blue and beautiful on the edge of the world. But you are a brave man, Klaas, for to save me you almost died." He laughed more loudly and said, "Poor Anna. Why, if you had died, too, she might have had to marry some ordinary fellow instead of having one of us as a husband and the other as godfather to her sons. *Magtig*, that is a lucky girl, though she will not know it till we get back."

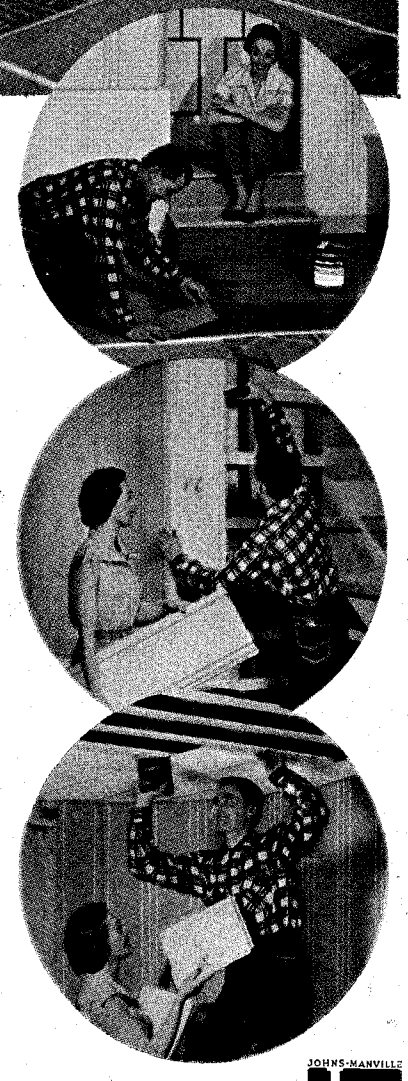
"But we have hunted nothing. We have only a couple of rhinoster horns."

"We will go back. I must see you married before I set out again. I have a plan. I must see the great Zambesi, that I have heard men speak of, though none have seen it for themselves. I must see more rivers and mountains and wonders. But I must see you married first, so that when I come back I shall have a home and will know that my farm and cattle are being well tended." He held out his hand. Klaas took it. "The Lord sent us this to try us," he said. "To try our love for each other. And it is proved. For truly there can be no greater love than for a man to be ready to lay down his life for his friend." He turned to look at the tree. "One day," he said, "we will come back and kill it. *Ja*, one day we will come together and make it dead." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hi, hon—I just broke my diet!"

"We built this family room ourselves ...so can you!"



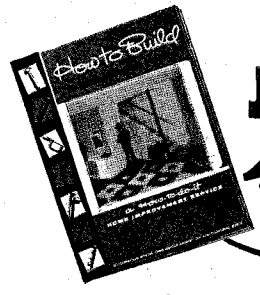
Send for the Johns-Manville Book showing step by step how to build a basement room

tells how to have beautiful Terraflex® vinyl asbestos floors, colorful J-M Wall Plank and Ceiling Panels

For the Floor—the J-M Book shows how to design and install your own floor. In the room above, a J-M marbleized color was combined with a rich-looking Cork type tile. Note also the decorator touch added by Cork type on the fireplace wall. Terraflex is easy to install with J-M brush-on Adhesive. A damp mopping keeps it shining bright.

For the walls—the book has complete instructions for installing J-M Insulating Board Wall Plank. It has a durable Glazecoat finish, comes in 4 complementary pastel colors, has an attractive beaded edge for interesting vertical accent.

For the ceiling—you'll learn how easy it is to put up J-M Ceiling Panels. The J-M Lightning Joint hides all nails or staples. Panels come pre-decorated in ivory or white.



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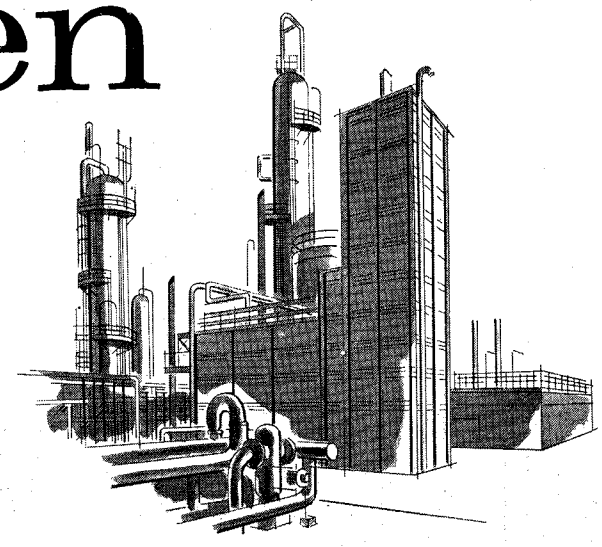

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In multi-room, multi-story buildings of every size and type, the famous UniTrane air conditioners provide *individual climate control.*

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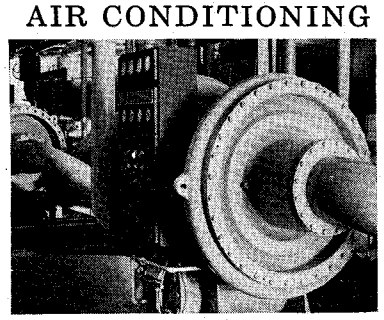
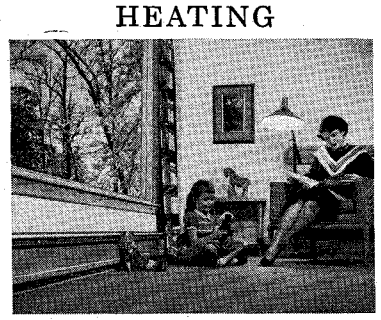


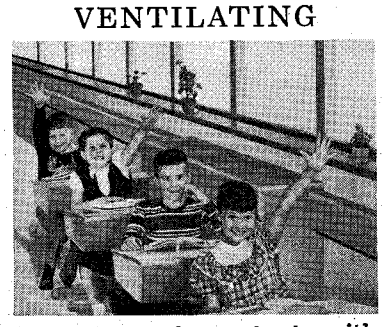
For office buildings, factories, hotels, TRANE makes equipment for the most modern air conditioning systems—like this famous TRANE CenTraVac, the industry's first hermetic centrifugal compressor. Starts, stops, runs *unattended!*

HEATING



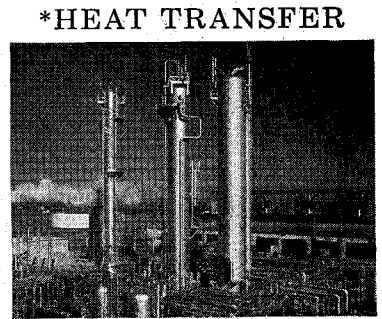
In the home, TRANE Baseboard Convectors heat where the cold begins—under windows, along outer walls—surrounding you with gentle, even warmth. You have complete freedom in furniture placement and drapery length!

VENTILATING



For new, modern schools with sweeping walls of windows, TRANE Unit Ventilators eliminate icy downdrafts, circulate air evenly. No hot spots, no cold spots, no sleepy corners. Every pupil in the room has a fresh air seat!

*HEAT TRANSFER



For cooling hydrogen down to –300° F., modern chemical plants rely on lightweight, compact TRANE Brazed Aluminum Heat Exchangers like these. TRANE equipment everywhere tailors temperatures to fit the needs.

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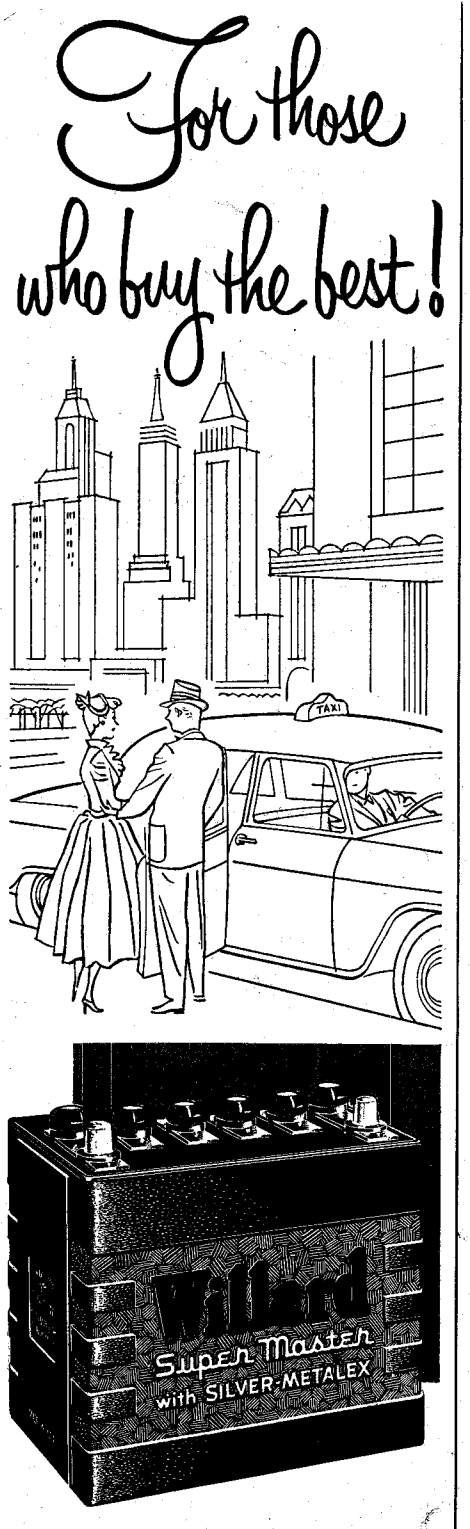

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First Aid for Alcoholics

(Continued from Page 31)

and Frank S. Ketcham, of Washington, D. C., wrote recently, "alcoholism untreated leads to intangible costs which cannot be reckoned—the breakup of families, the dulling of fine minds, the warping of attractive personalities."

Doctor Zappala, director of the alcoholic rehabilitation division in the District of Columbia Public Health Department, and Ketcham, a distinguished Washington attorney, note that everyone who drinks or even everyone who occasionally becomes intoxicated is not necessarily an alcoholic. Furthermore, the typical alcoholic or problem drinker is not the skid-road character who figures so prominently in recent exposés.

"The majority of alcoholics," they state, "do not belong to the submerged or social-outcast group, but are ordinary people, working, living in a family group, grappling with the day-to-day exigencies of life, which for them center around a problem with alcohol."

The problem cannot be solved merely by making liquor harder to obtain, they claim, and they emphasize that alcoholism is not caused by the mere availability of liquor any more than obesity—with all its dangers—is caused by the availability of food. They insist that alcoholism cannot be wiped out by fines, jail sentences or other forms of punishment.

Until about twenty years ago, the excessive use of alcoholic beverages was regarded variously as a moral deviation, a misdemeanor or a joke. With the organization of Alcoholics Anonymous in 1935 and, in 1945, the establishment of such special clinics as the Yale Plan Clinic, alcoholism began to be regarded as a disease—complicated, serious and chronic—and experts suggested that treatment of an alcoholic victim requires a team approach involving general practitioners, psychiatrists, hospital authorities, social workers, clergymen and understanding families.

This prescription for team treatment was rarely heeded. Family doctors were seldom able to devote the required time—up to two or three hours at a session—to their alcoholic patients. Hospital administrators looked upon alcoholics as too upsetting and obstreperous for normal hospital routine, and generally refused to admit them. Many psychiatrists, while insisting that alcoholism lies within their field, were admittedly avoiding too close a contact with it both in practice and in community responsibility.

A medical survey conducted two years ago in Southern California revealed that 44 per cent of the psychiatrists there do not treat any alcoholic patients and 60 per cent do not treat them if they are so ill they must be hospitalized. When they do treat alcoholics, most psychiatrists will take on only one or two at a time. "Alcoholics and psychiatrists seem to show a mutual avoidance of each other," the survey concluded.

One of the main reasons for this hands-off attitude is the fact that an alcoholic cannot be helped by anybody until he is first sobered and then kept sober long enough for a long-term treatment to take effect. Unfortunately, the usual sobering phase—the drying-out period marked by shakes and tremors, violent agitation, severe nausea, sleeplessness, visions and hallucinations, and other withdrawal symptoms—is too often a brutal period for patient, doctor and nurse.

"For adequate control of these extremely agitated patients," Doctors Milton Avol and Philip Vogel, of Los Angeles, stated a few years ago, "they must be given massive doses of paraldehyde to the point where they are literally semi-comatose. This increases tremendously the amount of nursing care required per patient. Even with this treatment regimen it sometimes takes as long as five or six days before the patient is free of hallucinations, agitation and tremors. . . . Anyone familiar with this mode of therapy can attest to the fact that it is far from satisfactory."

Other workers described the standard treatment as moderately successful in the average patient, woefully inadequate in the severe case and usually marking an "emotionally distressful" period for the victim.

That was roughly the situation until August 9, 1952, when a farmer was taken to a French hospital suffering from acute alcoholic intoxication and violent delirium tremens. "The patient," said Doctors Pierre Sizaret and Francine Salomon, "was very agitated, with generalized trembling, serious confusion, incoherent babbling, auditory and visual hallucinations, sweating and feverish."

The two doctors had in their laboratory a new drug called R.P. 4560. Other French investigators had found it remarkably effective in controlling nausea and abolishing mental confusion. Sizaret and Salomon decided to try it on their patient by intravenous injection.

"He promptly became calm and slept normally," they said. "At nightfall he was slightly agitated again and given another dose. He became very calm and slept the whole night."

Two days later the farmer had apparently recovered completely.

Feeling that this smooth and astonishingly rapid recovery might have been a coincidence, Sizaret and Salomon tried R.P. 4560 on five other alcoholic patients during the next few months and noted essentially the same results. On December 15, 1952, they reported their findings to the Medico-Psychological Society, concluding that "we possess a therapeutic weapon which is extremely active, efficacious, inoffensive and easy to apply in acute delirium tremens."

R.P. 4560, now known technically as chlorpromazine or Thorazine, was soon tried on violently ill alcoholics by other medical men in Europe and the United States. Among the pioneers in this country were Doctors James Cummins and Dale Friend, who tested the drug at Peter Bent Brigham hospital, in Boston.

"It was immediately apparent that chlorpromazine was effective in suppressing the nausea and vomiting," they said. "Of much greater interest, however, was the effect of this drug in preventing the usual post-alcoholic agitation accompanying withdrawal. . . . Patients in several instances were able to return to work within seventy-two hours without having experienced the 'jitters,' tremulousness, or 'butterfly' sensation so common during the withdrawal stage."

Last winter, after treating five hundred alcoholics with chlorpromazine, Dr. Joseph Fazekas and his colleagues at the District of Columbia General Hospital reported, "The characteristic atmosphere of the alcoholic ward has changed with the use of this drug. Assaults on personnel have become rare instead of frequent occurrences. The ward itself has become quiet."

A similar statement came from Dr. Vernelle Fox, of the Peachtree Sanitarium in Atlanta, Georgia, and additional reports soon came to confirm the first announcement from France. Doctors agreed that chlorpromazine was not a perfect drug. It did not cure the disease. It had to be used with great caution. It could produce serious side effects.

"But despite these limitations," one worker said, "no former method of treatment we have used has demonstrated so many advantages with so few drawbacks. In the management of acute alcoholism, chlorpromazine seems to offer an important and far-reaching advance."

In 1954, a second tranquilizing drug was tested here on alcoholics. This was reserpine, the active ingredient of the Hindu snakeroot plant, *Rauwolfia serpentina*, which had been prescribed by Indian medical men for centuries to combat high blood pressure and emotional tension. Used on acutely intoxicated men and women suffering from agitation or delirium tremens, it quickly brought sobriety, calmness and relaxation.

A third drug, Frenquel, a synthetic compound introduced by Cincinnati scientists, was found to produce rapid relief of hallucinations in some alcoholic victims. Although it was unpredictable and inconsistent in its effects, it nevertheless was found to help some patients within a matter of hours and sometimes within thirty minutes.

Unfortunately, as both doctors and patients soon discovered, these drugs had a limited role in alcoholism. They could all help a patient recover from an alcoholic bout, but they (*Continued on Page 114*)

Can You Name This Star?

This honest-to-goodness bathing beauty, shown here at the age of seven, was born in California of Siberian parents. Her father, a movie-prop maker, specializes in miniatures. She made her film debut at four, and at one time acted in Tomorrow Is Forever with Claudette Colbert and Orson Welles. Although still in her 'teens, she has already won an Academy Award nomination. Can you name her?

D. Jay Culver

ANSWER:
Natalie Wood

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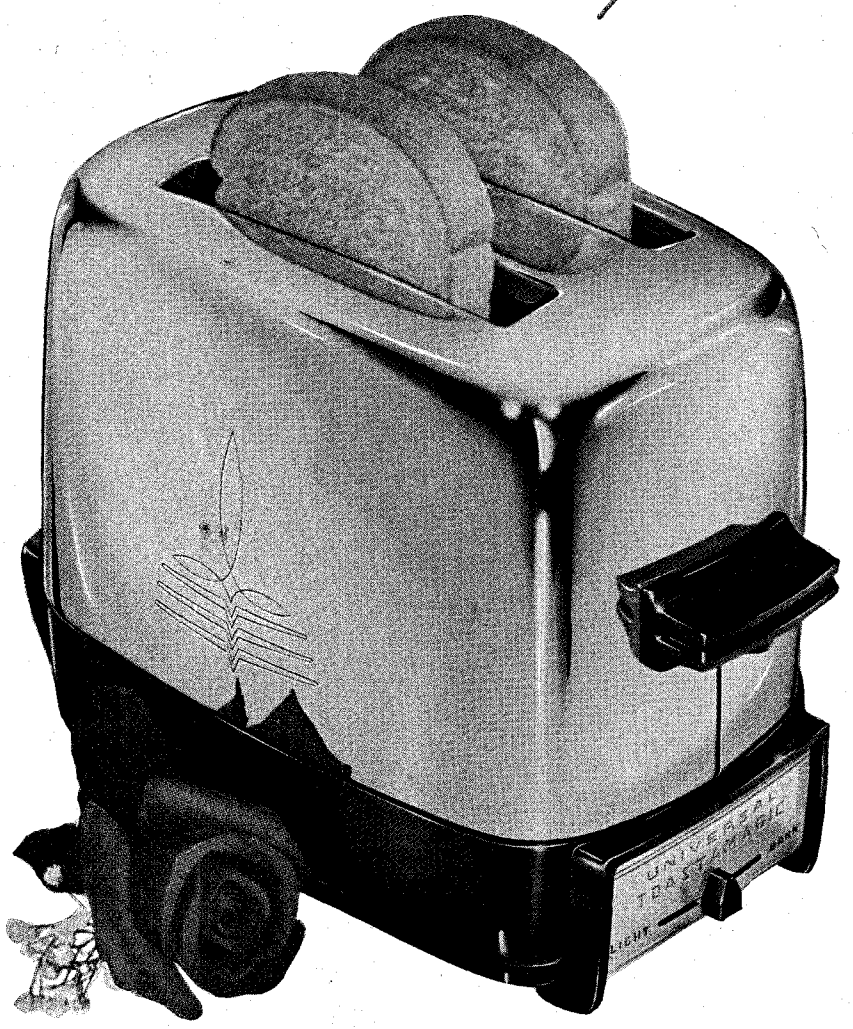

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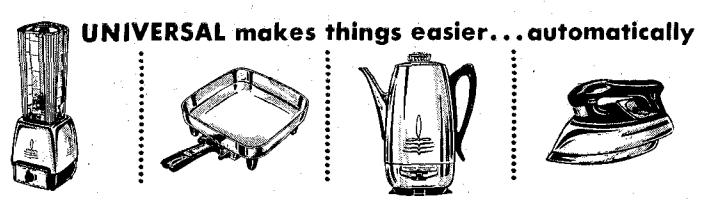

MIXABLEND FRYING PAN COFFEEMATIC STEAM 'N DRY IRON

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LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

(*Continued from Page 112*) did not cure him. They did not keep him from drinking again. Although both chlorpromazine and reserpine could be used to allay the mental tensions responsible for drinking in some men and women, many physicians felt these drugs might be too potent for long-term use.

Accordingly, when a new compound with remarkable freedom from toxic side effects was announced early last year, doctors began trying it on a wide variety of ailments, including alcoholism. Credit for its development goes to a soft-spoken, red-haired, Czech-born scientist, Dr. Frank M. Berger, now director of medical research at the Wallace Laboratories in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

In 1943, while working in England, Berger stumbled upon a group of chemicals which seemed to have value in stabilizing penicillin solutions. During routine tests on experimental animals, he found that one of these new compounds, called mephenesin, had astonishing power to relax muscles. In the next few years medical men all over the world used it to quiet muscles in surgery. They applied it to control muscle spasms in children and adults. They even used it against the muscular tremors, or shakes, in alcoholics.

"This first compound really worked in alcoholics," Berger noted. "It not only quieted the tremors but even seemed to alleviate anxiety in some alcoholic subjects. For this task, however, its action was too short—only about thirty minutes."

Berger came to the United States after World War II, and in 1949 began working for the Wallace Laboratories, where he continued his search for a better and longer-lasting drug to quiet trembling muscles and jittery nervous systems. In 1950, after making and testing some 1500 compounds, he and his chemists created a new synthetic, a white, bitter-tasting substance, which now has the official name of meprobamate. Fed to mice or rats, even in enormous doses, it merely made the animals rest peacefully. Given to wild, savage monkeys, it made them docile, but not groggy.

This was no brief phenomenon. One dose, given by mouth, generally took effect in about thirty minutes and lasted for five to six hours. In addition, laboratory tests showed no toxic reactions when animals ate up to one third their weight of the drug.

After preliminary trials to check the safety of the compound on human volunteers, the first batch was sent for a real medical test to one of Berger's friends, Dr. Lowell S. Selling, a psychiatrist in Orlando, Florida. Selling had previously tried several other compounds for Berger and had tossed them out as worthless.

After a month of trials, Selling sent a cryptic wire to the laboratory: "Compound interesting. Rush more immediately." After two months, he wrote: "Put this on the market and you'll have a gold mine. You'll never be able to keep up with the demand. . . . It's unbelievable."

Beginning in January, 1953, the Florida physician tried meprobamate on a large number of patients afflicted with various anxiety or tension states. The drug did not work in every case, but in most patients it quickly and effectively cut down the tension, and kept the tension under control so long as the patients kept taking the medicine. And, apparently, it did this without being habit-forming in itself.

Among these first patients were a number of alcoholics. Meprobamate helped them get through the drying-out period with a minimum of discomfort, reducing their agitation and easing their shakes and jitters. The new drug, Selling found, also seemed to help the alcoholics stay away from liquor after withdrawal was complete.

Included among these alcoholic subjects were salesmen, business executives, housewives and even a clergyman. One was the official of a Chicago department store, a brilliant young man whose career had been practically ruined by his frequent alcoholic episodes. Taken off liquor with the aid of the new drug, and then told to keep taking the pills regularly—three times a day, and more often if he felt tension building up—he managed to stay completely dry for six months.

"I wouldn't have slipped then, but I ran out of medicine," he told the doctor. "If you can keep me supplied, I think I can behave myself from now on."

Another patient was a Texas hotel man who had turned to alcohol to quiet his jangled nerves and discovered too late that he couldn't stop drinking. When he was brought into a Florida hospital, he

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now Binford, this project will require initiative, tact, intelligence—send in Johnson."

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was red-eyed, shaking, staggering and desperate for help.

"You've got to do something for me," he said to Doctor Selling. "My wife is going to get a divorce. My sons won't have anything to do with me. I'll probably lose my job."

In two days the hotel man was past the withdrawal stage. He was kept on the drug to reduce his anxieties and given intensive psychotherapy to help him understand the basis of his problems. Eventually he managed to patch up his marriage, regain the affection of his sons and settle his business troubles.

"That was the first aid I needed," he declared eighteen months later. "I learned how to solve my troubles without leaning on the bottle. Now I don't need to drink."

Doctor Selling died in January, 1955. His report was practically complete, however, and was finished and published three months later in the Journal of the

... ...

Lines to a Goldfish

By P. J. Blackwell

Content within your world
of water,
You're just the pet for son
or daughter.
Untouched by comb or
brush or soap,
You've needs with which
adults can cope.
The neighbors don't
complain about
Your frenzied yowling to
get out,
And there's no fierce
nocturnal din
Because you're anxious to
come in.
You live your life aloof
and clammily,
And not just like one of the
family.

... ...

American Medical Association, along with a somewhat similar report by Dr. Joseph C. Borrus, of New Brunswick, New Jersey. The new drug, meprobamate, was introduced under the trade name of Miltown. Later, arrangements were made with the Wyeth Laboratories to market the same chemical under the trade name of Equanil.

Those first reports set off an astounding demand for the drug. Within eight months enough was being produced to take care of the daily dosage for nearly 2,000,000 patients, but this could not fill the requirements of the medical profession.

Most of the treated patients were victims of ordinary mental tension, emotional strains and anxieties, but many were alcoholics and, for them, Miltown appeared to be of particular benefit. One physician, Dr. Frederick Lemere, of Seattle, wrote in a medical journal that Miltown, along with chlorpromazine and reserpine, has been "a godsend in the treatment of alcoholism."

"Not only may these tranquilizing agents be safely used for overcoming alcoholic jitters during the sobering-up phase," he said. "They may be prescribed also, without risk of habit formation, for continued relief of the nervous tension that so often leads to resumption of the drinking habit."

In addition, other physicians prescribed such compounds as Meratran, a stimulating chemical, to help those alcoholics whose drinking apparently stems from profound mental depressions.

Another new tranquilizing compound is promazine, or Sparine, introduced earlier this year as a safer chemical relative of chlorpromazine. After a trial of Sparine on about three hundred alcoholics at the District of Columbia General Hospital, Doctor Fazekas claimed that most patients with delirium tremens became tranquil and sleepy within five to ten minutes after an injection. "On awakening five to seven hours later, they were free from gross tremor, nausea and hallucinations," he said.

Dr. Earl Mitchell, of the Kalorama Institute, in Washington, D. C., reported last May on 262 alcoholics; he said the drug promptly stopped nausea and vomiting, and made it possible for the patients to take food immediately after initiation of drug therapy. In almost every case, he said, the treatment was completed in three to five days.

Last month, the value of the new tranquilizers seemed so well established that the drugs were made the basis of a new experimental program announced by the California State Alcoholism Rehabilitation Commission. Under the statewide plan, to be financed at the outset by the state, acutely intoxicated patients will be treated with the tranquilizers—not in special alcoholic wards, but in the regular wards of regular hospitals.

Peculiarly, although all these various chemicals obviously work, there is not yet any complete explanation of how they work. Some apparently wipe out emotional problems or hallucinations, while others make these more bearable. In addition, there is not yet any complete agreement on which of these agents is best for any individual patient, nor on precisely how these agents should be combined with vitamins, hormones and other adjuncts in treatment.

By this autumn, with hundreds of thousands of patients treated for acute intoxication or chronic alcoholism, most medical men agreed that none of the new drugs can be considered effective in every case or absolutely safe for all patients. All these agents can produce unpleasant or even dangerous side effects and possibly may be habit-forming in themselves.

Doctors likewise agreed that none of these drugs, used alone or in combination, can truly cure an alcoholic and transform him into a man who can drink normally—who can take alcohol or leave it alone. "The only real 'cure' for an alcoholic," a Yale Plan Clinic expert said, "is to see that he never touches another drop of alcohol for the rest of his life."

To be changed into a person who can get along without alcohol, the patient must first want to stop drinking. This in itself offers a serious difficulty, for many alcoholics don't want to give up alcohol. Dr. Vernelle Fox, now medical director of the Georgian Clinic, in Atlanta, said recently, "The so-called problem drinker may be a problem to society, but he doesn't necessarily agree he's a problem to himself."

However, for the alcoholic who is sincerely eager to give up drinking, and whose previous attempts to stay on the wagon have been wrecked by overwhelming fears, tensions and emotional strains, the new drugs offer an unprecedented "breathing spell"—a chance to remain relaxed and tranquil while he undergoes the essential psychotherapy to combat the basis of his disease. THE END

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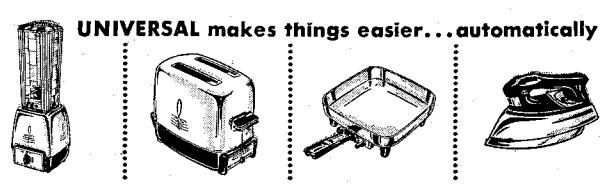

MIXABLEND TOASTAMAGIC FRYING PAN STEAM 'N DRY IRON

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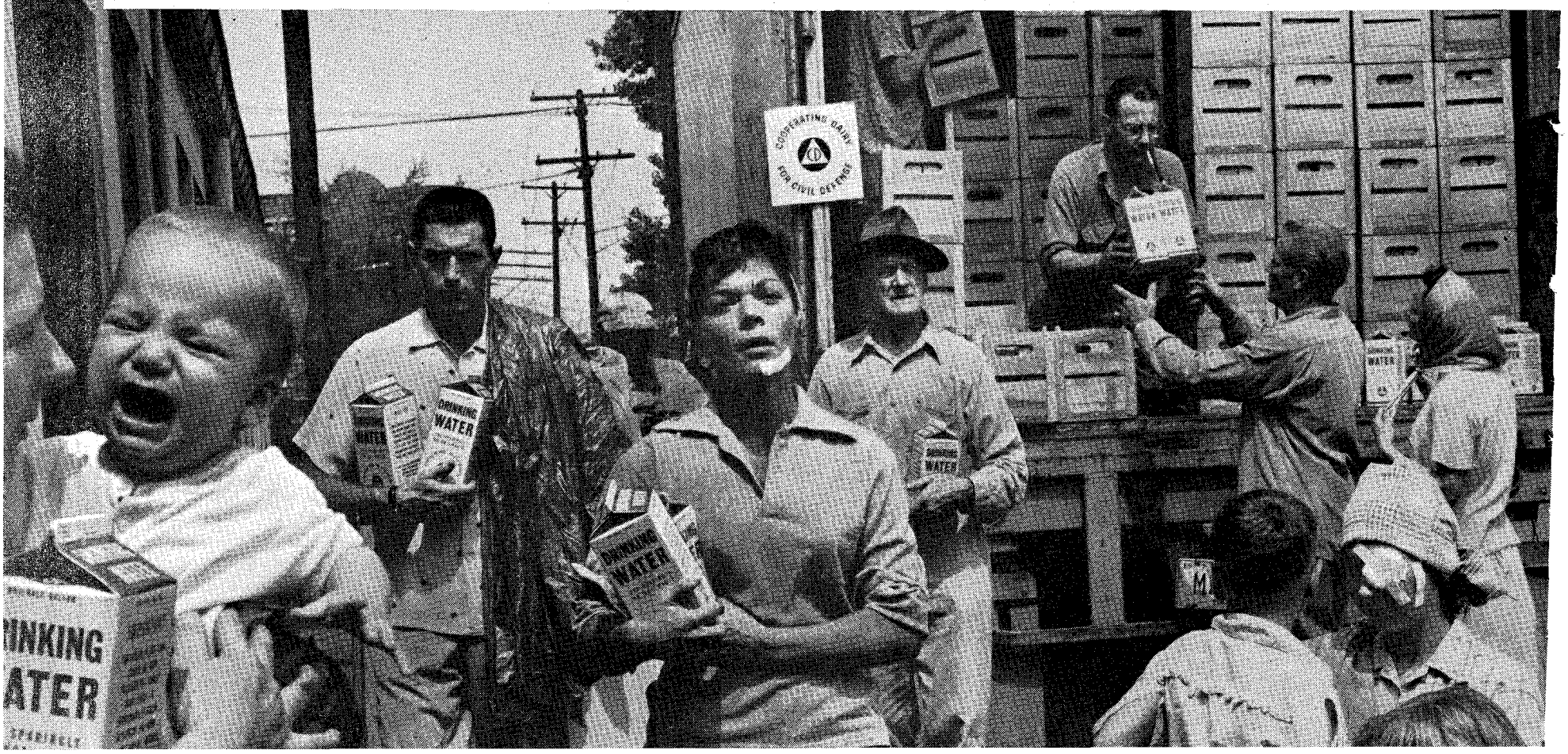
Here's how the Nation's

SAFE DRINKING WATER



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dairies will furnish

IN TIMES OF "CRISIS"

Your local milkman and Civil Defense volunteers are joining forces to rush pure, lifesaving water to you in the event of disaster.

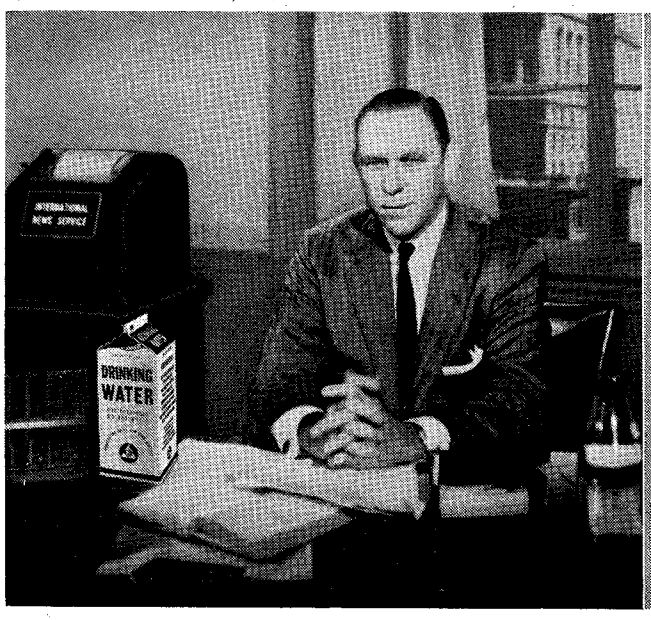
Water enough to drown an army—but not a drop of *safe* water for a crying baby!

That's often the case—when disaster strikes. In fact, that's just what happened in the devastating Stroudsburg, Pa., flood last year. It was the heartwarming action of the Lehigh Valley Dairy of Allentown in rushing pure water in Pure-Pak milk cartons to the scene that inspired the new Civil Defense—Cooperating Dairy plan to bring pure, cartoned water to disaster victims.

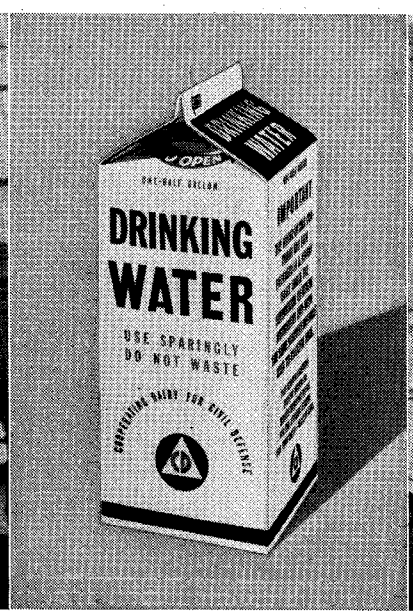
The "Cooperating Dairy for Civil Defense" plan was instituted by the Federal Civil Defense Administration in cooperation with the milk industry and health and disaster relief organizations. In times of crisis, cooperating dairies will be able to quickly rush safe water to various points in stricken areas to be distributed to individuals by local authorities.

We most sincerely hope that disaster never strikes you and your community. But if it does, you can rest assured that your local Civil Defense authorities and patriotic dairymen will do everything possible to safeguard lives.

Pure-Pak containers guard the nation's milk supply every day of the year!



Narrator Bob Considine, INS foreign correspondent, author, TV and radio star, tells the dramatic story of "CRISIS" in a 16 mm motion picture produced in cooperation with Civil Defense by the Pure-Pak Division of Ex-Cell-O Corporation. It will be shown as a part of the Civil Defense information program by TV stations in your area. It will also be available for club and service group showings. Ask your local "CD for CD" dairy for information on how your group can see this film.



The familiar Pure-Pak milk carton marked "DRINKING WATER," is an approved Civil Defense carton, assuring you of uncontaminated water in time of crisis.

This sign, "Cooperating Dairy for Civil Defense," identifies your dairyman as a public-spirited citizen with his community's welfare at heart.

ATTENTION DAIRYMEN

If you would like a print of this 16 mm motion picture, "Crisis", with your name included as the public service sponsor, write for further information to the producer, Robert J. Enders, Inc., 1001 Connecticut N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

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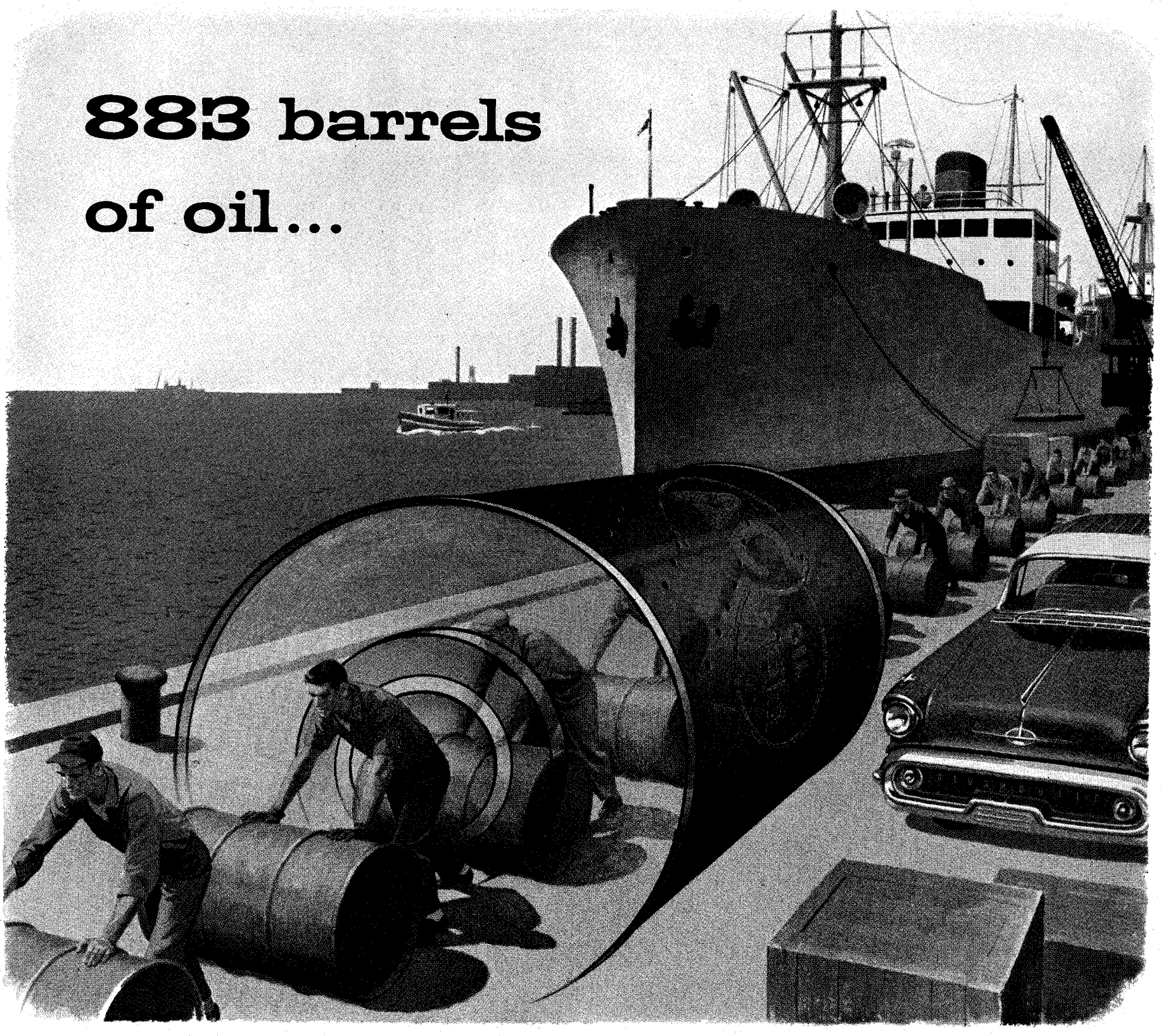

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AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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How to be a Smarter Boss

(Continued from Page 42)

that threatened to price Brock-Hall products out of the market.

General Manager Hall enrolled in a study course in "executive communications." When he came home, he knew how to offer constructive criticism without giving offense, and also how to take criticism in the same spirit. His secretary—on invitation—opened up and gave him a twenty-five-minute lecture on what was wrong with the business. Hall communicated what he had learned to his executives, and—for good measure—sent several key men to the same course. Today, the Brock-Hall management staff is working as a team, with a happy upsurge in profits.

Caught up in the problems of high costs, high taxes and strenuous competition for technological and executive talent, American business and industrial management has been looking for some of the answers by flocking back to the schoolrooms. Scores of universities, private organizations and industries are providing training courses for executives. A pioneer force in the movement is a nonprofit organization known as the American Management Association. The AMA estimates that more than 100,000 executives from the top-third level of management will attend all types of courses, seminars and conferences during the coming year, including 30,000 who will participate in the AMA's activities. Another 150,000 in lower-level executive and supervisory jobs will take company-sponsored training courses.

The AMA has its headquarters in the venerable Hotel Astor—now the Sheraton-Astor—on Times Square in the heart of New York City. In soundproof classrooms above the hubbub of Broadway, serious-minded businessmen are "brainstorming" the problems of management in what they call a "permissive atmosphere." They do it with textbook learning, self-analysis and much swapping of personal experience.

The AMA's mission is to spread the doctrine that management no longer is a haphazard operation to be carried out by whim and instinct, but is a scientific profession—and that it won't hurt the boss to go back to school. "The day is gone forever," says AMA's president, fifty-two-year-old Lawrence A. Appley, "when a manager can run his business successfully by the seat of his pants." Appley's ambition is to create duplicate AMA "universities" on the West Coast and in the Midwest.

The association's vice-president and general manager, James O. Rice, described how, in addition to widespread publishing and research activities, AMA sponsors several hundred seminars and conferences annually in such broad management fields as finance, insurance, marketing, manufacturing, personnel, packaging, office and general management.

A new AMA subsidiary, the International Management Association, is delving into problems peculiar to overseas operations of American firms—for example, how much wine is required to keep a French laborer happy but non-intoxicated, and how to maintain personnel records in quasi-dictatorship countries without scaring the police-conscious native employees.

There are three types of classroom instruction. In the management course, the executive is taught how to set up an organization and delegate responsibility; how to define job standards and then determine whether employees are measuring up to them; how to forecast production and sales programs and set up budgets; and how to decide in clear-cut terms exactly where the company wants to go and what it must do to get there.

The executive communication—recently renamed executive-action—course teaches business brass—many of whom are smart but tongue-tied—how to get their ideas over to other people—in speech and in writing—without arousing hostility. The executive also learns to spot his own flaws and to accept constructive criticism without blowing his top.

A marketing course teaches product planning, marketing research, advertising and promotion, training of salesmen and the all-important tying-in of sales organizations with other departments.

The AMA avoids dogma and encourages its students—among whom are $100,000-a-year corporation heads—to solve their problems through exchanging ideas.

Although the participants make up some of the rules and provide many of the answers, AMA is no mere managerial *Kaffeeklatsch*. It seems to serve as a catalyst which, industrialists say, both straightens out bad management practices and saves them money.

An executive of a large corporation in the Great Lakes area told me: "Our company is saving a quarter of a million annually by carrying out a new method of organizational planning, which is just one of the things I learned at AMA. It simply was a matter of eliminating unnecessary layers of authority which were resulting in too much supervision and too little communication. Nobody lost his job—we were able to absorb the excess supervisors elsewhere in other capacities—but the increase in efficiency has been tremendous."

Some executives come to AMA courses unwillingly because "the boss made me do it." Often, these skeptics become infected with an evangelical fervor—not unlike that of a reformed sinner—to go forth and convert others.

One such resister—who shall be called Mr. X—came recently "under orders" to the executive-action course. He did everything he could to spread his discontent to the other participants. Conference director Malcolm Shaw went to work on X's hostilities by drawing him into a bit of psychological therapy called "role-playing." Mr. X was persuaded to outline one of his principal problems in relation to another personality—Mr. Y—within his company. The "problem" then was acted out, like a little drama, with X first playing himself, and then playing Y to see just how it would feel to be in Y's shoes when dealing with such an arbitrary, cranky character as X. Then he sat back and watched while one of the other pupils played X. Finally, he listened to a "feed-back," or critique, by the entire group on just what was wrong with X and his human-relations tactics.

When the session was over, he remorsefully approached Director Shaw and, in the best AMA vernacular, confessed, "I have been a nonpermissive, autocratic blankety-blank!" Since then, he has been one of AMA's biggest boosters.

Another time, the elderly managing director of a New Zealand company journeyed all the way to New York to see what American management could teach him. During one of the frank, no-holds-barred discussions, he asked his fellow businessmen students, "What would you do if you had a stubborn old codger running your company, who wouldn't yield any authority to younger men?"

They bluntly told him what they thought should be done.

"Well," he admitted, "I'm that stubborn old codger." After returning to New Zealand, he sent back word that he had put their recommendations into effect—including his own retirement.

The American Management Association—which adopted its present name in 1923—can trace its history back to 1913 through several predecessor organizations that were interested in sharpening the development of management as a precise profession and in shaking off vestiges of the old "public-be-damned" attitude. In the past ten years, AMA's membership has almost tripled and the annual budget has grown from $320,000 to $6,000,000.

Today, more than 22,000 executives are enrolled as AMA members, and the roster of participating companies reads like a catalogue of American and world industry. The list includes General Electric, DuPont, General Motors, U.S. Steel, Eastman Kodak, Sears, Roebuck and General Foods; also, chicken farms, dance schools and small factories with less than a dozen employees.

Members come from all forty-eight states, every Canadian province and fifty-two foreign countries. In addition to private industries, the membership includes Federal and state governmental agencies, the armed forces, foreign embassies, chambers of commerce, libraries, universities, churches and synagogues, cemetery associations, hospitals, labor unions, farm bureaus, Bible institutions and the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.

Lawrence Appley, who succeeded the late Alvin E. Dodd as AMA president in 1948, is a Methodist minister's son who "always wanted to be an educator." He put himself through school by working as a waiter, a janitor, a washing-machine salesman, a short-order cook, a truck driver, a speed cop, a teacher and a trolley-car conductor. He had a successful business career, with time out during World War II to serve without compensation as deputy to Paul V. McNutt, War Manpower Commission chairman. After the war he returned as vice-president and director to Montgomery Ward & Co.

AMA President Dodd—who was ill—went to Chicago to see if Appley, who had been active in AMA and "loved the organization," would like to succeed him as president. Appley accepted enthusiastically and in 1952—under his leadership—AMA took the plunge into becoming a "university" of business by offering its first management course.

In less than a year, AMA—then housed in a Manhattan office building—had to seek larger quarters. A happy marriage was made with the Hotel Astor at the "crossroads of the world." The business-minded Sheraton management was delighted to remodel and turn over its entire first, ninth and tenth floors to the organization. The once-glamorous Astor roof became the campus for the AMA "university." Staff and students often sit in the sun, contemplating the beauty of the babbling waterfall—a block-long soft-drink sign—across the way. An alumnus with proper respect for Ivy League traditions has endowed the "campus" with a potted ivy, which is flourishing on the roof.

On my first visit I learned how AMA classes operate. The management course is divided into four one-week units. If the student comes from a considerable distance, he may take his four weeks consecutively—though this is considered an undesirably concentrated dose. The association prefers to see the course completed in three to four months.

The executive-action and marketing courses consist of three one-week units. Fees are $750 for the four-week course and $600 for the three-week courses, exclusive of transportation and living expenses.

In the summer the classes move from Times Square to Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York. There, the businessmen double up in dormitories and fraternity houses. The worst complaint is the shortage of private bathrooms. There is a special one-week management course for presidents and board chairmen only, and a President's Round Table, which is a sort of postgraduate discussion group personally conducted by Appley for those who have completed the management class.

The chief executives themselves send in the questions they would like discussed at the round table. Most are weighty problems, such as what to do about mergers or what percentage of profits to invest in long-range research. This year, however, one corporation president—who insists on anonymity—placed on the discussion agenda the topic: Shall I Take My Secretary Home to Meet My Wife?

"Don't let this Times Square atmosphere fool you," Donald G. Keen—AMA press-relations director—told me at the outset of our first talk in New York. "Sure, some of our participants go out on the town of an evening, but in the main they're a hard-working group. Classes begin at nine o'clock in the morning and run through until four-thirty. There is only an hour out for lunch, and the men eat together, continuing their post-mortems—or feed-backs—on what they've covered during the morning. In the evenings, you'll find groups in their rooms, having bull sessions on the day's work."

Keen had not exaggerated. The students—all wearing identification badges—hardly looked up as we entered the various classrooms. Some were taking notes in their oversized loose-leaf portfolios. Others were debating intricate points of Line and Staff Relationships.

We also looked in on the seminars, which are held in soundproof, air-conditioned (*Continued on Page 121*)

Young Dog and Old

By Elizabeth Landeweer

The puppy greets me with a pounce,
And lathers me from cheek to chin,
He yips and drools, essays a bounce,
And almost leaps out of his skin.
The old dog scorns such wild excess.
Too dignified to play love's fool,
He stands and waits for my caress,
His outward manner calm and cool,
His feelings held in stern command.
Only his eyes, devoid of art,
His cold nose questing for my hand,
Betray his asking naked heart.

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

Massachusetts Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
The Policyholder's Company
1851

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(*Continued from Page 119*) conference rooms, equipped with the latest audio-visual aids. AMA puts on two types of seminars—workshop groups, limited to not more than fifteen executives, who solve problems largely by discussion; and orientation seminars, consisting of groups of forty or more, with more emphasis on instruction.

"The remarkable thing about the small seminars," Keen said, "is that they produce an atmosphere in which 'Macy's really tells Gimbel's.' The participants—some of whom are direct business competitors—let down their hair in discussing not only their successes but their failures. They will point out flaws in their own organizations, and turn themselves inside-out to solve a rival's dilemma."

The AMA throws one cocktail party for each study unit, at the end of the first day's session. With staff officials, I attended the get-together for a management group that was beginning its second unit. Frank E. Fischer—director of the management course—came up with a man in tow who stood well over six feet and whose lapel badge identified him as Matthew J. Fleming, Jr., president of Clevite Harris Products, Inc.—a subsidiary of Clevite Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio. Fleming told me he had become interested in AMA following a chance conversation with employees of another company. Serious personnel problems had existed there before its manager was sent—protesting—to the AMA course.

"These fellows remarked," Fleming said, "that when the boss came back, he was a different man. 'We felt like we'd joined the human race,' they said. That sold me on taking the course myself."

Fleming—son of a well-known retired Cleveland banker—chose to enter manufacturing and learn the business from the ground up, rather than "trade on my father's reputation" in the banking field. He became a trouble-shooter for the parent Clevite Corporation, and last January was placed in charge of the Harris subsidiary, which makes unglamorous but highly essential rubber-and-metal parts used in every American make of passenger car, and other molded-rubber products.

When I visited Fleming in Cleveland, he expressed his enthusiasm for what he had learned so far in the AMA course, but said that for the time being he did not plan to order a single change in his plant operation. "One of the first things I learned at AMA is not to go over the head of a subordinate simply for the sake of speeding things up," he told me. "A principle of good management is to delegate responsibility, and then let the other fellow carry it out. I plan to send our key people to AMA, and let the changes stem from them."

The husky young president introduced me to his vice-president in charge of manufacturing, Edward T. King, who was to be in New York the following week to begin the management course.

"You were poetry in motion for a few seconds."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At the Hotel Astor, the following Monday morning, I spotted King on the back row in the room where President Appley was beginning his series of all-day lectures to Unit One. In the hall were seventy-eight students from France, Canada, the Philippines and all parts of the United States, representing companies ranging from one with only sixteen employees up to DuPont, which has a work force of 78,000 and an annual sales volume of two billion dollars. There also were Army and Air Force representatives; a Moody Bible Institute official, guest observers from Spain and Scotland, and a retired Army lieutenant general who had dropped in to inquire if he could enroll "under the GI bill of rights." The answer was no, but the general was invited to sit in as a guest and listen.

The men listened attentively, for Appley is a persuasive speaker. He graphically described the shortages in trained executives today, and warned of the pitfalls in looking for a fast "package deal" that will solve all management problems in one convenient bundle. He affirmed his belief in the profit system, and gave his conception of what a good manager isn't: "the guy who's always running around doing a dozen things himself rather than taking time to delegate responsibility; he lives on the telephone, always carries home a bulging brief case full of work that other people should have done, never takes a vacation, and—so help me—he's no manager!"

As the week went by, I watched earnest executives go through their paces in what the action-course directors call "hot" and "cold" role playing. As intent as any group of charades players at a party, the businessmen students acted out situations in which they tactfully tried to break the news to subordinates that they were being passed over for promotion and why, or to learn—through this self-analysis tool—why they themselves weren't getting along with the boss.

Several executives told of making valuable use of the "brainstorming" technique, which the AMA advocates. Brainstorming is a mass, mental blitz by an organization's staff to provide all possible solutions to troublesome problems. One sales manager set up such a session after his first week at AMA and said he came up with ideas that raised sales volume 55 per cent in one week.

Harold B. (Smitty) Schmidhauser—executive-action-course head—told of an electronics firm which spent $9000 fruitlessly on advertising for twelve desperately needed engineers. "Why not include an actual application blank in our next ad?" one executive suggested during a brainstorming session. Three small ads with the blank produced more than 400 replies, and the dozen posts were filled.

Many women executives have attended AMA courses and seminars, including at least one husband-and-wife team and the entire top administrative staff of the Girl Scouts' national organization. Recently, Sisters M. Dorothea and M. Eucharista, of the administration staff of Loretto Hospital, Chicago, joined thirteen male executives in a workshop seminar on Gearing the Training Function to Operating Management. The nuns delighted the businessmen by bringing a "cuss box" and collecting a twenty-five-cent fine—the proceeds going to charity—for every "hell" or "damn" uttered. They collected only seventy-five cents—all from one offender.

During the week, I kept in touch with Vice-President King from Clevite Harris. I had seen him in action in project sessions, and he was a vocal contributor. Several times he had emphasized to his colleagues that it would be wise to "digest" the knowledge they had gained so far and not rush back to the home office and try to change everything overnight. "The course makes you see how management can fail if it falls down in certain areas of human relationships," King said. "I heard of one hot-shot who tried to make like a ball of fire after just one week at AMA. The net result was confusion for everyone, and the guy fell flat on his face."

At Friday noon, graduation exercises were held for Unit Four of the management course. I had been told of lively past ceremonies. One year, a group of Texans—outfitted in Confederate uniforms—marched down the aisle and presented the AMA with a Confederate flag. Another time, a hitherto-solemn banker donated a bag of chocolate gold pieces "to launch a scholarship fund for the school football team."

This group—the seventy-fourth graduating class—was a serious one. The only frivolous touch was a singing of the AMA's Alma Mater, written by the poet laureate of the fourteenth graduating class, W. Harry Ticehurst, manager of the Electrotype and Plate Service Divisions of The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia—to wit:

High up in the Astor's rafters
Poised against the smog,
Stands our noble Alma Mater,
Students in a fog.

May each night's suggested reading
Keep us off Broadway.
Hail the master of the Astor!
Dear old A—M—A!

Fifteen minutes after graduation was over, there was a line at the hotel cashier's window. In the lobby, new graduates—some still wearing their identification badges—were telling one another good-by before taking their trains or planes back to Muskegon, Albuquerque, Birmingham, Chicago and Moline. "School" was out for the week, but no one on the AMA staff could take it easy. Plans for the summer classes at Colgate had to be completed, while—on the following Monday—in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, two new management units, twenty-one seminars and a collective-bargaining conference would get under way.

New Danger in Argentina (Continued from Page 39)

Apart from physical scars, the visitor to Argentina sees nothing to suggest that Argentina has been living in near-chaos. During their ten years under Perón terrorism, Argentines learned to hide fear behind a façade of studied normalcy. In Buenos Aires, sophisticated "*porteños*" ("people of the port") sip vermouth-and-soda at sidewalk cafés with the air of relaxed vacationers. But tension lurks in the atmosphere.

The wildest rumors of impending trouble flash through the city. You literally can see them spread. Throngs clogging the streets suddenly shrink into little knots to discuss the latest report. The value of the Argentine peso falls on blackboards of money-exchange houses. Rumor-mongering has become an art. Once, it was Perón's enemies who planted disquieting rumors; now it's the Peronists who harass the government with false reports.

A year after Perón's fall, a group of dedicated men is trying to lead Argentina to democracy. Their leader is Maj. Gen. Pedro Eugenio Aramburu. As provisional president, Aramburu heads a temporary "caretaker" regime set up by the rebels who overthrew Perón. Aramburu and his collaborators say their goal is to calm Argentina, "de-Peronize" it, prevent any other totalitarian force from usurping power, and then return the country to elected civilian rule. They do not want to stay in office any longer than necessary.

Aramburu rules by decree, backed by the armed forces. His regime has wrought some injustices. It has adopted a "punish-the-Peronists" attitude that may be actually encouraging resistance. But few doubt that the Aramburu government is sincerely trying to achieve democracy. Aramburu announced last July, ten months after Perón's fall, that elections to pick a constitutional government would be held sometime during the last three months of 1957. He figures his job will be done by then.

Aramburu is nothing like his worst enemy, Perón. Perón is a commanding figure over six feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds; Aramburu is of such modest height that he can't be easily spotted in a crowd. Where Perón exulted in the role of national hero, Aramburu expects little popularity because his is a thankless task of political and economic reconstruction. Perón reveled in calling his "*descamisados*" ("shirtless workers")

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into the Plaza de Mayo and hypnotizing them with diatribes against the rich; Aramburu reads speeches haltingly over the radio, and pleads for an end to class hatred.

Perón shouted a mystic "*justicialismo*" program for labor, disregarding the country's economic plight. Aramburu tells workers unhappy facts: Perón left the nation in an economic mess by draining its reserves, and they must work harder to help pull it out.

Perón adopted the role of weekend sportsman, roaring around town on a motor scooter in baseball cap and checked shirt. Aramburu exudes frosty dignity and dresses soberly even on festive occasions.

Aramburu—the accent is on the next to the last syllable—is fifty-three years old. Descended from the proud Basques of Northern Spain, he has a high forehead, thin lips and a straight, rather aristocratic nose. He and his wife have a son who is a law student at the University of Buenos Aires, and a daughter in high school. The family chose to reside at the vacation residence in suburban Olivos, shunning the sumptuous presidential mansion in downtown Buenos Aires where Perón lived in splendor. The downtown mansion is now being torn down.

Aramburu was born in Río Cuarto, a picturesque town in the *pampa* of Central Argentina, where his parents ran a cattle ranch. Aramburu was graduated from the National Military Academy as a second lieutenant in 1922. It soon became evident that he possessed a knack for administration. In 1930, after a military uprising overthrew President Hipólito Irigoyen, Aramburu was named federal administrator of the city of Atalaya. For several years after that he occupied similar posts.

In 1939, the year Perón went to fascist Italy on a two-year military mission, Aramburu left to do his studying in democratic France. On returning, he served in a succession of military commands, and by 1951 had won promotion to brigadier general.

Perón, distrusting him because he was one of the few army generals who could not be bought, isolated Aramburu in the post of army sanitation director. Two years later the army elevated Aramburu to major general, but gave him another "safe" job—director of the National War School.

Although he had no fighting forces to commit, Aramburu helped plot the revolution which toppled Perón. When the revolt started, Aramburu was flown to Corrientes Province in northeastern Argentina, where he was to have seized command of the garrison at Curuzú-Cuatiá. On arrival, he and a group of aides got into a jeep at the airport and started driving toward the army post.

Peronist noncommissioned officers, knowing what was up, had provided the jeep with only enough gas to go six miles. Aramburu was stranded between the airport and the base. He had to flee into hiding as loyalists began a hunt for him.

After the revolution, the victors named Aramburu army chief of staff. From there he was elevated to the provisional presidency by his democratic military colleagues, who forced General Lonardi out.

"When the subject of a successor to Lonardi came up," recalls one lieutenant colonel, "there was no question that Aramburu was the man. He had been known throughout the army for a long time as thoroughly democratic."

Another reason they put Aramburu in, it is suspected, is that they thought they could manage him. But he has turned out to be more of a president than they expected. Aramburu is a leader who, despite a mild exterior, can crack down with force and decision.

Sit down across Aramburu's desk in Casa Rosada and he will fix a friendly but penetrating eye on you, and answer questions in a deep voice. You soon conclude that he is acutely concerned about building the foundations for democracy on the ruins of Perón's dictatorship.

He said in an interview, "Perón will never return to power. His influence has declined enormously. Those who served the overthrown regime are already convinced of the deceit by which they were victimized and realize a return to Peronism is impossible. In any case," he said, "the revolution will use all the instruments necessary to re-establish and assure democracy."

Aramburu has warned ambitious generals and politicians against hatching intrigues. Dr. Alberto Gainza Paz, famed editor whose newspaper La Prensa was confiscated by Perón and returned by Aramburu, describes Aramburu this way:

"He is a quiet fellow, does not talk very much and is discreet. There is no doubt that he and the men around him are sincerely determined not to stay in the government, but to turn it over next year to a constitutional regime."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Doubtful Plenty

Two things in life I've had
and ample:
Good advice and bad
example.

By Georgie
Starbuck Galbraith

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Backing up Aramburu is his provisional vice-president, Rear Admiral Isaac Rojas. It was Rojas who seized command of Argentina's ocean fleet and vowed to shell Buenos Aires unless Perón got out. Rojas represents the navy, and the navy exerts the balance of power which is keeping Aramburu in office. The army is split between ardent and lukewarm backers of Aramburu, but the navy stands forcefully united behind him. The navy's willingness to fight may have prevented dissident generals from trying a coup—so far.

This is the first time in Argentine history that the navy has assumed a key role. In the past, the army ran things unchallenged. But with Rojas' threat to bombard Buenos Aires the navy suddenly became aware of its strategic power. The big guns of its two battleships, six cruisers and eleven destroyers can command the capital and key cities along the nation's Atlantic coast. Its river fleet of gunboats and torpedo boats is capable of attacking major interior points. It has a sizable air arm of fighters and bombers, and an outfit patterned after the United States Marine Corps, which is one of the best-trained, best-equipped ground forces in Argentina. Since Perón's defeat the navy has been beefing up its power.

Rojas' admirers revere him as a stanch fighter for democracy. He receives more applause than Aramburu when they appear together in newsreels. A swarthy, beetle-browed little man with a volatile air, Rojas passionately despises Perón. Friends dub Rojas "*hormiga negra*" ("black ant") because of his tough "punish-them-for-treason" attitude toward Peronists. Rojas opposes just as strongly what he deems other totalitarian threats, including church domination of government. He once told a visiting bishop with typical bluntness, "We in the government would be grateful if certain priests would cease attacking us so much."

Aramburu and Rojas symbolize a core of army, navy and air-force officers who are fed up with strong-arm rule. Even though they have been forced to use stern measures against Peronist and right-wing opponents, they want a peaceful democracy. Nothing quite like them has come along before. Many are young—lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels—and exhibit almost religious zeal. Argentines have nicknamed these men "*los gorilas*," which in this case translates as "the young Turks."

The "young Turks'" rise to power in the army is noteworthy. The United States and Great Britain influenced the development of the navy and the air force. But German advisers played a big part in training Argentina's Prussian-type generals, who, as one observer put it, "wanted the country run like an efficient barracks with themselves in charge."

The military men who now back Aramburu say they will fight all forms of totalitarianism. One army officer said he supported the ouster of General Lonardi because "we did not get rid of one dictatorship just so another could take its place." Another Argentine told me if Aramburu or Rojas should ever start getting delusions of grandeur "the young officers would throw them out too."

Aramburu and Co. have barred all members of their government, military and civilian alike, from running for office in next year's election. They also have banned all other military men, whether in active duty or retirement, from candidacy. The objectives are, first, to prevent any official from using the provisional government for personal political advantage, and, second, to get the government back to civilians. Only two civilians have been president during five of the last twenty-six years. To Socialist leader Nicolas Repetto, "The political work now being done is without precedent here or in any other Latin-American country."

This yearning for democracy is a reaction to Perón's iron rule. A lesser dictator might have fallen only to be succeeded, because of national apathy, by another. Aramburu's supporters say, "We must never have another dictatorship of any kind." To succeed, they must keep the vengeful Peronists and sullen generals at bay until election day.

The disturbing fact is that Perón's faithful form a solid political bloc still not won over to the revolution. No one knows precisely what percentage of Argentina's 19,000,000 citizens are Peronists. It may be more than half or it may be less. Peronist labor resists Aramburu's idea of working harder to boost production. Peronists, so far, have refused to align themselves with existing democratic political parties. Aramburu and his men therefore are trying to impose democracy on a country where a great part of the populace does not understand the difference between enlightened self-rule and blindly following a demagogue.

Perón's power was rooted in decades of mounting bitterness of the lower classes. Wealthy landowners had long thwarted the slightest move by the "*descamisado*" to improve his lot. Perón convinced millions of workers he was their first champion. Their hero worship swept him into the presidency in 1946 and kept him there as he clamped a steel grip on the nation.

The workers kept cheering Perón even as he jailed and tortured political opponents, turned Congress and the courts into rubber stamps, permitted the burning of opposition-party headquarters and Buenos Aires' multimillion-dollar Jockey Club by government-paid thugs. But along with those outrages, he rammed through long-overdue social reforms, improving wages and working conditions for every labor group, from bootblacks to bank clerks.

A maid told me bitterly, "Perón is for the people. And the people love Perón." A taxi driver recalled, "Perón did things for people. My son won a prize at school for good grades. Perón sponsored the prize. You know what it was? A free vacation in the country for our whole family." Peronists refuse to be bothered by accusations that Perón was not only a tyrant but a corrupter of teen-age girls and a thief who shipped millions of dollars to European banks. They chalk on brick walls by night: "*Ladrón o no ladrón, queremos a Perón.*" ("Thief or not, we love Perón.")

So strong was Perón's grip that it took the wrath of the Roman Catholic church and two revolts to break it. Perón aroused the ire of clerics when, not long after Eva Perón died of cancer in 1952 at the age of thirty-three, he took a sudden interest in adolescent girls. In late 1954, Catholics started a Christian Democratic Party. Perón guessed rightly they were out to undermine his rule. He launched a campaign to intimidate the Catholics. His police jailed priests and his street bullies broke up Catholic rallies. But Perón's ill-advised war on the Church not only stiffened Catholic resistance but touched off long-dormant opposition in the armed forces.

On June 16, 1955, rebel navy and air-force planes bombed and machine-gunned the Casa Rosada while a detachment of marines attacked from the nearby navy ministry. The idea was to kill Perón and seize the government house. But Perón escaped to the army ministry. Loyal army units overran the rebel airfields. Peronist labor leaders grabbed rifles and helped Casa Rosada guards cut down the marines. That night Peronists burned eight of Buenos Aires' finest Catholic churches plus the episcopal palace and beat one aged priest fatally with blackjacks.

Three months later it was a different story. The burning of the churches had sent a wave of indignation through army generals who previously went along with the dictator. On September 16, 1955, the revolt began at Córdoba, in Central Argentina, where General Lonardi, the rebel commander in chief, set up his headquarters and beamed orders by radio to other rebel units. In just four days the insurgents controlled the entire nation except the capital district, and the ocean fleet was training its guns on that. Perón fled.

It was the accumulated decay of the Perón regime as much as rebel determination which overthrew him. Right up to the end Perón had numerical superiority. He had labor, much of which was armed. Most army noncommissioned officers and many officers were stanch Peronists. But Perón didn't trust his generals, and they didn't trust him or one another. The loyalists collapsed in confusion as their leader fled.

Joyous anti-Peronists ripped and smashed the millions of busts and portraits by which the dictator sought to symbolize himself as a god. The only place now remaining where Perón's name is publicly displayed is on his grandfather's tomb in Buenos Aires. Only after the initial jubilation did Perón's foes realize his downfall raised the curtain on the more difficult fight to win democracy from the freedom they had regained.

The main problem was the mass of Peronists. And it spawned the second big danger—the (*Continued on Page 124*)

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(*Continued from Page 122*) split between the original rebels. General Lonardi took over as provisional president and ran into immediate trouble. Peronist leaders of the 6,000,000-member General Confederation of Labor defied him with repeated strike threats. Lonardi vainly tried conciliation and compromise. The nation was in an uproar.

The turmoil finally proved too much for the "young Turks." Seven weeks after Perón's fall they ousted Lonardi in a bloodless coup and installed Aramburu. They charged that "Catholic nationalist" rightists were running the government through Lonardi. Although Lonardi might have been sincere in trying to soothe Peronists into submission with a policy of "neither victors nor vanquished," they claimed that the rightists behind him really wanted to capture Perón's followers intact for a Falange-type movement. There is no denying Lonardi loaded his regime with men known for their pro-Hitler stand in World War II and their sympathy toward Spanish dictator Franco.

The ousting of Lonardi enraged General Bengoa, Lonardi's army minister, and other rebel officers who liked Lonardi. To Gen. Juan José Uranga, Lonardi's transport minister, the coup amounted to "treason to the chief of the revolution." He vowed it would not go unpunished. Thus did Aramburu and his "young Turks" start walking their tightrope between the Peronists and the generals.

Less than twenty-four hours after Aramburu took over, the Peronist-dominated General Confederation of Labor called a nationwide strike. Aramburu booted the Peronists out of the organization's key posts and put a navy captain in charge. Their strike power broken, Peronists organized an underground campaign. They derailed trains, damaged factory machinery, set fires and even seasoned bread and bonbons with ground glass. During Christmas week, 1955, just six weeks after Aramburu took office, his forces had to quell uprisings at two air bases. In Buenos Aires, La Plata, Mendoza, Córdoba, Resistencia, Santa Fe and other points the government nipped plots. It shipped more than 100 troublemakers southward to Patagonia, Argentina's "Siberia." But the harassment continued.

Perón himself has helped stir up trouble from exile, first in Paraguay, later in Panama and now in Venezuela. Slyly, he keeps himself before his followers. He wrote a letter to Aramburu challenging him to a duel. In an interview with Joseph Newman, of the New York Herald Tribune, Perón claimed he would return to power before the end of this year on the crest of an uprising which might claim one million lives.

"An excellent indication of the man's ego!" snapped one anti-Peronist. "What patriotism! He would be willing to expend a million lives just to get back in Casa Rosada."

Fighting the Peronists, Aramburu soon encountered serious trouble from the right. General Bengoa wrote an open letter accusing the government of persecuting Peronists. The army shipped Bengoa and his family to virtual exile in Esquel, a hamlet high in the Patagonian Andes, under five months' arrest. Ousted Provisional President Lonardi, ailing for months with high blood pressure, died last March twenty-second. This gave his admirers an emotional issue. Gen. Eduardo Señorans, delivering the funeral oration with Aramburu standing beside him, denounced the charge that Lonardi had aided totalitarianism. The army sentenced Señorans to sixty days' arrest for his remarks. The stern treatment given Bengoa and Señorans stirred rumblings of discontent even from supporters of Aramburu. The Argentine army has its *esprit de corps*, and you don't kick prominent generals around lightly.

Saturday night, June ninth, Perón's followers finally succeeded in pulling off a full-scale rebellion. They seized the provincial capital of Santa Rosa, a barracks at Campo de Mayo outside Buenos Aires, and the 7th Infantry Regiment barracks at La Plata. The uprising caught Aramburu on a boat in the Paraná River. Vice-President Rojas took command and crushed the revolt in twelve hours. Possibly 100 died, including twenty-six rebels shot down by firing squads.

A year after Perón, the tension heightens. The Peronists say last June's revolt went off half-cocked and that a much more powerful uprising which will include mass strikes looms ahead. Meanwhile, the threat from the right grows. Hardly had the Peronist revolt been put down when rumors sprang up that right-wing generals planned to lead a rebellion. Aramburu called Bengoa, Uranga and Señorans to a secret conference. Catholic sources said later the trio forced Aramburu, through an ultimatum, to hear their complaints.

A more ominous trend is developing. What their opponents call the "Catholic nationalist" group is edging closer and closer to the Peronists in common cause against the Aramburu government. The extreme right-wingers accuse the government of depriving workers of their rights by keeping control of the General Confederation of Labor too long, of letting Perón-era political and military leaders linger indefinitely in prison without being tried. Ardent Catholics say the Aramburu government exhibits dangerous leftist tendencies.

General Bengoa has become a rallying point for Peronists and extreme rightists. There is talk of running Bengoa for president if Aramburu can be pressured into canceling the decree barring military men from candidacy. Alejandro Leloir, national chairman of the now-outlawed Peronista Party at the time Perón fell, is mentioned as Bengoa's vice-presidential running mate.

A Peronist-Catholic nationalist link-up may sound incredible in view of the fact Peronists burned Roman Catholic churches. But it would be advantageous to each side. Such a deal could lead the government to force into office next year, by any means possible, a "democratic" candidate not compromised with the Peronists. This candidate would probably represent the Radical Party, the most powerful legal political group, standing slightly left of center. But then Aramburu's provisional government would be open to charges of trying to dictate the next president—thus giving would-be revolutionaries an excuse for violent action. And that, the pessimists envision, might lead to a stalemate with the navy controlling the capital and Atlantic-seacoast cities, and the army seizing the interior.

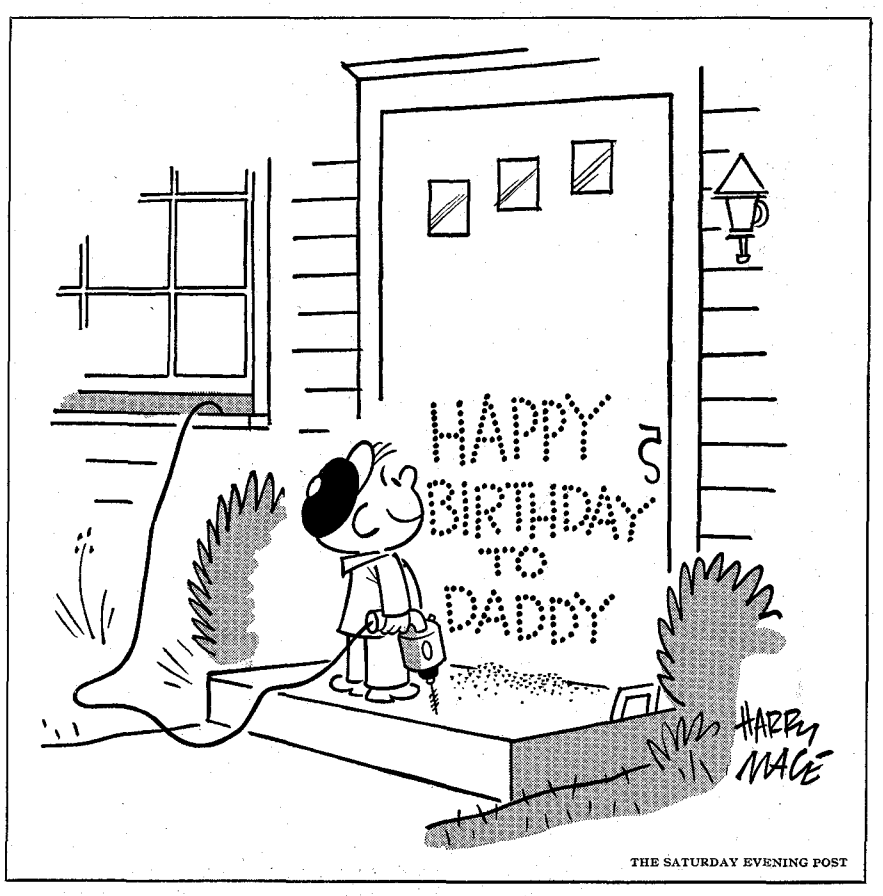
Argentines could make their nation the greatest in Latin America. Theirs is the lowest illiteracy rate in Latin America, 14 per cent (compared to 80 per cent in neighboring Bolivia, 3 per cent in the United States). The population is mostly of European descent. The country has a terrific competitive spirit. Its temperate, invigorating climate contrasts with the deadening heat of Latin countries nearer the equator. Perón, for all his faults, laid down a set of social-welfare laws which, judiciously utilized, could form the foundation for progressive democracy.

The United States has a big stake in what happens to this southern anchor of the hemispheric chain. United States business has some $350,000,000 invested in Argentina, producing everything from cotton to razor blades. Argentina, under Aramburu, is solidly aligned with the hemisphere anti-Red bloc. The Reds, however, are going all-out to lure leaderless Peronists into their camp. The Russian embassy has opened a trade and culture drive which meshes nicely with the offensive by domestic communists. If the country fails to achieve stability, the communists could become a grave threat.

Can Aramburu and Co. succeed in setting "the great democratic example"? They are certainly determined enough. Says Vice-President Rojas, the "*hormiga negra*": "Only death can keep us from arriving at the destination we have fixed for ourselves—which is to hand the government to constitutional powers derived from law."

But they may have to achieve democracy by ramming it down the throats of a great sector of the populace, the Peronists. That is going to be a tricky business.

THE END



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Day of Terror (Continued from Page 41)

"Yes," Sally said. "Our children—when they were young," and then the telephone rang. Braven had the coffee for Josephine L.C. Sally stepped inside to answer the phone.

Leander McCullogh's old blue eyes looked into Sam Roth's; then he stooped and put the lighted end of his cigarette into a white porcelain ash tray and pressed hard. "I did the portraits some years back, Mr. Roth. Don't walk into it again, but don't feel badly. Those two splendid boys—did not live."

Clarissa Sunbury had waited a pointed moment after Josephine Cunningham sat down next to her. Then she laughed sharply at something Cab Duryea said over the way, and she got up and crossed deliberately to Cab. Braven Powell brought the coffee to Josephine.

Flank Speed, who had been leaning over Josephine's enormous right shoulder, laughing with her, left her with Braven and stepped at once across to the Sunbury girl, took her arm, turned her to the lanai edge and in his quiet voice said, "Remember, please, that I picked you up two days ago. That you are a guest here. Josephine's skin is dark, but she is the whitest woman I have ever known. Royal as any Hapsburg—if you want your nose rubbed in it. You are among gentle people. I will call a cab for you or bring you a drink now. Which?"

Clarissa looked at him for a moment with utter fury in her eyes; then she said, "You may bring me a drink—dad."

Well behind them, Braven turned his sleek, planed, graying head toward the open doors where Sally held the telephone covered with her left hand.

"It's Mike Takezawa," she told him. "Could he bring a Baron Saito—who has no English?"

"Why not?" Braven smiled. "Flank Speed was a language officer in Tokyo before the war. I'll struggle through the amenities. Cab here will give with the USO 'Dozo' and 'Ha.' Of course, tell Mike to bring him. By all means."

Cab Duryea winked at Sam Roth. "I told you, boy. All real—and now yet a baron. And you wanted to stay at the hotel and read the Sunday papers?"

Sam Roth said, "With a comedian, why mention André Gide? So I said 'Sunday papers.' Do you get a sense of the whole vast Pacific maelstrom drawn into focus on this hilltop? Culturally—which is a lousy word? Spiritually—which is little better? In its quintessence of understanding—which is the best way I can put it? From San Francisco to the Sunda Strait? Wonsan to the Auckland Islands?"

"As a boy in Rochester," Cab grinned, "I really wanted to be a concert violinist. I compromised. Relax and don't prod me with your troubled soul. You make good money selling it. Compromise."

"The long-legged dame, then." Sam shrugged, and he walked over to Clarissa Sunbury at the lanai edge, toying now with the drink the admiral had brought her, but still angry at herself, which is the worst kind of anger.

When you time and space it, at least an hour must have gone by from the time Mike Takezawa called until he drove in. If you know the Japanese you must know that they are no more a race than Americans are. There are recognizable strains of Indian, Mongol, Ainu, Chinese, Polynesian and Malayan in them, but they breed at times in their islands a bloodline of body structure and head and face that produces men who look not too unlike a similar strain in America.

Mike Takezawa was of that type. So was the baron—both pleasant-faced men, both well-tailored. Braven Powell went out to meet them when the car drove up. Through the open doors and the great room beyond with the two portraits of Chance and Norwood at twelve and thirteen and the crimson-and-yellow cloak of King Kamehameha behind its glass protection, you could see Mike shake hands with Braven and make the introductions. You could see the baron place his hands upon the fronts of his thighs above the knees and bow several times. Braven returned the bows exactly as they were given, stiltedly speaking the ceremonial words of welcome. He was not at the moment an American in the awkward travesty of a foreign mannerism—a buffoon attempting to kiss the hand of a grandam. The Oriental flavor of his manner went well back into Braven's boyhood, when his father first took him around the company's Asiatic trade routes—to know at first hand the "Powell ports," as occasional older men still call them in San Francisco.

As they came through to the lanai, Flank-Speed Oesterreich leaned toward Leander McCullogh. "Am I wrong, Lee, or is this the Saito who was Minister for Naval Air in '41? The one they imprisoned, themselves, after Pearl Harbor?"

Leander said, "The thought was in my mind for a second when Sally spoke the name, but I think that Saito died. They were of the old order—those Saitos. His sons were killed in action, as I remember, and his wife committed *jigai*." Leander's long fingers brushed his throat. "The throat piercing of the Japanese woman of station. I think afterwards Saito—just died."

Then the admiral stepped over to Braven, Mike and the baron and opened the secondary batteries of his language-school Japanese, and it was suddenly plain that the baron was old, for the smile of gratefulness for his own tongue fairly competently handled was an old man's timid smile.

Mike Takezawa is the traveling Air-Nippon diplomatic boy—the friend maker, the pourer of (*Continued on Page 127*)

Complaint Department

By Herbert Merrill

The goldenrod has come
and gone,
The frost has silvered all
the lawn,
Gray morning turns to
grayer noon
Without a single robin tune,
And though I wish it were
not so,
Another week will bring the
snow.

I used to think a man a fool
To set his will against the
rule
Of calendar or equinox,
But I become less orthodox
As I grow older, and I
would
Abolish winter, if I could.

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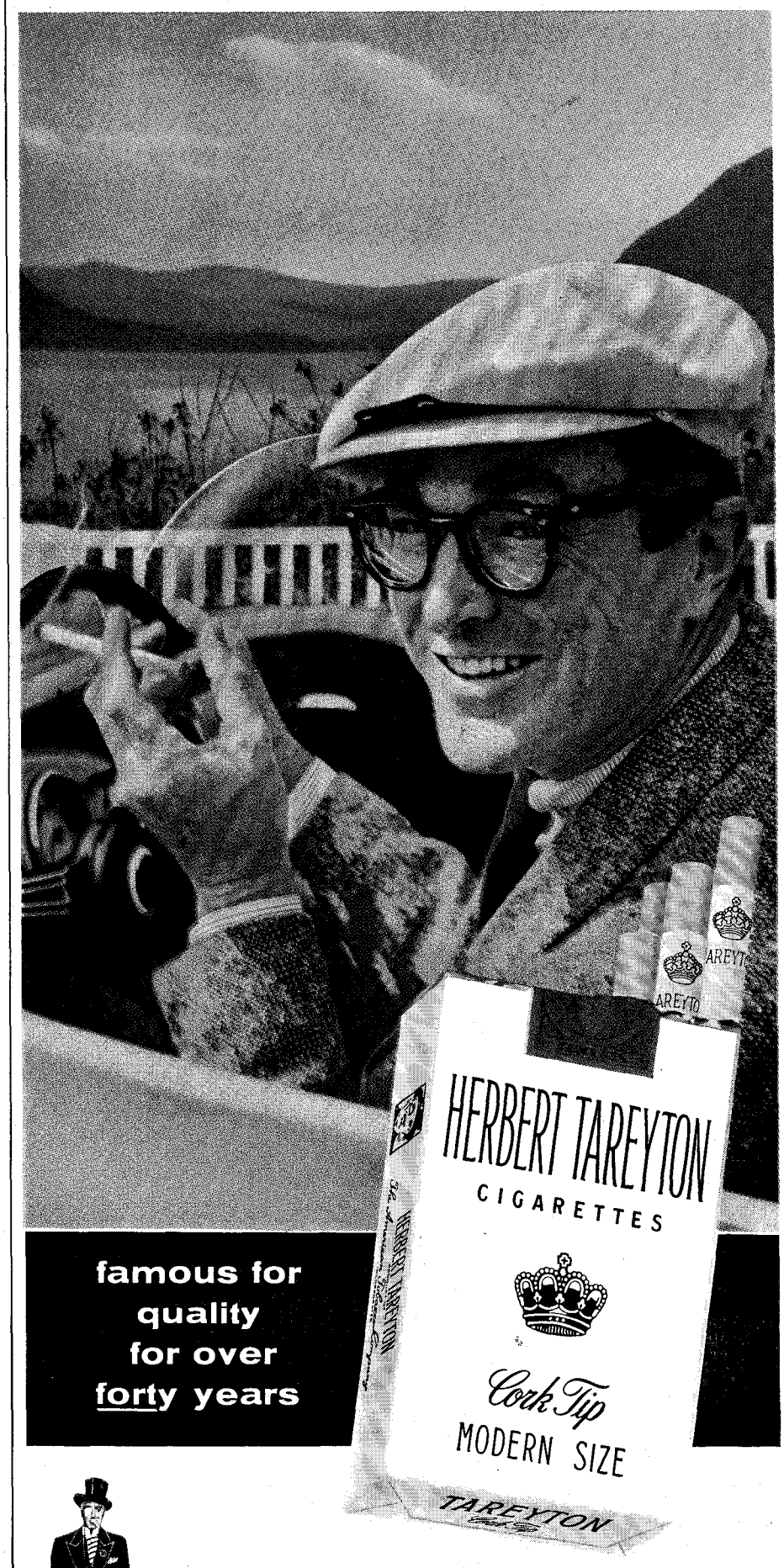

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(*Continued from Page 125*) the oil. Yale half a dozen years back, in Savile Row clothing, with his Stork Club patter beautifully handled. They went around counter to each other, Flank-Speed introducing the baron, slowly of necessity to translate; Mike Takezawa offering himself with the words here and the smiles there that are the tools of his Vishnu-Siva trade. Which is by way of saying somewhat two-faced.

Sam Roth watched it with the gutted feeling that he couldn't ever write it better. That no producer would dream of casting it as it was, if he did. Himself out of the Russian pogroms two generations back—through the ghettos of Westphalia to New York's East Side and Harvard. Standing beside Clarissa Sunbury, born probably to Carolinian sharecroppers, once removed, but smoothed by fashion magazines to an acceptable hotel woman. Craggy, white-haired Leander McCullogh, as fine a painter as Grant Wood—better, because Leander paints air. Cab Duryea—close friend to Bob Hope, Jackie Gleason and Braven Powell. Braven Powell with his roots deep in the bucko days of the Pacific, overlaid with the smooth, pleasant, hard patina of San Francisco—and not yet run back to shirt sleeves—and not going back in his time, for his fine mind was still there for two Presidents and a chief of staff to use as a by-product of the Trans-Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which he still runs under the white-tern house flag of almost two centuries' standing. Sally, Braven's good lady wife. Josephine Liholiho Cunningham—three hundred pounds of Hawaiian royalty and a most graceful dancer still at seventy, for her soul was born gay. Admiral (Flank-Speed) Oesterreich from an Ohio farm, through Annapolis, to a legend in destroyers almost Nelsonian.

Within the circle, the quiet old Japanese—samurai if you care for a misunderstood word. Bowing to each, mouthing his own courtesies in his own language for Flank-Speed's and Braven's elided translations. With Mike Takezawa shaking hands the other way round, quipping easily, smiling, tossing the blithe word.

It was Sam Roth who first felt it go sour—felt the breath of fear in his nostrils. It came to Sam down the ten thousand years of his race memory, and the hackles of defense chilled his upper spine.

"I hope," Mike Takezawa said to Sally, "that you will overlook the way I have had to do it. With no warning, I mean?"

"Don't be silly, Mike. Sunday mornings this house is flung wide. A movable feast. Which is the way Braven and I like it."

"I mean, you see," Mike said, "that there was pressure"—and Sam Roth knew that what Mike was really doing was throwing old Saito into somebody else's lap, to keep his own lap clean for his job with the airline.

"Stop apologizing, Mike," Sally laughed. "It doesn't sit you well. You are quite welcome. So is your friend."

Sam Roth thought, *Good; you've got the old man right back now in your own lap.*

Then it was that Flank-Speed abruptly stopped speaking. He was at the lanai edge with the baron. He had just made the introduction to Clarissa and to Sam. Clarissa, still holding her drink with her right hand, offered her left. Braven Powell stood slightly behind them, and Flank-Speed turned a quick glance toward him as the baron spoke briefly and then stepped off onto the lawn, his back to the whole company, and stood looking down at the Buddhist shrine on the slope below, his hands clasped before him in an attitude of humility.

"Did you understand what he said, Braven?" the admiral asked quietly.

"I'm afraid I didn't. I don't have much grasp of idiom. Only words."

The admiral looked quickly across at Sally. Her back was turned. She was talking to Josephine and Leander. He looked at Mike. He said softly to Braven again, "I don't think you want any part of this, Braven. I think I'll wring Mike Takezawa's fine-shirted neck for him. . . . Mike!"

Mike smiled and came up to Admiral Oesterreich. "What the hell is this, Mike?"

Mike spread his hands. "It's really rather sad, admiral, if you take the broad view. He is an old man—of the older thinking. He merely wants to see the place."

"Then why be Japanese about it? Why the indirection? You're an American. Why not tell Sally and Braven what you really wanted? And why pick today, with a lot of people here?"

"Does it do any real harm?" Mike asked pleasantly enough. "It's the first time I ever knew about it myself, and I've been here a dozen times. I've seen the shrine a dozen times. You could have knocked me down with a feather when they told us at headquarters what was under the mound beside it. Shall we leave, then, Braven? Perhaps that would be best?"

Braven Powell studied Mike Takezawa's face for a moment. His expression did not change from open friendship, except in the eyes. His eyes shadowed slightly. "No, of course, you will not leave—until the baron has made his prayer—or whatever."

Then Mike pressed his luck through the silence that hung at the lanai edge, because he was vaguely embarrassed, disturbed. "He was imprisoned for years," Mike said softly in his bid for justification. "But he is an honored man now in Japan, for the new people now in power know that he was right about Pearl Harbor. That it should not have happened. He is old. His wife and two sons are gone. He makes his peace. The grave of his oldest son he has visited already in Burma. Now he comes for the one here. He travels under courtesy diplomatic passport. When he came here, our Tokyo office, under Foreign Office request, put him in my charge. At headquarters here—through Washington—he was given the information to find the other grave. Believe me, Braven ——"

"Shut up," Flank-Speed growled.

For a moment Braven Powell stood quite still—a tall, beautifully built figure of an aging man going on into the years with his courage intact.

Then he said, "Sally, why don't you take Miss Sunbury and Josephine, Cab and Leander through to the sun room and show them the miniature cryptomeria trees?"

Sally Powell turned sharply about, as if she were reacting to a strange noise in the night. She saw her husband's face, felt the impelling timbre of his voice.

She smiled and said, "From Nikko. You won't believe it, but they are older than the oldest California redwood, and not over eighteen inches high"—and in a moment the lanai was empty, except for Sam Roth in the shadowed peacock chair, and the four men on the lanai edge. Sam could not move, for if he did he knew he would be violently sick on the yellow tiles.

At the lanai edge, the Baron Saito stood down on the lawn, still facing the shrine, took a few steps toward the mound. Admiral Oesterreich stood behind him to the left, Braven Powell behind and to the right. Mike Takezawa, behind all of them, closed the diamond they formed. It was ridiculously like a lodge-drill-team stance for a moment—or a travesty of a military figure. A reviewing officer, perhaps, and his aides.

"Make it plain to him," Braven said, "that the shrine was here long before the house was built. That I did not put it up to mark the incident."

The admiral said it in Japanese, and Saito bowed understanding without turning from his contemplation.

"It is Buddha Amitabha," Braven went on, "with a Bodhisattva on either side. The smaller figurines, those are."

The admiral nodded. "He has told me that himself. He is a devout man. Instructed."

"Professor Gustafsen," Braven said, "places it as a seventh-century copy. Done here perhaps a century ago, when the first Japanese came to Hawaii. Why it was put up no one knows, but the

"On the third day of the cruise it got so rough they had to lash Fred to the bar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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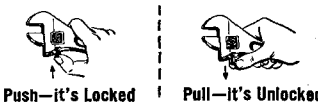

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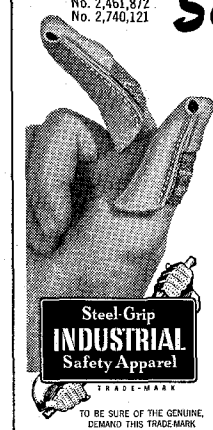

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Islanders always distrusted it. It has been *kapu* as long as Hawaiian memory. *Tabu.*" Braven's voice, as he said these things, had lost all inflection. Except for the controlled thread of emotion woven through it, his voice might have been a transcription. When he stopped, the old Baron Saito began to speak softly with the intense, quiet sound of a man at prayer.

"He is reading from the inscription," the admiral said. "'The First Truth is the Truth of Pain. The Second is that the fact of Pain leads to all cravings—that one may escape. The Third is that the controlled cessation of craving brings about the cessation of Pain. The Fourth Truth is that the Path to that goal must inevitably lead to right views, right intention, right action—and all the rest of rightness.'"

"I am an Episcopalian," Braven said. "We are not in fundamental conflict. If he would like to go down to the mound, you may tell him he may. Make it plain, however, that we had nothing to do with it. The authorities took complete charge. It was their decision. It was almost an hour after the main attack was made on Pearl Harbor. This plane must have been hit by automatic fire from Schofield. It was obviously crippled." Braven stepped down and raised an arm toward the roof of his house. "It came in at a steep angle, with all guns firing, and plowed in right beside the shrine. Went deep into the soft hillside and burned. If his son was the pilot, what is left is still there, as well as the gunner's body. The whole crash was merely mounded over after Intelligence was finished."

Now, a strong man at the portal of his weak years must learn to live with the deterioration of his body, for if he does not, it will betray him. There was just the faintest quaver in Braven Powell's voice as he spoke the last sentence. He closed his lips tightly upon it.

Flank-Speed stepped to him and gripped his upper arm. "And that's all? You won't tell him the rest?"

"He's my guest," Braven said, "and a sad old man. What good would it do fourteen years afterward?"—and Braven freed his arm. "I will go in and find Sally," he said.

There was a final awful moment for Sam Roth. He had not moved, for he still could not. His whole slender, dark body had gone cold.

His heart froze when Mike Takezawa said, "Tell him what rest, admiral?"

Flank-Speed spun around and faced Mike Takezawa and coldly said the word to him. Called it sharp and plain. Shot it full into his teeth. Then he leveled his long finger. "Those two boys inside, Chance and Norwood. The portraits on the wall. Twelve and thirteen years old. Have you any idea what that Sunday morning was or how far we really are from the States out here? When Braven left, armed to do what he could as a reservist, they got their air rifles. When that plane came over, they stood to it as boys will. No! I'm a liar—as men! White men—firing into its useless, murderous, futile, dying fire." Flank-Speed brought both open hands up under Mike Takezawa's face, the fingers pronged rigidly. Then he dropped them. "They were both killed."

In Sam Roth's throat, the bile surged in fiery bitterness. He covered his mouth and swallowed desperately.

Mike Takezawa put both his hands to his face. "I swear I didn't know, admiral. I never heard—the story."

"You have now," Oesterreich said. Then they both turned. The Baron Saito had made his prayer to his dead son's grave, come back from the mounded grassy slope; stood, a man apart now in his soul, as if waiting.

Mike drew in a deep breath. "Now you will tell him too?"

"He'd tell me, you can bet! Why should I let him off? I'm old too. So is Braven Powell. The baron seeks the Path. Maybe I can give it to him through the older law of an eye and a tooth—for an eye and a tooth"—and he turned slowly to the Baron Saito, and he told him curtly, the way he would pass an order on his bridge.

The old Japanese listened carefully. Then, for a moment he stood quite still, looking at Admiral Oesterreich. Then he put his old worn hands to the tops of his thighs above his knees and bowed in his fashion.

Mike let him go on ahead to leave, following slowly after him. Saito crossed the lanai slowly, passed Sam Roth in the peacock chair without seeing him, and went into the broad, quiet living room. Sam Roth was the only one who had him in his line of sight now, but Sam still couldn't move. Saito stopped before Norwood's eager young face and bowed solemnly to the boy. He then turned to the portrait of Chance Powell, and in one deft and rhythmic motion bowed deeply and, with the same flow of old muscles, went to his knees and haunches, his forehead on the floor. He looked up at Chance's fine young face. Then he took the emperor knife from wherever it was that he carried it, plunged it into the left side of his abdomen, drew it sharply across to the right, and cut upward, just as Mike got to the doorway and shouted—just as Sam screamed, "No!"

The three of them were beside the old man, trying stupidly to straighten him from his body clench of final pain.

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ARTHUR LARSEN

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"Hara-kiri!" Flank Speed snarled. "Get an ambulance, Mike!"

As they remembered afterward, the increasing staccato of Tony Powell's hot-rod had been chattering up the drive toward the house for several seconds before. It fired into the car oval now with a final machine-gun burst and broke off. Before Mike could ring the operator, young Tony pulled open the front door and bear-cubbed to a full stop.

"What the ——"

Flank Speed said, "Tony, they are in the sun room. Your mother and some people. Keep them there. Send your father ——"

"Sure, Uncle Flank. How'd it happen?" Then it came over his surface youthful mind, like a blow smashing glass, that it was no accident. "For God's sake—hara-kiri? Who is he?"

"Tony!" the admiral said. "Move!" for the youngster stood there, stiff, the planes of his fine-boned face gone tight, his long legs planted rigidly, the wild anger flaming in his eyes. "Who let him do it? In this room, of all places?" His arm flashed up as his father's had when he pointed to the house roof outside. "With my two brothers' pictures!" Then, as youth will in its eternal frantic futility at times, "Get him out of here! I won't have my mother and father face this lousy mess!" Then he saw his father in the lanai doorway and he drew in his breath sharply.

Braven Powell said, "Steady, Tony," and he said to Flank Speed, "Is there still a pulse?" and the admiral said, "Fluttering out."

Mike Takezawa said, "The ambulance is on its way. I don't get it. To have had the knife on him, he must have planned it all along. Planned to do it at his son's graveside, not knowing it was so near a private house."

"Near a private house!" Tony snorted. "How near can you get?"

"Steady, Tony," Braven said.... "You told him, didn't you, Flank?"

And the admiral said, "Of course, I told him. You don't think I'd let any of them off, do you?"

In his blind anger, Tony sputtered again.

"Stop it, Tony." Braven shook his head. "In his own way of living, he has done this house the greatest honor in his power. He has turned his back to his own, and paid tribute to ours. He has apologized as handsomely as any man can, by a very ancient code. The least we can do is to be gracious enough to accept it." Braven's eyes flashed briefly to each of the eager young faces on the wall, and there seemed to be a book in his mind that was closing at last—that had left him all these years with a tragic sense of incompleteness, but that now was bringing to him the full knowledge that Someone else writes the stories and that no man born of woman has the right of final criticism.

When the ambulance was gone and they were all gone—Miss Sunbury and Flank Speed, Josephine and Leander McCullogh, Cab Duryea and Sam Roth—Braven Powell poured a stiff brandy for Sally and he said, "I've never analyzed the fact of love because it has never seemed necessary to me, my dear. It was always enough that I always knew I loved you."

He smiled. "But if I hadn't, I would have admired you and trusted you and looked up to you in a completeness of friendship that I have never been able to give to any man. I hope that means something to you, for it is the nearest I have ever come to understanding a fundamental fact."

"Will you please stop, Braven?" she said. "I don't want to cry in front of Tony."

Big Tony surged across to her and stood with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his lips pressed tight, shaking his head slowly.

Then he said, "Gee, mom, you are quite a guy. Quite a character. The way you handled it!"

"When you have a job, Tony, you do it."

"That's why I came back up." He turned to his father. "A man gets crazy at times, sir. I guess it's natural to want to tear free and go on your own. I guess with me there was more of a push than there usually is, because—because it somehow seemed until now that I was just the third-string man. Please don't get me wrong. You fellows never made me feel it." He tapped his chest. "I just felt it myself deep inside—that either Chance or Norwood would have been your boy. Well"—his young chin went up—"even before it happened, I came back to tell Cab Duryea to keep the network job. I'm your boy. When do we start on the run-around, sir?" and he grinned. "Through the Powell ports? When do I start working for the line?"

"About that cloak of Kamehameha's," Sally said. "Let's let the museum wait a while longer. Shall we, Braven?"

Going out through the gateposts, Cab said, "That's the old Powell house flag, Sam—a white tern on a crimson burgee."

"But you don't know what it means," Sam said. "You don't read André Gide. When you see the petrel at sea in sail, you're a hundred miles offshore. But when you see the white tern at dawn, you'll make your landfall that day."

THE END

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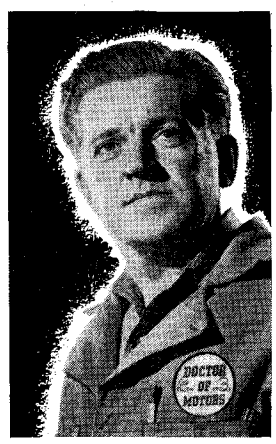

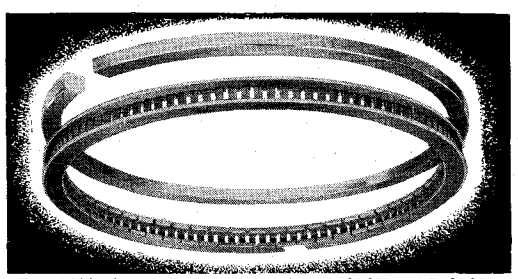

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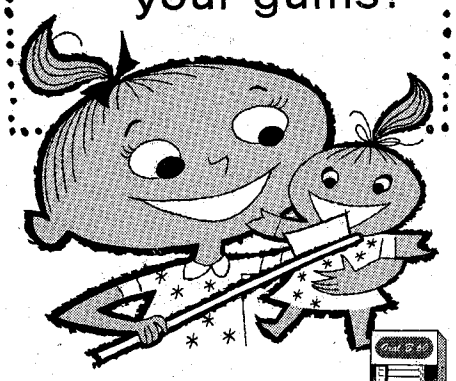

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My Dad, Walt Disney

(Continued from Page 26)

there are several Walt Disneys, I'll start with my favorite: Walt Disney, Poor But Bound to Rise.

No mouse, church or Mickey, was ever as poor as my Dad was at one time in his life. He was nineteen, and he'd already failed in business in Kansas City. Some people there had backed him in a small enterprise called the Laugh-O-Gram Corporation. The firm was capitalized at $15,000. When it folded, Dad depended on odd jobs to eat. It was lean pickings.

He traded a barber a funny drawing for each haircut, and the barber put the cartoons in his window. (Dad still hears from that barber. Once, at Dad's invitation, he came to Hollywood.) Sometimes he'd hear from his older brother, my Uncle Roy, who'd gone West to recuperate from the lingering effects of exposure endured in the Navy in World War I. Uncle Roy wrote from a servicemen's hospital in Tucson, then from one in Los Angeles. If he hadn't heard from Dad recently, he'd write, "Kid, I have a hunch you could use a little dough. So I'm enclosing a blank check. Fill it out for any amount you need up to thirty dollars.

Dad always filled it out for thirty, and used the money to appease two Greeks, owners of a restaurant where he ate on the cuff. The restaurant was downstairs from his defunct Laugh-O-Gram studio. He never got completely out of hock, but the Greeks fed him until his bill had climbed to sixty dollars.

When things seemed blackest, a Dr. Thomas B. McCrum, who was associated with the Deener Dental Institute, asked Dad to make an animated cartoon to teach children to take care of their teeth. Dad told him he could do the film for $500. One night the doctor called Dad to say, "I've got the money from the institute. Come over and let's set this deal."

"I can't," Dad said.

"Why not?"

"I haven't any shoes," Dad said. "They were falling apart and I left them at the shoemaker's. He won't let me have them until I can dig up a dollar and a half."

Doctor McCrum said, "I'll be right over." He paid the shoemaker and took Dad back to his office. They worked out an agreement to make a film called Tommy Tucker's Tooth.

If you wonder how Dad got home from that shoemaker's after leaving his only pair of shoes there, the answer is that the shop was under the Laugh-O-Gram studio, next to the Greek restaurant. Dad walked out of the shop and upstairs in his sock feet.

When Dad's restaurant tab climbed past sixty dollars, one of the Greeks came up to see him. "Walter," he said, "believe me, I'd give you unlimited credit. But my partner says fun's fun, but we've got to cut you off."

"All right, Jerry," Dad said; "I understand."

Two days later Jerry wandered into the Laugh-O-Gram studio and saw Dad sitting on a box, eating cold beans from a can, and dry bread. They were picnic leftovers, abandoned in a photographer's studio next door. Dad had lived on beans and bread for two days.

When Jerry came in and saw him munching that dismal meal, he melted. "Walt," he said, "I don't care what Louie says. You come down to our place and get something to eat."

When Dad was telling me this story, I asked, "Wasn't that about the low point of your life?"

"No," he said, "it wasn't bad. I love beans." He meant it. He wasn't trying to be gay and gallant about it.

After he collected $500 for Tommy Tucker's Tooth, Dad gave the money to his creditors. But it wasn't enough to pay all his debts. He talked to Jerry and Louie, and to everybody else he owed. They said, "That's all right, Walter. We're for you, Walter. Send it to us later."

It was a critical period in Dad's life, but not the only one. I can think of ten or twenty crises in my father's career, and I'll write about them. Of course, I'll have a lot to say about the Disney studio, and the way Dad created some of the most lovable and unforgettable characters ever born in a man's mind. But that's only part of it. More than anything else, I want this to be the personal story of a dad as his daughter knows him.

I am twenty-three years old, and the most important men in my life are my father and a tall athlete named Ron Miller. Ron and I met as students at U.S.C.—he was a football star. We soon got to talking about getting married. But this was just between ourselves; I didn't share my thoughts with Mother or Dad. For one thing, Dad had always advised my younger sister, Sharon, and me not to marry until we were at least twenty-five—and I was only nineteen. Dad didn't think much of the beaux I brought home to meet him. After they'd gone, he would say, "Why are you going out with that character?" Or, "That boy's not much—you're wasting your time."

But for some reason, both Mother and Dad liked Ron. "Maybe," I told Ron, "it's because they haven't seen much of you."

When Ron dated me he usually came to the kitchen door, and rushed me off with a fast hello-good-by to the parents. One night while I was waiting for Ron, Dad strolled into the kitchen and in an elaborately offhand way said, "Diane, if you want to get married, you can. Your mother and I think Ron might be the one, and it would be a shame to wait."

I was bowled over. But I knew what Dad had in mind. Ron was facing two years in the Army, and Dad was afraid that in his absence I might meet and marry Mister Wrong.

When I told Ron about my parents' suggestion, he gave me a funny look, and I wondered if he felt trapped. But we soon wound up at the marriage-license bureau. Photographers pounced on us. They must have been lying in wait, hoping that someone with a front-page name would show up. I was dismayed, because I knew Daddy had kept his family out of the spotlight ever since the Lindbergh baby kidnaping in 1932. That tragedy occurred before I was born, but I remember that in our old house in Los Feliz Hills the windows had specially reinforced screens. As it turned out, the newspapers were more interested in Ron's name than in mine. The headlines read: Ex-U.S.C. Footballer Miller to Wed.

Dad was very sweet about our wedding. I think he had had dreams of giving me away in high style, but he let me have what I wanted—a quiet ceremony at a little Episcopal Church in Santa Barbara, before a small group of friends and relatives. When the minister asked, "Who gives this woman to be married?" I heard a muffled sob. I turned my head slightly, and there was Dad with tears running down his cheeks. I squeezed his hand and he gave me a soulful look.

The marriage was in M . Ron went into the Army in October. Like many other GI's, he was making about sixty dollars a month plus my allotment check of $117. His parents gave us a cash wedding gift, and Dad "lent" us a car. He wouldn't "give" it to us, lest he be accused of tampering with our independence. But he is already designing the house Ron and I hope to own someday. You'd think that the man who designed the Seven Dwarfs' house in Snow White and the Enchanted Castle in Disneyland would have some fanciful ideas about a house for his daughter. But Dad's plans are very functional. He knows how to save money and make the most of space.

Before I married, Dad did a lot of complaining about being the only man around our house. Mother said that was just talk. "The truth is, he's always been partial to girls," she said. "I know he wanted a girl before you were born."

Nevertheless, Dad announced that it was up to Ron and me to produce a grandson for him. When he made his feature-length cartoon picture, Cinderella, he even added a new character to the classic fairy tale: Prince Charming's father, an old king who wanted to marry off his son so he could have grandsons.

When the time came I gave birth to a son, Christopher Disney Miller. Dad didn't seem to want to hold him in his arms. He watched Chris from afar and waved his hands in front of his face. "Just seeing if there's anything wrong with his eyesight," he explained.

When my second baby was on the way, Dad was still telling us that he favored boys. He said that it was going to be great for Ron to have two sons to go hunting and fishing with him. Then Joanna was born.

It was midnight, but Ron called my home immediately, waking up Mother and Dad. Mother took the call, and told Dad, "Diane has had a little girl." Dad said,

(*Continued on Page 132*)

"Harold fancies himself a comedian."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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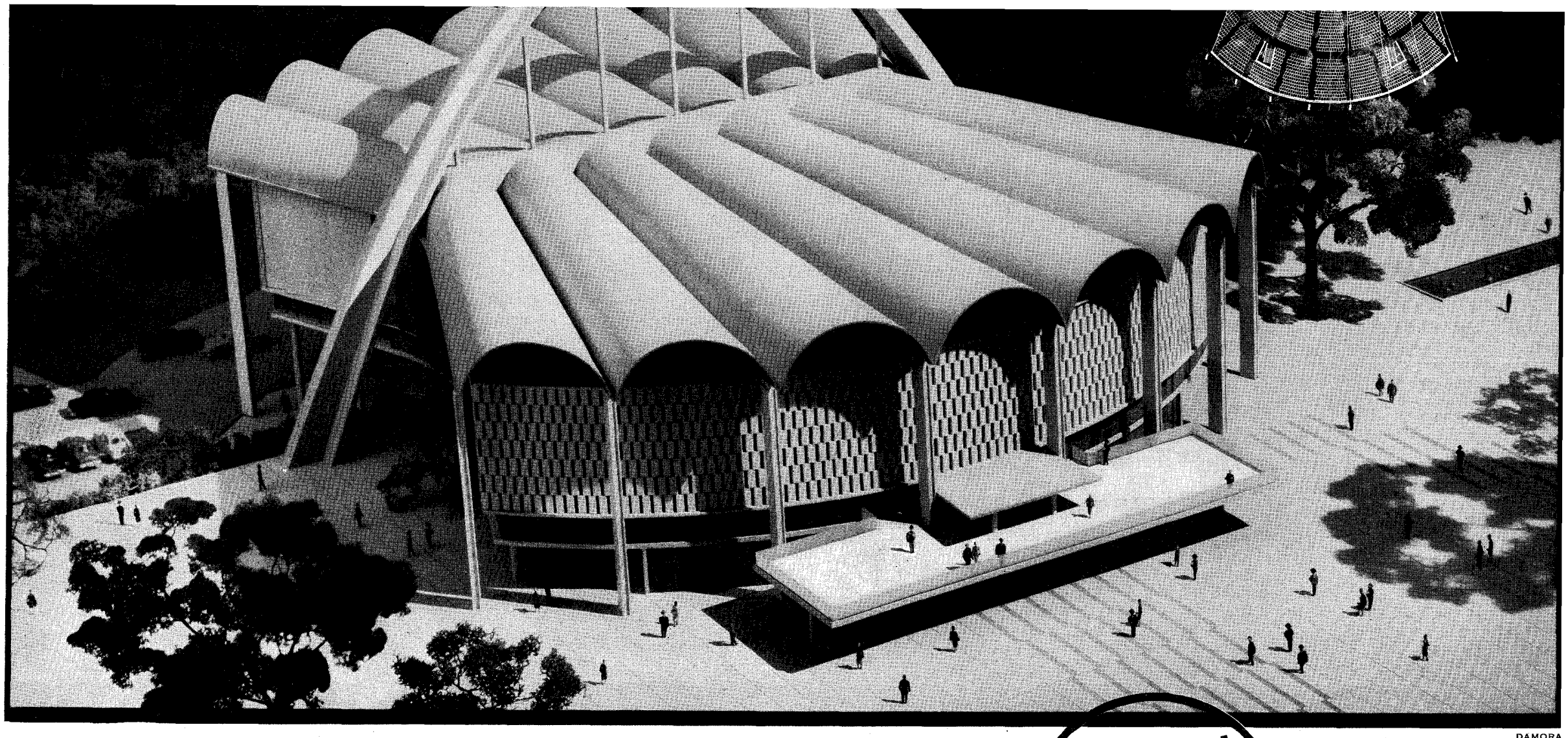

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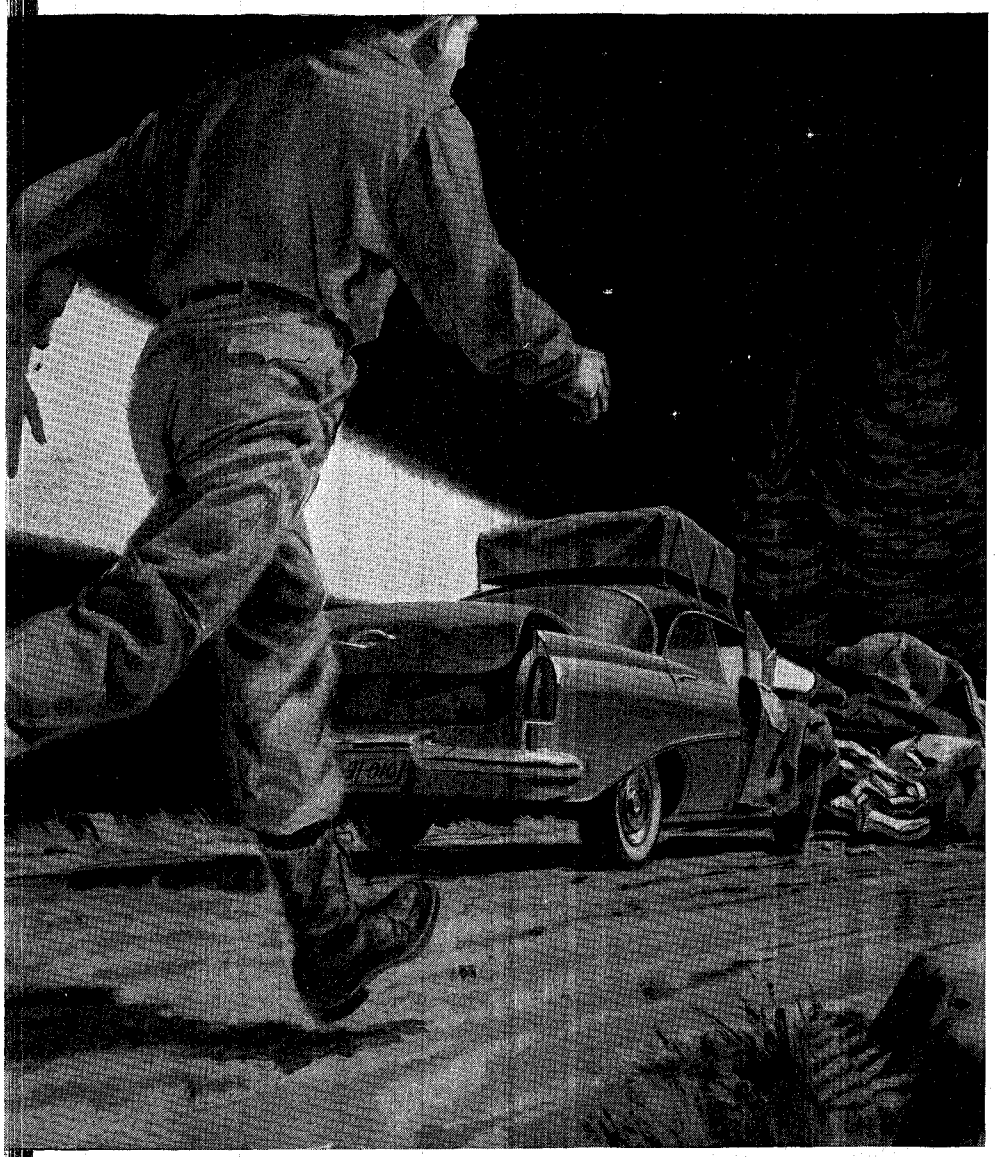
Trapped on a hunting trip!



A happy smile wrinkled Art Brown's face as he drove through the early morning darkness. He and his friends had planned this hunting trip for months. It was good to be on the way.

In the back seat, the other men were kidding about who would take the first deer. Art couldn't resist turning around to get in on the conversation. "*Remember that big buck last year?*" Someone started to answer, but broke off with a sharp shout. "*Art! Look out!*" Whirling to the front, Art saw the dark silhouette of the stalled car dead ahead. His foot stabbed desperately for the brakes . . . too late. A split-second later, the hunters were trapped in twisted steel.

Certainly not all auto accidents happen exactly that way. Circumstances are as varied as the types of drivers involved. But Art Brown's accident is tragically typical of how even momentary distraction traps ordinarily careful drivers.

It may be a conversation in the back seat, a flash of anger at another driver, or worries about family or business. The cause doesn't matter. Just remember that *anything* that takes your mind off driving can kill you before you know it.

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(*Continued from Page 130*) "Uh-huh." He was still half asleep. Then he sat up, wide awake. Tears came to his eyes. "A daughter!" he said. "How wonderful for Ron! He'll love that!" Then he leaped out of bed. Mother asked where he was going.

"I have to get busy and enlarge their house plans," he explained seriously. "They'll need a separate bathroom for the children."

Mother and Dad came to visit us the Christmas after my son, Christopher, arrived. Dad peeked into our refrigerator and rushed off to a food market. He brought back a mountain of canned goods—canned hash, canned fruit, canned cheese spreads, canned everything. I couldn't bear to tell him that Ron won't eat canned food. After all, Dad loves the stuff, and he can't understand why we shouldn't.

Dad has always been a hard man to cook for—ask Mother and our priceless housekeeper-cook, Thelma. Because he ate in hash houses and lunch wagons when he was young and poor, he has a hash-house appetite. He likes fried potatoes, hamburgers, Western sandwiches, hot cakes, canned peas, hash, stew and roast-beef sandwiches. He doesn't like expensive cuts of meat because he didn't grow up on them.

Most of the time Dad comes home through the kitchen, so he can have a look at what Thelma has on the stove. "Oh," he'll say in a disappointed tone. "Steaks." So Thelma will serve steak to Mother, and give Dad one of his specialties—maybe macaroni and cheese. Dad will then claim that he has no objection to steak, and why should he be the only one to get macaroni? He'll tell Mother, "Lilly, you've lived with me for thirty years, and you still don't know what I like."

He eats such a big lunch at the studio that he can eat very little of Thelma's dinner, no matter how tasty it is. "My big meal is lunch," Dad explains. I have heard him say that a hundred times. "You women ought to eat more lunch. All I ever want for dinner is just a nice bowl of soup and maybe some fruit."

One night Mother planned just such a dinner—soup, a salad and watermelon. When Dad finished his soup, Thelma asked if he'd like a second helping. "No," he said. "I don't think so. I want to save room for whatever else we're having."

"We're just having a salad and some fruit, Walt," Mother said.

Dad was indignant. "Today," he said, "I had a light lunch."

Every so often he'll say, "I think I'll go down to Biff's for a little while." Biff's is a little eating place on a nearby corner. Dad thinks it's better than Romanoff's or Chasen's. He's always telling Thelma, "You ought to go down to Biff's and see what goes on. They do their potatoes right there. They pan-fry them." Thelma says they're really hash-browned. She sneaked into Biff's one time to get the facts.

There was a time when the doctor told Dad that he had to avoid egg yolks. Dad had never cared for eggs until then. But after the doctor's edict he made Thelma fry an egg for him every morning, so he could go around the yolk, carefully trimming off the white and eating it with an unhappy look on his face.

He has lots of fruit growing on his place—strawberries, boysenberries, peaches, grapes, tangerines—but the birds and squirrels get most of them. Ground squirrels have riddled the yard with holes, but Dad won't allow Pete, our gardener, to set traps. He says the squirrels are God's creatures. Once, when Mother was denouncing the squirrels for stealing our strawberries, Dad said seriously, "Lilly, you can go to the market and buy strawberries. The squirrels can't."

Mother had no such soft ideas about the squirrels. One summer when she knew that she and Dad were going to be away for several months, she gave Pete instructions to shoot any squirrel he saw, on sight. And she saw to it that a shotgun was sent over from Dad's studio for his use.

Dad knew nothing about Mother's death-on-squirrels campaign. When he reads this, it will be the first he's heard of it. He'll feel better when he also hears that those squirrels were so shifty and so elusive that Pete bagged none of them at all.

Dad's love for animals is sincere, and I'm afraid it has caused a few arguments. "I like any old dog," Dad says, "but your mother is particular." He wanted a dog soon after they were married, but Mother objected that dogs brought odors into the house and shed hair on everything. Dad read up on the various breeds and learned that chows shed almost no hair, harbored no fleas and were comparatively free of dog odor. He gave Mother one for Christmas, and it was her pet until it died of old age. But Mother couldn't abide other breeds. Then Santa Claus brought me an extremely untidy cocker puppy one Christmas, but he disappeared the next day.

The trouble with Uncle Sam playing Santa Claus to the rest of the world is that we American taxpayers are left holding the bag. CY N. PEACE

Mr. Santa hadn't consulted Mrs. Santa in advance, and she put her foot down.

A lot of people have said to me, "It must have been wonderful to have been a child of Walt Disney's, especially at Christmastime. You must have been surrounded by mountains of special toys."

It's true that Dad sometimes gave Disney toys to Sharon and me, and he gives them to his grandchildren now. Still, there's almost no evidence of Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck or the Seven Dwarfs around his home, at least as a decorative *motif*. "I live with my job all day," he says. "I don't want to bring it home."

The Mouse, the Duck and the Three Little Pigs were already famous when I was born. On my first Christmas they appeared in profusion, along with all sorts of dolls and mechanical toys. I can't remember that Christmas, of course, but I've seen home movies of it. Dad must have gone all-out. There was a tree that soared to the top of a two-story living room. I sat beneath it batting at toys with baby fists, too young to appreciate them. When my sister, Sharon, and I were old enough to know what we really wanted, we had to want things pretty hard before we got them. But we got them in the end. I'll never forget the Christmas when Sharon was five and I was eight. We'd wished very hard for a playhouse.

The playhouse appeared in our yard on Christmas morning, looking like a Disney studio creation—which it was. It was about the size of a large clothes closet, big enough for Sharon and me to play in. It had leaded-glass windows, and a little mushroom chimney, and a kitchen stocked with tiny cans of food. There was a kitchen sink, and when we turned on the faucet, water came out. And there was a telephone, connected with the phone in the big house.

We had a good-natured fat butler then. He must have been the one who rang the

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phone in the playhouse on Christmas morning and asked, "Is the playhouse all right?"

"Yes, Santa," I replied. "It's just fine, thank you!"

When we lived in Los Feliz Hills I wanted a bicycle, and I got one, a lovely little balloon-tired job. To make it more fun for me, Dad got a bike, too, and we all learned to ride together—that is, Mother and I learned. Dad already knew how, but he pretended he was learning with us. Instinctively he knew how to put a child at her ease.

My sister, Sharon, was born when I was three years old. Daddy was our playmate. When he came home at night, that was funtime. Sunday was a wonderful day for us, because after Sunday school Dad would be with us all day. Sometimes he took us to the zoo or over to Griffith Park to ride on the merry-go-round. There were golden rings to be caught on the way around, good for free rides. Dad paid the boy who arranged those rings to let us get them oftener than anybody else. We didn't know about the fix. We just thought we were smart.

Sometimes, Daddy took Sharon and me over to the Disney studio to play on Sunday. Dad liked to be at the studio when it was deserted. He wandered from room to room, looking and thinking and tucking suggestions away in his mind. We didn't know what was going on in his head; we just followed him, and ate the ice cream he bought us from the vending machines, and ran around shouting at each other, "Wait for me!"

Sharon and I had more companionship from Dad than most girls get from their fathers. The summer weekends were wonderful. When we were young we spent them in and around our pool, with our friends and relatives. My mother's sister, Hazel Cottrell, would come over with her daughter, Marjorie, or Uncle Roy and his wife would drop by with young Roy, five years my senior. Dad was always on hand to play with us, and he was a glutton for punishment. I can remember, when I was very small, leaping from the edge of the pool into Dad's arms as he stood in the water. He knew how to instill confidence in children. I guess that's how he taught us to ride and swim so well.

But there came a time—I was about junior-high age—when Dad lost me as a Sunday playmate. When he'd say, "Let's go over to the studio," I would make an excuse to back out. I was just old enough to feel that Sunday excursions with Dad were childish.

After that I'd watch Sharon and Dad go off together without me, to visit the amusement centers in and around Los Angeles. Secretly I wanted to go with them, but I couldn't give in after having called it "baby stuff" in my own mind.

Sharon was Dad's buddy two or three year's after I'd checked out, but at last even she deserted him. She'd ask, "When are we going home, Dad?" or "How much longer do we have to stay, Daddy?" That "have to" seemed a low blow to Dad.

Finally, I achieved enough age and wisdom to appreciate Dad as a human being—generous, kind, overworked and sometimes given to outbursts of temper. Later still it dawned on me that he loved his daughters and needed their affection. There was a plain sign: he was critical of every boy who paid us attention.

When I put on my first formal dress and got ready to step out on my first date, Dad came down with a complaint called lumps in the throat. My own reaction was nostalgic. I didn't want to say good-by to dungarees and horseback riding, and get mushy about boys. If I had to get married, I just wanted to marry Daddy.

But I must have changed in due course, judging by something Dad said recently. I remember one day when he was laying out the preliminary plans for Disneyland. He was trying to figure how he could broaden its appeal for teen-agers, when he turned to me and asked, "Diane, what can I put in this park that will interest girls of your age?" According to him, I said, "That's simple, Dad. Boys!" I don't remember saying it, but he says I did. "You told me right over there by our swimming pool," he says.

Dad went to every father-daughter school affair that was put on. And once in a while he brought me embarrassment. I remember the curiosity of one little girl in the fourth grade. She asked one day, "When your father brings you to school in the morning, may I look at him?" The next day I made Daddy let me out a block away from school so she couldn't see him.

But she bided her time, and on another day she caught us driving up. She was standing out front, waiting. I said, "Daddy, Daddy, leave quickly. Don't get out. Just stay in your car." But the silly creature peered out from behind a bush, and when I went into school she said gloatingly, "I saw him. I saw him." I could have strangled her.

I never explained to Dad why I wanted him to leave quickly, but it seemed stupid to me that anyone should peer at my father as if he were a freak.

When I got to high school, I compared notes with other daughters and I found that all fathers are pretty much alike. Pressure piles up on them during working hours, and when they come home they want to be comforted. Mother does her best, but I'm afraid that we don't give Dad our full attention. Maybe he has just created something new at the studio, and he'll start talking about it enthusiastically. And we'll say patiently, "Yes, Daddy, we know," or "Oh, really?" Then we'll go on with the really important conversation about what happened at the hairdresser's. Even Mother can be oblivious when Dad brings home a nice fresh triumph for us to admire. She is apt to break in and tell of plans for redecorating a room.

"Gosh, Lilly," Dad will say, "you can't redecorate right now. I just haven't got the cash."

"Where is it?" Mother asks. "What happened to it?"

"Lilly," he says, "you know I'm rebuilding Disneyland. Remember? That takes all the loose money I've got."

Once, when I told Mother that she didn't pay enough attention to the things that worry Dad, she put me in my place.

"If I give the impression of being unconcerned about your Dad's affairs," she said, "it's because he's got beyond the point where I can do anything about it. I've always worried about his schemes, I still do. But I tell myself, 'He'll pull off this new scheme because he always has. It's his life, he's built it up himself. If he wants to tear it down, that's his right.'

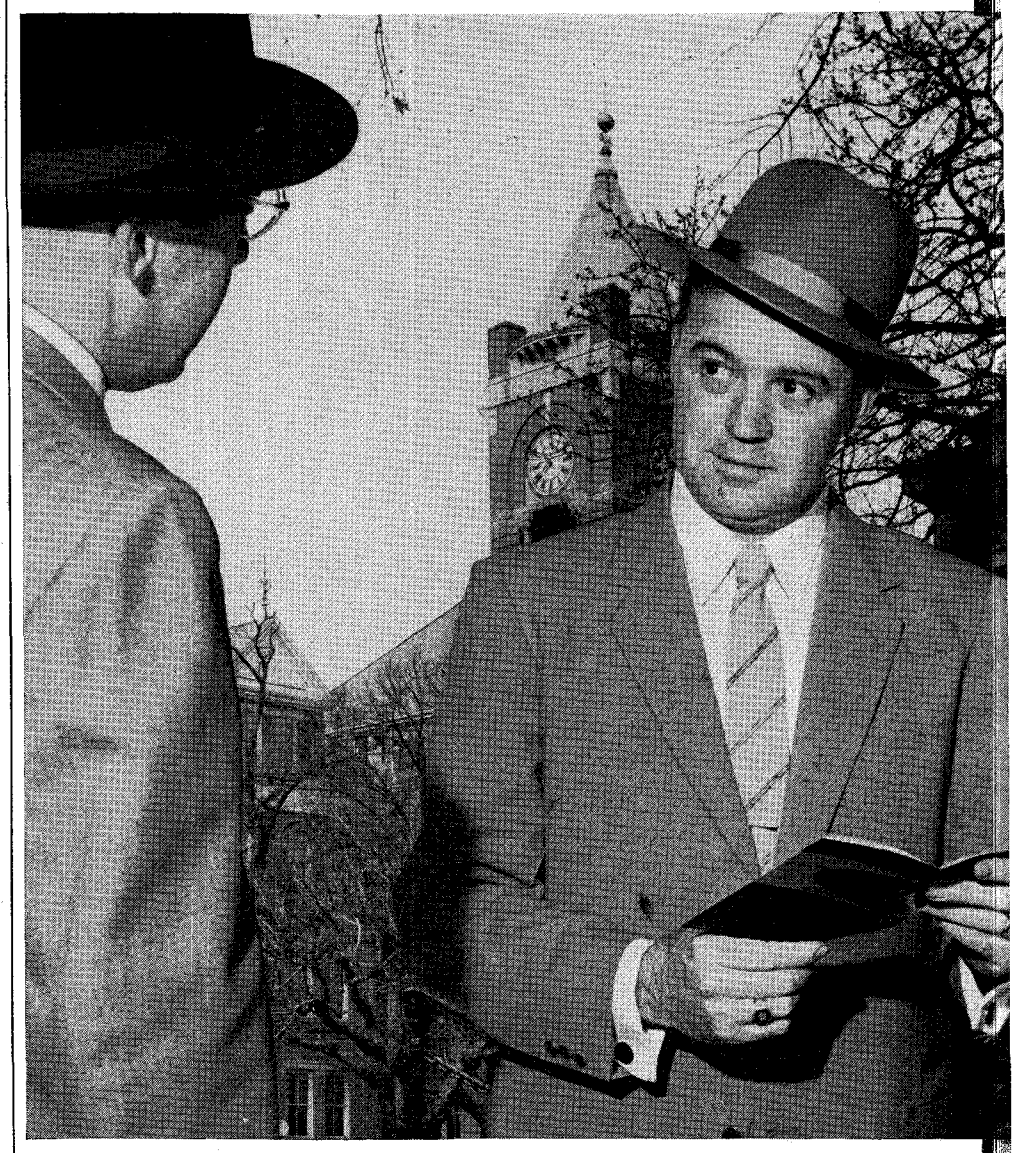
"He puts too much of himself into his projects. Money means nothing to him, except as a thing to spend on his next creation. It gets your Uncle Roy down too. Roy thinks, *Gosh, what next?* but Walt's always been able to persuade your Uncle Roy.

"You don't know your father as well as I do. He's never felt whipped. I can remember when your Dad had trouble dropping off to sleep. Then he'd have an inspiration, and sleep like a child. In the morning he'd say, 'Lilly, I've got it licked!'"

Some years ago, when an endless round of studio problems clawed at Dad's nerves, he sought relief from worry by building a model railroad big enough to ride on. Every evening when he came home he would go down to our lower yard and tinker with his train—a model

Whatever happens . . .

You're in good hands . . .



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locomotive, several flatcars, boxcars and a caboose on narrow-gauge tracks.

Sometimes I kept him company, sitting on a flatcar and rattling along behind him. But I was quickly bored. Dad became so discouraged that for a while he put his oversize toys away. Now he's thinking of getting them out again, because my two-year-old son, Chris, will soon be big enough to help him play engineer.

Dad's train has enough cars to seat a dozen friends, and he likes to give guests a ride. He built the engine himself, copying a full-sized locomotive made in 1890. It's a perfect little coal-burning model, scaled an inch and a half to a foot. When Dad fires it up, he wears his engineer's cap, coveralls and work gauntlets, and he carries an oilcan with a long, slim nozzle.

When Mother and Dad were drawing plans for their new house—I mean the one they've lived in for the last six years—Dad decided to lay his railroad tracks all around the grounds. We thought he was crazy, and said so.

"If I can't have a railroad around my house," he argued, "what's the use of building a new house?"

At one point Dad went to his attorney, Spence Olin, and said, "Spence, I want you to draw up an agreement between me and my family. I want it to say that I'll be allowed to own a right of way through my place for my railroad."

"You don't have to do that, Walt," Mr. Olin said. "The house will be in your name anyway."

"Spence," Dad said, "I've been married longer than you have, and there's a lot of women in my family. I need this in writing."

At my father's suggestion, Mr. Olin dug up some old railroad-right-of-way papers to make sure of the wording. Then Dad brought the document home. "I won't agree to build a new house," he said, "unless you sign over a right of way for my tracks."

Sharon and I thought it over, and advised Mother to give in. "All right," she said. "As long as the railroad doesn't mar the beauty of the place."

That was all Dad needed. He began to lay out a fine, sweeping run for his train all the way around the house. The layout required a deep excavation in the front yard. Dad thought that it was a section of lawn Mother wouldn't mind having dug up, but she insisted she wanted a geranium bed there instead of "an old hole in the ground."

To keep the peace, Dad agreed to tunnel under that spot. Then he discovered that a tunnel would cost a mint. It had to be made of concrete and steel beams; so said the building-code inspectors. Dad was ready to give up. Then, while he was driving home from work one night, he heard a song on his car radio. It seemed a personal message to him. "Enjoy yourself," the refrain went, "it's later than you think." As soon as he reached home, Dad phoned his contractor. "Put that tunnel in fast," he said, "before I change my mind."

Dad has never told anyone what that tunnel cost. He justifies it by saying that it would make a perfect bomb shelter. Mother doesn't have to justify it. She has her geranium bed.

One of the questions people are constantly asking my sister, Sharon, and me is, "Does your Dad really draw all those pictures that go into his films?" They ask Dad too. We Disneys once went to the Yosemite National Park at Christmas, to stay there through New Year's. And Dad met an eleven-year-old boy there who was a question-asker. He began with, "Mr. Disney, do you draw all those pictures yourself?"

"No," Dad said.

"You do the first ones, don't you?" the boy asked.

"At one time I drew them all," Dad told him; "then, later, I did the first ones and had the others done by other artists, but today I draw none of them."

The boy refused to give up. "But you think up all the ideas, don't you, Mr. Disney?"

"No," Dad said, "I have men who work on ideas and I work with them; then we all team up to make it come out right."

The boy looked disgusted. "What do you do, Mr. Disney?" he asked.

"That," said Dad, "is a good question."

Another good question was one Dad asked himself early in his career: "How can I relieve my worry load?" At one point Dad told his No. 1 secretary, Dolores, "When people come to see me at the end of the day with problems they want to talk over, tell them to hold it until morning; then talk to me."

It was Dad's idea to save his toughest problems for his forenoons. He thought that calmer afternoons would let him sleep better at night. Also, he stopped reading scripts or business documents at night. He may bring papers home, but he keeps them in his brief case to read early the next morning.

But I've known him to be so anxious about a script that he'll read it at night. The next morning he complains at breakfast, "I was fighting that script all night long."

He had quite a battle to get his secretaries to follow his rule about no-worries-in-the-afternoon. At first they couldn't believe that he was serious. Around four or five o'clock they'd come in and say, "So-and-So wants to see you."

Dad would say, "You know what my rule is," and the secretary would say, "Yes, *but he says it's very important.*"

"They all say that," Dad said. "I'll see him in the morning. Let him go home and worry about it all night if he wants to. I plan to go home and sleep."

Dad found out something: a good many of the five P.M. problems got themselves solved by the next morning. The man who'd wanted to thrash a decision out would ring up and say, "Forget it, Walt. I've figured it out. It's O.K. now."

It's fun for his family when Dad does relax at home. He loves to put on a one-man comedy show for his family, and if we laugh at him he'll keep on clowning until he's exhausted. The truth is, my Dad is a frustrated actor. For this reason he was a natural to emcee his own TV shows.

When Dad viewed the first TV show he'd filmed, he suffered agonies over what he thought were deficiencies in his pronunciation and diction. He thought he had a horrible twang in his voice, a sloppy sag in his posture and a habit of running words together—gonna, won'tcha. Now he is blasé about the whole thing, and thinks nothing of emceeing six shows in a morning's filming of future TV productions. "Well," he says as he bids us good-by in the morning, "I'll have to act like hell today."

At times he seems to find mere words inadequate; he looks directly at you with an intensity which is sometimes disconcerting, but he's so lost in his train of thought that I'm not sure he sees the person to whom he's talking. If he really throws himself into it, it's hard to carry on a conversation with him. You find yourself a listener, nodding agreement. Dad has been known to talk for a solid hour, ending with the conviction that his speechless listener is intelligent, sensible and highly articulate. There are those who might find this a flaw in Dad's personality, but I'm prejudiced. I'm perfectly content to listen to him indefinitely because his talk fascinates me. All I wish is that he'd find something brilliant to say when he gets those Motion Picture Academy Awards—he seems struck dumb.

Dad has won more Academy Awards than anybody else—upwards of twenty—but he doesn't sit around gloating over them. The night he won four Oscars, I wasn't even watching TV. I was out ice skating, and when I came back to my sorority house at U.S.C., the girls said, "Golly, Diz, we've been watching your Dad on TV. He's swept everything."

I was astonished at first. Then I asked myself, *Why shouldn't Dad win? He's the best, isn't he?* But let's face it, he's got an organization behind him which does so many things so well that the opposition doesn't stand much of a chance.

Someone once told my father that Mickey Mouse was the best-known name in the world. But it wasn't until my sister and I traveled with Dad in Europe that we learned how important the creator of Mickey Mouse really was. The reception we got was so enthusiastic that it was almost frightening. Dad is even more celebrated abroad than he is at home, and as members of his family we basked in his glory. To millions of Europeans he's far more than a Hollywood celebrity—he's a friend.

I'm not millions of Europeans; I'm his twenty-three-year-old daughter, Diane, but I consider him a friend, too, which is not always the same thing as a Dad. Like any other friend, he has plenty of human weaknesses—apart from his inability to listen. I'm going to tell about those in this story too. Dad has not only agreed that I do this; he's insisted that I do it. Most of the time I love him dearly, but some of the time I'm not so sure. I'll tell about those times too.

For Pinocchio, Walt Disney assigned Jiminy Cricket to the formidable task of keeping the puppet out of trouble.

In a famous canine romance, Lady was wooed and won by The Tramp.

This is the first of eight parts about her famous father by Diane Disney Miller. The second will appear next week.—The Editors.

Pluto the pup is Mickey Mouse's best friend.

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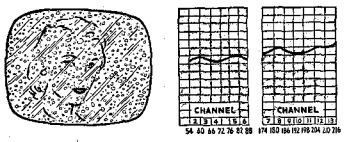
FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TV ANTENNAS AND PICTURE QUALITY

by Harold Harris, V. P., *Engineering and Research, Channel Master Corporation*

Engineers have known for years that the most elaborate TV set with a poor antenna will not perform as well as an inexpensive set with a good antenna. Here are ways a modern, scientifically designed antenna improves picture performance:

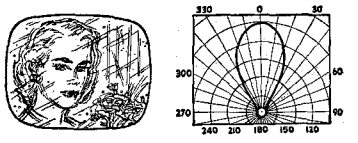
"SNOW" and antenna power



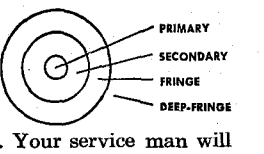
"Snow" is caused by the electronic "noise" in every TV set, and appears only when the signal is received weakly. The more powerful the antenna, the more effectively it will reduce snow, simply because it strengthens the signal. For best reception, it is important that the antenna be powerful on *every* channel, not just on one or two.

"GHOSTS" and antenna directivity

Your antenna picks up one signal directly from the transmitter. A split second later, it may pick up the same signal reflected off buildings or hills, causing "ghosts." A highly "directive" antenna reduces these reflections by rejecting unwanted signals coming from side or back.



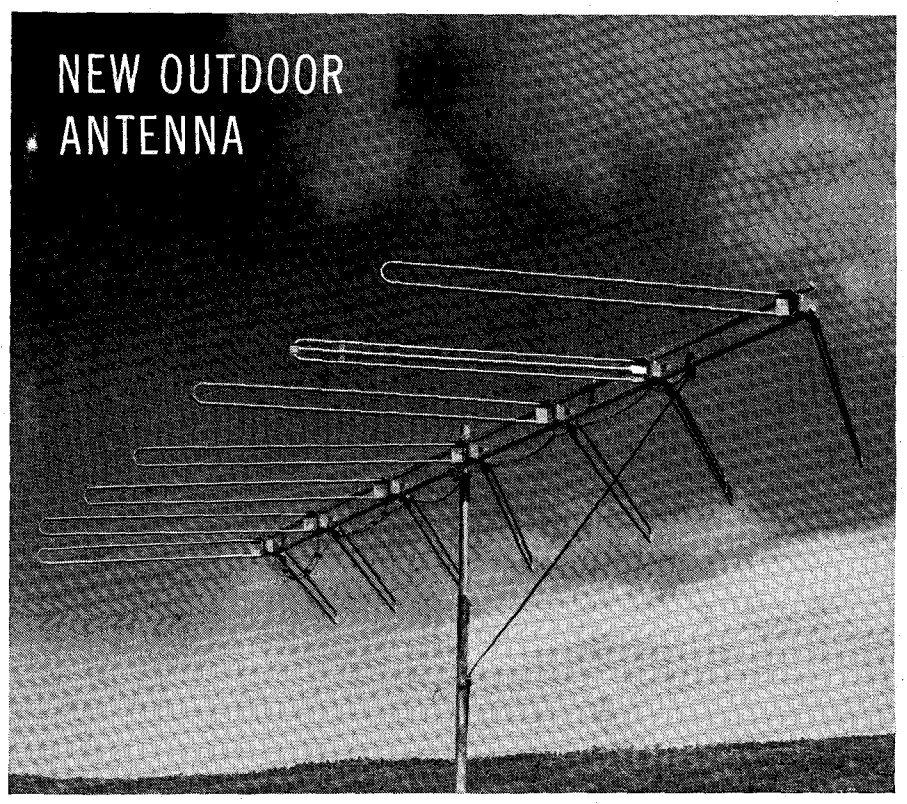
What's your reception area?



The proper antenna for you depends on where you are with respect to the TV transmitter. Your service man will tell you how powerful an antenna you need for best pictures in your area. If you'd like to find out more about antenna design and how it relates to the quality of your pictures, write for free, informative booklet, "Better Pictures on Your TV Set." Address: Channel Master Corp., Ellenville 7, New York.

BETTER TV PICTURES FOR ALMOST EVERYONE

Two completely new antennas developed by Channel Master electronic research for color or black & white reception



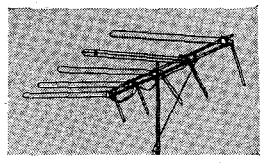
Powerful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *T-W with "Traveling Wave" design improves reception on all channels in all areas*

If you're not getting clear, sharp pictures on *every* channel (2 to 13), there's a completely new kind of antenna scientifically designed to solve your problems. The Channel Master T-W is the first antenna to make practical use of the "Traveling Wave" principle, which electronically reinforces the signal on *all* channels — not just on one or two. No other antenna works so powerfully to eliminate "snow" on the entire TV band. It reaches out to bring in stations beyond the range of present antennas.

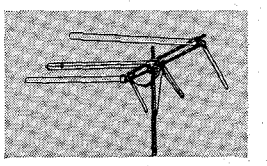
This new design also *rejects unwanted signals*, like reflections or interference from other TV stations. It cuts down on "ghosts" and "venetian blinds"... pulls in at full power the channel you're tuned to. Perfect for color reception.

The Channel Master T-W offers exceptional resistance to wind and ice loading. It's all aluminum . . . can never rust. Double-strength "truss" construction throughout makes it the strongest, sturdiest antenna ever designed . . . means long years of trouble-free reception.

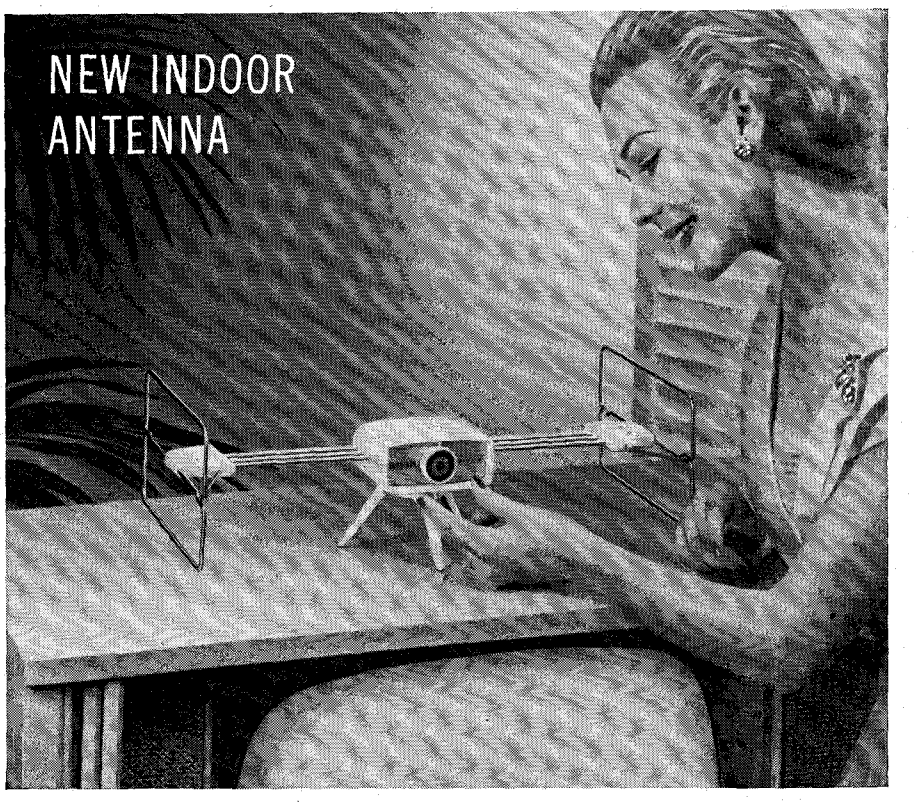
The 7-element T-W provides maximum power for deepest fringe areas. Other models are engineered for near-fringe and suburban areas.



5-ELEMENT T-W is ideal when maximum power is not required.
3-ELEMENT T-W provides same high directivity and durable construction for suburban-area use.



Your local TV Dealer or Serviceman has complete information on the best T-W installation for you



Beautiful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *Showman with "Metro-Dyne" tuning eliminates unsightly, awkward "rabbit ears"*

Now, an indoor antenna that *belongs* in your home—gracefully styled, in colors to blend with any décor. The new Channel Master *Showman* puts an end to ugly and dangerous rods that catch in drapes or stick out into the room. There's no frantic jiggling and guesswork when you switch channels! The new "Metro-Dyne" tuning control works like the channel selector on your TV set—instantly switches the antenna for maximum signal power on any channel . . . brings in clearer, brighter pictures than any old-fashioned indoor antenna. Engineered for color-TV reception, too.

Don't confuse the "Metro-Dyne" control with the switches found on some "rabbit ears," which merely connect up different parts of the antenna. The "Metro-Dyne" control electronically tunes the antenna to the selected channel. It sharply reduces the "ghosts" and interference.

More powerful and efficient than any other indoor antenna, the beautiful new Channel Master *Showman* is fully guaranteed to bring you matchless indoor reception. Choose from three decorator colors—ebony, mahogany, blond. At better stores everywhere.

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For the best picture on any TV set . . .

CHANNEL MASTER

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF TV ANTENNAS

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Big Game in the High Rockies

(Continued from Page 47)

Harry Gawthrop is an amateur gunsmith who restocks rifles as a hobby. Two of them had .300 magnums, which is an awful lot of firearm, much heavier than generally used in Wyoming. The .270 and .30-06 are the favored calibers for elk, and Ray Siggins had a .270 in his scabbard, its well-worn stock decorated with trajectory data burned in with a hot iron. Every rifle in the party had a telescopic sight, either 2½ or 4 power, except the beat-up old gun Don Siggins was carrying. That antique wasn't even high power, but an old lever-action .25-35, which seemed to me a very light weapon to be using on this job.

After crossing and recrossing Hardpan we began zigzagging steeply upward toward the ridge on our right. It was so steep that we had to stop every hundred yards or so to blow the horses, and as we got higher the wind struck us and the cold put a chill hand right through all our layers of clothing. We were climbing into the fore mountains on the east slope of the high Absarokas. The country is rugged alpine granite with distinctive erosion pinnacles, timbered with pine forests broken by big grassy parks and tremendous sweeps of sagebrush and rock mountainsides.

Talking to Don, I learned that this was the twenty-third hunt the Sigginses had guided during 1955, at fifty dollars a day per hunter. They had been guiding for thirty years—as their father had guided before them.

Game was plentiful, Don told me. Conservation and good hunting controls were paying off well. There were elk and deer everywhere, a good number of moose and lots of bighorn mountain sheep up in the high places—Don thought the bighorns had built up to 500, perhaps 600 head.

Finding the game, however, would be tough in this wind and cold. Game would be in shelter, in the timber out of the wind. Full moon just now, too—game feeds at night when the moon is full, beds down out of sight during the day. Wouldn't be too high, though. Deer and elk were beginning to work down. In summer, as the feed dries up on the lower slopes, the game works higher and higher, following the good grass, until by midsummer everything is in the high country—you won't see much but antelope down in the valley. Snow and cold begin driving animals down again in September and October, until, in midwinter, they're down in the meadows and hills along the river—even the bighorn sheep come down. Rutting season brings bull moose and elk, buck deer, boar bear and bighorn rams in to run with the cows, does, sows and ewes for a couple of months after leading an austere bachelor life the rest of the year. As a rough yardstick, rutting season and hunting season go together in September and October, though bighorns don't rut till later. All animals are much less wary and easier to get close to at this time.

Even so, in open mountain country like this, a hundred yards is about as close as you can get, and that takes a careful stalk. "Our hunters do a lot of shooting at two hundred and two hundred and fifty yards," Don said. "That's all right if you're a good steady shot, though most shooting at longer ranges is wasted—just a case of trigger-happy buck fever. All it does is frighten all game out of the country."

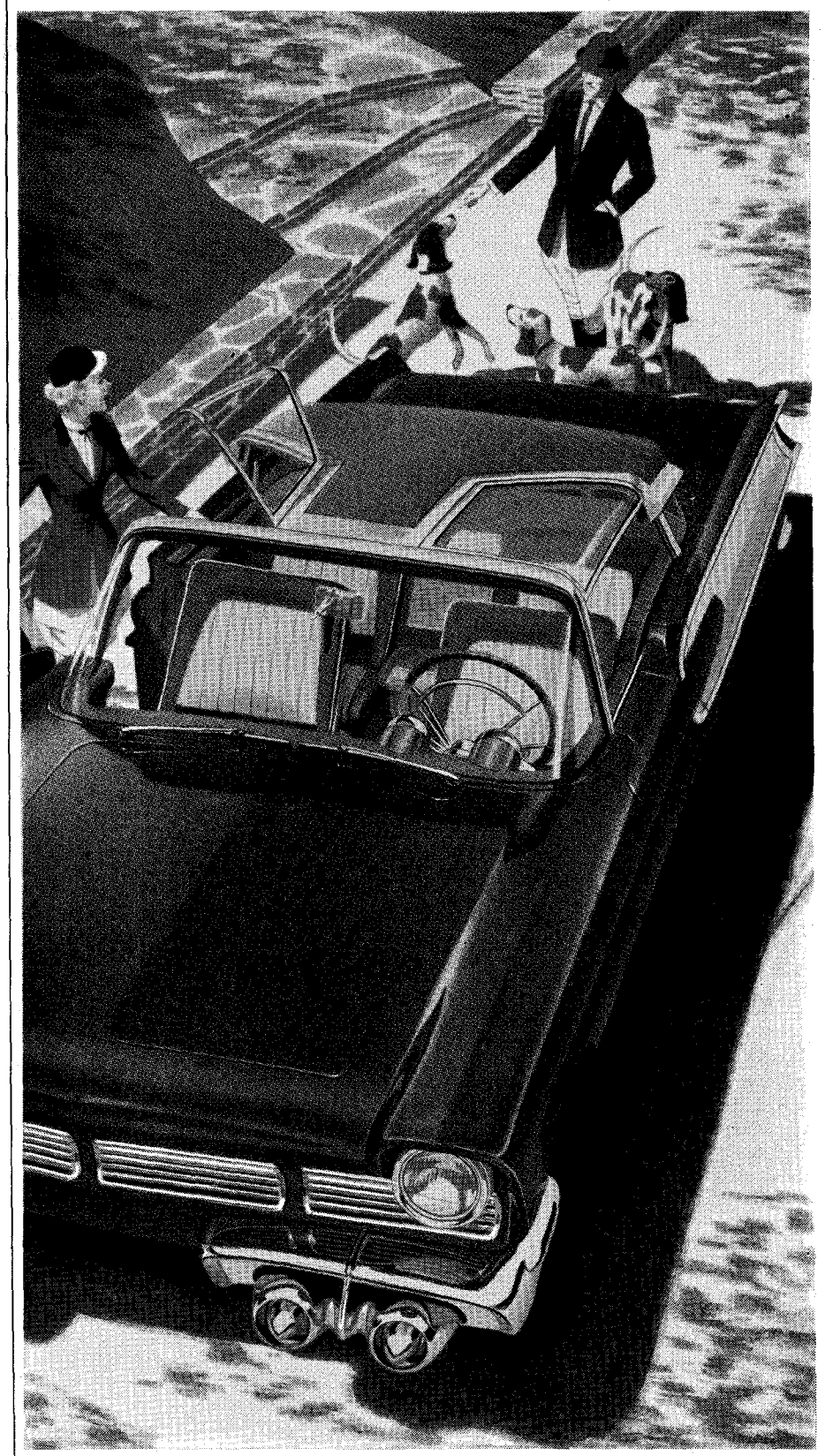
Climbing steadily, we finally emerged on a wind-swept mesa, to the west of which the big country which separated us from the high mountain was broken into valleys and gulches. Don and Ray took out glasses for a long study of the landscape. Ray stretched out on his belly, steadying his glasses with outstretched elbows; Don sat against a clump of sagebrush, lit a pipe and made himself comfortable. The rest of us glassed, too, but after a few minutes we gave it up. I couldn't see any game, and went and stood beside Tom Walter, the fellow who was hoping for a bear. "You see anything?"

"I never do," he said with a grin. "Not till these guides point it out. Sometimes I think the whole trick of guiding is just knowing how to use a pair of glasses."

Don and Ray glassed for a good twenty minutes, making a systematic search right around the whole arc of visible country, then talked together quietly before turning to us.

"Pretty good buck deer two ridges over to the south," said Don. "Any of you fellows see them?"

We shook our heads.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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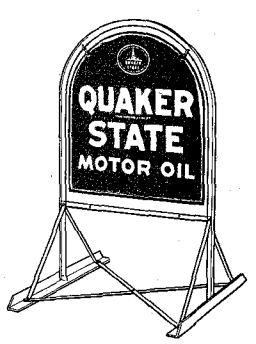

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"Think I'll take two hunters and go over there. Ray believes there are elk up the other way, though what tracks we see in the glasses are snow-blown. If the other hunters will go with Ray, he'll see if he can come on elk."

So we split and I went with Don after the bucks, and Tom Walter came, too, while Pat Coffey joined the elk expedition.

I rode beside Tom Walter. He wore down-filled clothing so bulky that he looked like a spaceman, and over the top of it had pulled one of those knit helmets covering his whole head; his red face peered cheerfully out of the hole in front.

"Cold?" I asked. He nodded.

"Let's get off and walk. That's the way to keep warm."

"Can't," he said.

"Too many clothes?"

He shook his head. "Had a heart attack a few years ago. Not supposed to climb mountains on foot. I'm all right, as long as I let the horses do the hard work."

Tom told me he has a couple of drugstores back in Warsaw. He looks the typical Midwest American, Rotarian, Elk, Shriner, with a benign small-town philosophy.

We worked over toward Houlihan, the creek south of Hardpan. About this time we began seeing deer—that is, we amateurs began discovering the same deer that Don Siggins had seen when he glassed the country a couple of miles back. Don raised an arm now and pointed, and there were two young bucks on a slope quite a distance away. Through the glasses their movements were incredibly graceful. They showed some alarm at seeing us, but didn't spook off. After looking at us, they trotted uneasily fifteen or twenty feet, then turned their heads to watch us again. They weren't what we were after. Too young.

We stopped talking. Instinctively you grow quiet as you come into game country. We went down through a gulch, then climbed up onto high ground again, and on a sort of mesa with a flat top two or three acres in extent tethered the horses to trees.

"There's a valley over on the other side," Don said very quietly. "One of you take a rifle and come with me—might be deer down in the bottom. They feed down there. It'll be a long shot."

"You," said the other Indiana hunter to Tom. "You're the best shot."

Tom pulled his rifle out of its scabbard, slipped shells into the magazine, leaving the chamber empty, and followed Don, walking a good deal like a kid playing Custer's Last Stand, tiptoeing with bent knees and body leaning forward. I followed, and realized that I was doing the same thing. The last twenty feet or so we crept on hands and knees until we could see over the crest.

The valley below was beautiful, a small grassy glade with aspens at the back, the trees bare except for a remnant of dull golden autumn leaves. A doe and fawn mule deer were grazing in the middle of the open, heads down in complete oblivion of our presence.

"I think there's a buck in the aspens," said Don Siggins. "Get your gun ready."

As quietly as possible Tom worked a shell into the chamber, slid the gun into aiming position, got himself set and waited.

The buck came out presently, cautiously, not altogether certain everything was right. It stood at the edge of the trees, sniffing and looking things over. Good spread of antlers, six points on each side.

"A trophy," Don whispered. "Little over two hundred yards. Take him."

Tom fired and the buck dropped. The doe and fawn took off in great bounds of alarm and disappeared as we got to our feet.

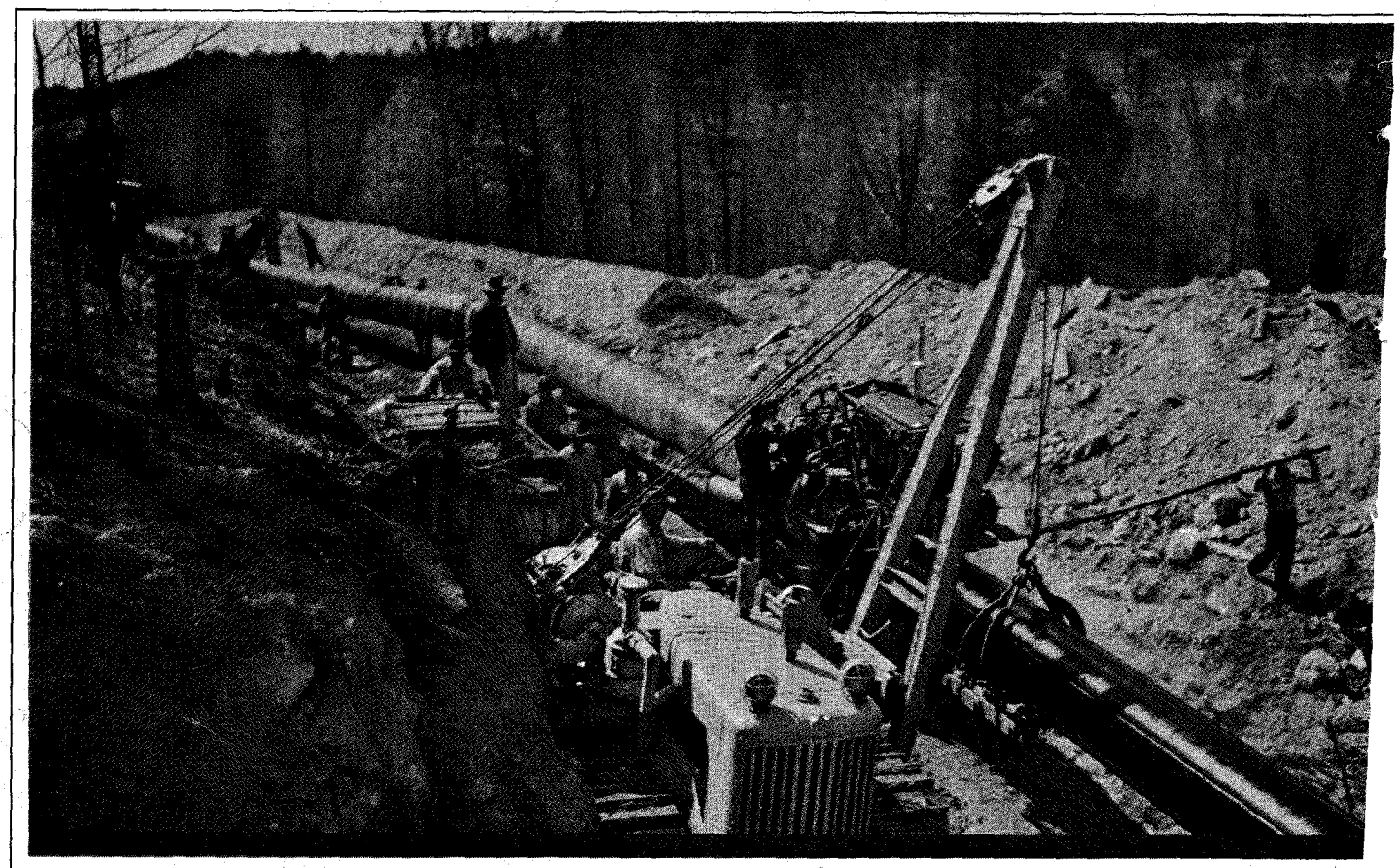
"Nice shot," said Don.

That was the first kill. We forgot all about how cold we were and what a long way it was back to the ranch.

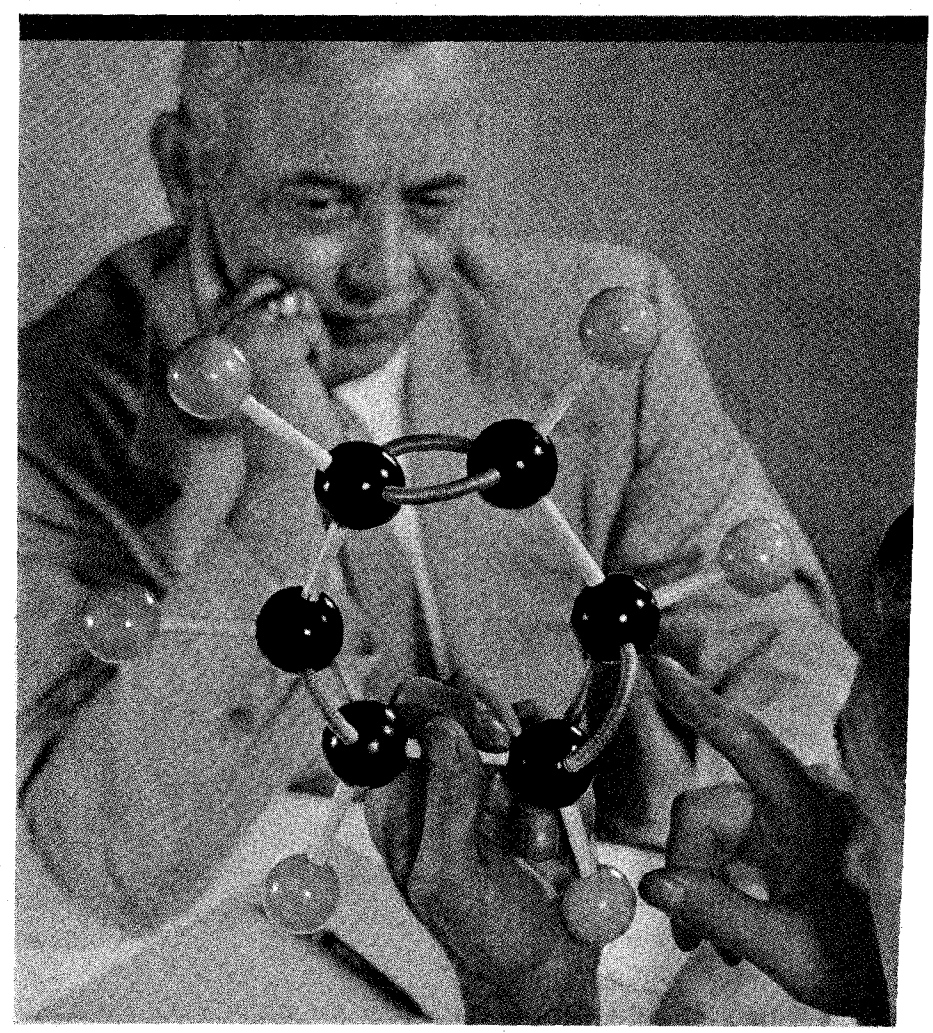
Next day it snowed and we stayed in the big living room of the ranch house, talking about hunting and learning the stories of some of the trophies that cover the walls. There are huge elk heads with massive antlers, bighorn sheep, some trophy bucks, a coyote, a nice antelope. The chandelier is made of moose antlers. There are bearskins on the wall, including a big grizzly which is the prime trophy of all.

"You were asking about that twenty-five-thirty-five rifle," said Don. "It's like my right arm. Ray used to have one just like it. They were the first guns we ever owned. Can't even remember where we got them. Ray's quit using his; has that two-seventy now, and is going to get one of those new lightweight two-forty-fours. Every once in a while I think I ought to carry more of a gun, but I'm conservative, I guess. Why do I need anything bigger than this, when it's killed everything we have, including grizzly? Look."

He pointed to the big grizzly skin on the wall. Right between the eyes there is a bullet hole in the skull—.25-35 did that. Ray's. "We killed three grizzly bears with three shots that day," Don said. "Ray got that one when it charged. I got the other two with neck shots when they reared. We'd been following one bear, we thought; the big one. Then we thought it was joined by a second. But we didn't reckon on three! When we came on them



The pipe dream . . . the ring . . . an



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they were asleep, a sow with two full-grown cubs. They woke up right now and started for us."

"How about sheep hunting? Any danger in that?"

"Just a lot of hard work and patience. Have to climb to hell and gone on foot, sometimes, and you might have to lie in the snow for two or three hours waiting for sheep to feed down close enough for you to take a shot at them. But this is wonderful sheep country and we've taken some mighty fine trophies out of it over the years."

"Do many women hunt?"

"About a third of our hunters are women. They hunt everything that men hunt. Come along with their husbands, usually."

"Are women good as hunters?"

"The best. Good sports, stand up to any amount of punishment with no griping. Pretty good shots too. It's a rare thing when we get what you might call a woman sissy who wants useless things packed into camp and doesn't like to get cold feet—you'll find more men like that than women."

The next day our elk hunters, Tom Walter and Bill Neely, got their bulls.

Elk hunting is hard labor. The American wapiti elk is a big strong animal, full-grown bulls running from 800 to 1000 pounds. These elk were ranging up at about 8500 feet several miles from the ranch in incredibly rough and steep terrain, on mountainsides so precipitous that you had to watch every bit of footing to keep from skidding twenty or thirty feet downhill—this was bad enough in dry weather, but after the snow everything was slick and treacherous. It was bitterly cold again, and the fierce wind was oppressive. It blew snow dust into your eyes and cold into your bones, until you wished with all your heart it would quit just for five minutes. Even for one little minute. When you got into shelter, it felt so good that you shrank from moving out into the wind again.

Ray guided the elk hunt, while Don took deer hunters back over toward Houlihan. Ray was sure there were elk in the area he had hunted day before yesterday, but the elk had been in cover and, though there was plenty of sign, he had seen no game. Today, with fresh snow, it ought to be easier to come on them. They ought to be hungry, too, after the bad weather, and making more visible efforts to get food.

It was an afternoon hunt. We saddled up about eleven A.M., took along a sandwich lunch and started up Hardpan the way we had gone the first day. The mountain world was dazzling today. We made slow ascent, inching up those massive ridges, stopping to let the horses breathe, going on through timber and coming out on mesas.

"I have a hunch," said Ray, "that with the wind in this direction, and snow on the ground, there's a place up there the elk might get into. It's a big hillside with some timber on it and fair feed under the timber, pretty good shelter, and I just want to take a look at it. Might as well go there as any place, in this kind of hunting."

The bull elk is gold in color when the sun hits him. He has a dark cape on his neck and shoulders, and his fully grown antlers have six points on a side and measure more than four feet across. He looks bulky when he stands, but, as he moves, each step has graceful dignity; when you watch him you don't see how anything can be so graceful. He is very fast on the run. He's wary, especially of sudden sound or movement. If you keep quiet, move very slowly, he may not

... ...

What a Bride Knows

By Eleanor Phillis

What does the young bride
know of loving,
Though she follows her man
wherever he goes?
She takes the gift, but what of
the giving?
(A kiss is not all, as an old wife
knows.)

Can a bride foresee the long
night watches;
The thrill in hearing a child's
first cry;
Coins saved for pleasure that go
for taxes;
The dearest wishes she must
deny?

The bride knows love's joy—
strangely familiar—
But when days grow dark and
the wild wind blows,
In sorrow shared and laughter
remembered,
A young bride learns what an
old wife knows.

... ...

eternal spring

A few short years ago, you would have thought that eternal spring—that wonderful warmth without bitter cold or muggy heat—was only a "pipe dream."

But today your home can have guaranteed warmth in winter, and, with new air-conditioning equipment, cool summer comfort, because underground steel pipelines bring fuel anywhere in any weather.

Without the protection of coal tar coatings, however, pipelines could not carry comfort across mountains and rivers and wilderness so well, so long.

To guard this underground pipe from the destructive elements found in soil, chemists had to develop effective *coatings* for the steel. Starting with the basic molecular building block, called the benzene ring, these chemists found that coatings made from coal tar are the most economical method to protect pipelines from the attack of moisture and corrosive soil chemicals. That's why pipelines today carry fuel to practically every home—safely and economically.

Bitumastic® coal tar coatings and enamels are made only by Koppers. These superior coatings, based on the unique ring structure, are but one of the many results of working chemistry at Koppers—which makes our lives easier, safer and more pleasant.

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notice you at a distance; you can glass him, watch him, study him.

We saw a young bull and a couple of cows and a calf on the way up. That is, Ray saw them in the glasses and pointed them out to us. The young bull was tempting. We could probably have moved up on him by a careful stalk. But he wasn't big enough to be a trophy, and when you've put in all the effort we were putting in, you get so that you want nothing less than the biggest as your reward.

We ate lunch in the shelter of a pinnacle, and by the time we got up to the place Ray was working toward it was after three and the November light was beginning to get the late look of the short afternoon. We dismounted and the hunters got out their rifles.

"It's a long shot from the crest across there," Ray warned. He went on ahead and suddenly waved for the others to follow. I kept back from the firing point and watched Ray nurse the hunters into firing position, both prone, inching up. There were two bulls together on the hillside, just as Ray had thought there might be. Tom Walter, the bench-rest marksman, estimated the range at 350 yards. They were in no hurry. Once a shot breaks the silence the game will be off and there very likely won't be any second shot. At last they were all set. They fired almost exactly together. Blue jays and magpies squawked and a squirrel chattered angrily. Ray came running back to get his horse.

"Two elk down," he said.

There's a lot more to hunting than the shooting. Once the game is on the ground the carcass must be bled, then opened and cleaned of entrails and organs, and cooled out as rapidly as possible. The quality and taste of meat depend on this more than anything else. Ray set to work, Bill helping him, and did the dressing-out job with the deft skill of long practice.

To get these big animals down to the ranch we would have to come back up another day with pack horses and panniers. You can throw a whole deer across a horse's back, but when it comes to bringing out an elk the problem is different. An elk is so huge and heavy that two quarters of elk meat is about a full load for one pack horse.

Actually, it was two days later before we got back. The day in between was spent bringing out deer—Don and his hunters had got two more bucks over on Houlihan, and while going in to get this meat Bill Neely killed No. 4, the last for which the party had tickets.

On reaching the mountainside where the elk lay, we built a fire in a sheltered hollow under a pine. The game had to be skinned and scalped, antlers taken for mounting, back straps or tenderloins cut away, each carcass split into four quarters and lugged to pack-horse panniers. We helped Don and Ray as much as we could but mostly stood around warming our hands and talking as one snow squall after another swept over the mountain.

It was really the climax of the hunt. The Indiana hunters were starting home tomorrow, back to the world of offices and shops after a rough week of wonderful pioneer reality. On their way through Cody they were going to leave scalps and antlers to be mounted by the taxidermist. A big load of frozen elk meat was going with them in the station wagon to be served at a dinner for the Warsaw Rotary Club; the rest of the meat would follow them by express.

As the pack train started down the mountain I stayed behind with Don, who wanted to use the remaining daylight to look for a cow elk for winter meat for the ranch. A guide doesn't hunt while he is guiding—his time belongs to the hunters. But with the hunt over, we might as well do a little prowling around on our own.

Perhaps three quarters of a mile south of the place where we had been dressing out the elk, we saw bear tracks. It's a curious feeling. You look down, and they can't be anything else—bear. Then you feel like looking over your shoulder. This was a black bear, by the tracks—the grizzly has long nonretractable claws that leave a distinctive mark, and this wasn't a grizzly, for which I was just as happy. Black bears are less savage, though people get a false idea of the black bear's "tameness" by seeing bears by the roadsides in our national parks, mooching food and candy. Here in the Absarokas they don't know about candy and I'd just as soon not stand close to one.

After we were back in the warm ranch house that night, with big cups of steaming coffee to thaw us out, Don told Tom Walter about the bear. "Too bad you boys are all through. I think you might get that bear, Tom. If he's doing what I think he is, he's on those elk guts tonight, and after he sleeps off his first feed he'll come back to them."

Tom Walter looked across the table with a beatific smile. "A bear! Anybody that thinks I'm on my way home can think again. Just lead me to the telephone. . . . Boys, you go home and I'll fly from Cody later. Always wanted a bear."

That's how it was that we made our last expedition up to High Hardpan, Don and Ray Siggins, Tom Walter, Pat Coffey and myself. I didn't think it could get any colder than it had been all week, but this was the day when it was coldest and windiest of all.

To me, the big thing about the day was Don's ability to foretell what the bear would do. This is what makes a great guide—this ability to find game and take the hunter to it. All the rest of us were pretty fair hunters, probably better than average, but I believe we would have hunted that country all week and not seen a thing unless we blundered onto it by sheer accident. As for the bear tracks, we would have recognized them if we had come on them, but we would never have known what to do about it. With Don and Ray to guide us, things were different and so uncomplicated as to make hunting seem easy. Oh, we had lots of hard work, hours in the saddle, plenty of cold and wind. But always a reward at the end.

The bear had found the remains of those elk, had had one meal as Don anticipated, and was back for more. There he was as we crept up to the crest—that same crest from which Tom had shot his elk on Tuesday. When we spotted the bear, he was erect, very black, scratching his back against a tree, a three-year-old boar in prime condition for hibernation. Tom rested his rifle on the same stone he had used earlier, and shot again. The only difference was that the wind was worse and very gusty, which made the shot really difficult at this range. But Tom was steady as rock, and his shot was superb. The bear rolled over and over downhill through the snow and brought up against a tree.

We made another fire while Don and Ray dressed it out, and then the patient old pack horse let us throw that bear on his back. Then we went down the steep trail in the twilight, thinking our thoughts, and all of us realizing we were pretty darn tired; the ranch lights were awfully far away, down below us in the valley, but it was wonderful, in this jangled and complex day, to have spent a week in the Rockies with Don and Ray Siggins on such an old and forthright quest as hunting big game. THE END

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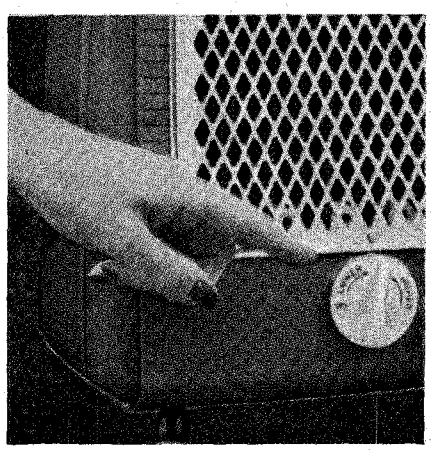

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The Secret of Shining Brook

(Continued from Page 53)

whose identity was unknown to him, had been found in the rear of his automobile, wearing on one of his hands a little honorary gold key bearing Archy's name. Archy could not guess the purpose of this. If it had been meant to incriminate him, it had not achieved its purpose. He did not think the object of it had been to point the finger of suspicion at him, but rather to serve some sort of notice upon him. Notice of what, he could not guess. Most certainly it did not seem like conduct which could be attributed to Moffitt or his gunman companion. It was not in their characters.

Grand Canyon

By Roland English Hartley

Here is an open page of the
secret world,
The carven chronicle of all
time past.
Here the mountains were lifted
like leaves unfurled
From a bud that must burst;
and here the seas were vast
Before they vanished. Only
these stars were the same,
Circling a void new earth,
where now began
A plan so slow unfolding that
it came
Only after the countless eons
to man.
Man is a late-come dweller on
the earth;
Yet let him not think meanly
of his place,
Lost in the ages' vastness, for
his worth
Is in his vision. Till he turned
his face
Upon it, beauty was not there.
He came,
And only then did grandeur
have a name.

The depredation at Pansy Grove store seemed in Bones Leary's line of business, but not this melodramatic killing.

"Definitely bughouse," said Lumpy out of the darkness.

"Go to sleep," Archy said. "We can't make head or tail of it lying here in bed."

"There are things that have no head or tail," Lumpy said grimly. "Loony things. What I say, Archy, is this duck, whoever he is, is an addled egg."

"Or," said Archy, "an amazingly, adroitly sane one. Go to sleep."

At last, sleep did come, and Archy slept profoundly, to be rudely awakened before it was yet dawn. Field Superintendent Riggs was bending over his bunk, shaking him awake. "Rise and shine," he ordered.

Archy reared up on his elbow, blinking sleepily. "Who's declared war on whom?" he asked grumpily. "Eight hours' sleep is in my contract."

"Company plane'll be waiting for you at Edmonton at eight o'clock," Riggs said.

"To go where, and why?" Archy asked.

"Mine not to reason why." Riggs shrugged. "Calgary, I presume. The word just came. That's all there is. There isn't any more."

Archy threw on his clothes, packed his bag and walked over to the cookhouse. He was irritated. This blind order arriving at such a time bore all the earmarks of another characteristic William Makepeace Hawks caper. More sailing under sealed orders. His but to do or die according to the dictates of Hawks' whimsey. He, nevertheless, tucked in a hearty breakfast, told Riggs not to let Lumpy Sawyer fall over his feet, and started the drive to the capital of the province. He reached Edmonton's fine airport before eight, and in the club recognized the young man who had piloted him up from Calgary on his arrival. They shook hands and climbed into the little plane.

"Would you," Archy asked, "have any cues for me or do I go on the stage without a script?"

"Is that what they call persiflage?" asked the flier. "I never studied it. Me, I stick to one-syllable words that make sense. You go to the Palliser Hotel. Room reserved for you."

"You can't amplify that?"

"If they gave me a more complicated message," the flier grinned, "I wouldn't remember it. This oil business is different."

"From what?"

"Everything," the flier said, "that ain't oil business. I don't pay attention. I just fly. Otherwise I go cuckoo."

Archy did not relish the flight, though it was smooth and over a rich and beautiful

OVER THE HUMP!

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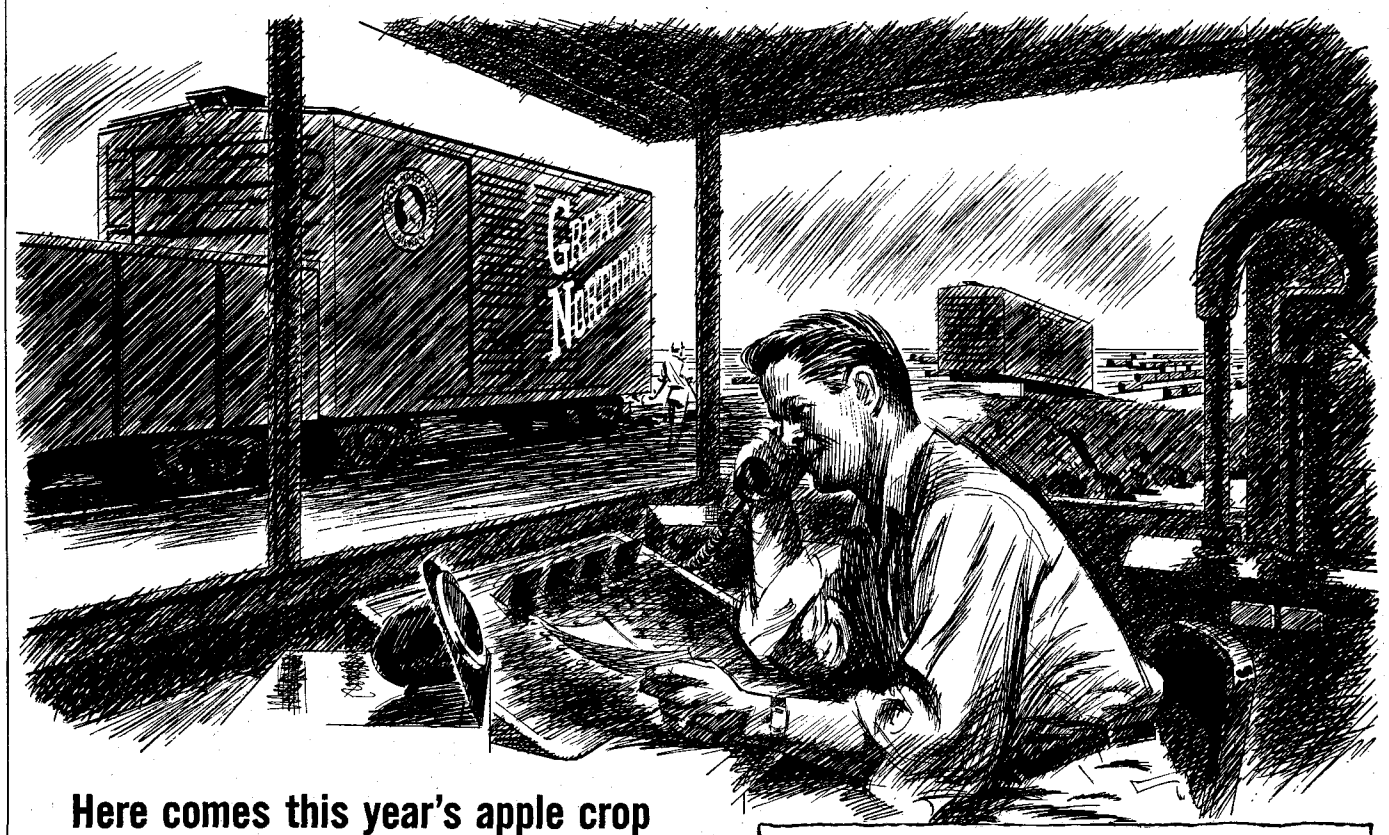
Great Northern is meeting the challenge of today's swifter business and industrial tempo with a new classification yard that utilizes all the miraculous resources of radar and radio, electrons and electricity, men and machines. This is the new Gavin Yard just completed at Minot, North Dakota, gateway to and from the Pacific Northwest, the Great Lakes at Duluth-Superior and the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

At this magnificent new yard, freight trains are classified by sending them "over the hump", then controlling their speeds by radar and electronically controlled retarders, and promptly dispatching them on their way. Untold hours of switching up and down the line are saved. The result is vastly improved service to shippers —faster-moving freight, more dependable freight schedules, shipping that protects commodities in transit.

This is 6½ million dollars worth of additional proof that *Progress Is a Great Northern Habit.*

For illustrated booklet on Gavin Yard, write W. E. Nicholson, General Freight Traffic Manager, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul 1, Minn.



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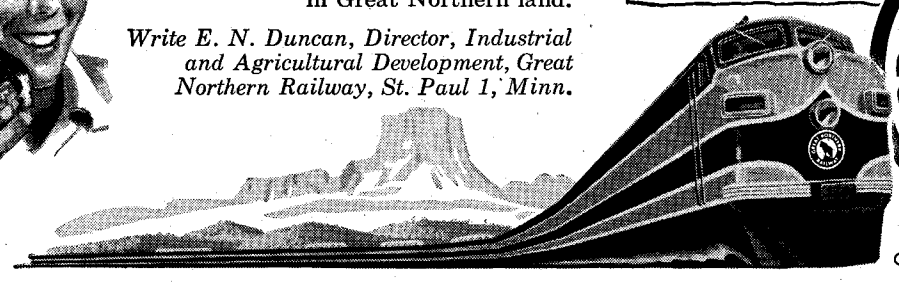

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farming country. Oil derricks sprouted here and there, and the structure of a refinery was visible to westward. But the discovery of oil had not interrupted the less romantic occupation of agriculture. The business of extracting oil from the ground was only something extra, something superimposed on normal life, which persisted in its placid, humdrum way, as if its plows and harrows and reapers did not move over a surface beneath which were untold riches.

The farmers, the owners of the surface of the earth, were excluded from participation in the wealth beneath their feet. Mineral rights had been reserved by the government. The farmer is paid a small sum for the nuisance committed on his lands, for the use of a minor part of his acres. For each well drilled, about an acre is used for derrick, pits, machinery and fuel tanks. For the use of this the farmer is reimbursed. After a well is completed as a producer, the drilling machinery is removed, slush pits are filled and the pump unit installed. Each pump will occupy an area of only twelve by eighteen feet. On a forty-acre farm four pumping wells will cover less than a half acre of land, leaving thirty-nine and a half acres available for farming. So the business of extracting oil from the depths is a very small impediment to the growing of crops on the surface.

Archy flew over this twice-blessed region without thinking of the marvel of it. He was vexed, he was irritated, but, oddly enough, he was enjoying himself. William Makepeace Hawks irked him, but William Makepeace Hawks also entertained him. If you worked for Hawks, your life suffered few dull moments.

The pilot set the plane down gently on Calgary's field and led Archy to his parked car, in which they drove from the muddy outskirts to the bustle and efficiency of the miraculously expanding city. At the desk of the hotel, Archy inquired for his reservation and hopefully for mail. There was a large Manila envelope with his name typed on its face, but no return address on its upper left-hand corner.

"The old lad plays his games to the limit," Archy said to himself, with a grin. Well, if Hawks had a juvenile taste for cloak and dagger he had earned the right to indulge himself.

With the door of his room closed behind him, Archy sat at the desk and opened the envelope. It contained only a couple of sheets of paper covered with large, scrawled, angular handwriting. There was no date. Apparently Hawks was not concerned with the day of the month. The greeting was terse, somewhat on the curt side:

Butts, I hope you have sex appeal. You're going to need it. The name of this slick chick is Nadine Clark. She eats 'em with their shoes on. Everybody says a top-grade siren can ruin any lad she sets her mind on. Nuts, say I. Just as many Mata Haris have blotted their copybooks over some he-man sap of a boy with wavy hair as noble young men have gone to hell in a hack for beautiful harpies. So beat her to it. She looks like an angel on a Christmas card, but the record is that she's a black widow. Whatever she's up to, toss a monkey wrench into it. Have fun. HAWKS.

Archy would have liked to preserve the note as an odd and enlightening commentary on modern business methods, but that would have violated all his training. So he touched a match to it and held it over the ash tray until it was reduced to ashes. He lighted a cigarette and doubted that the terms of his contract required him to carry on a war of the sexes with some beautiful and dangerous young woman he had never seen and whose connection with events was obscure to him. He did not like any part of it, and his first reaction was to send William Makepeace Hawks a wire directing him to jump into the lake, but that was only a very brief thought, to be rejected immediately. As a matter of fact—though Archy would have refused to admit it—no inducement or threat could have persuaded him to extricate himself from the situation in which he found himself. The fact of the matter was that it delighted him. It was a thing of promise. Archy was, by nature, a young man who was irked by the routine and the serene; it was only in conditions of turmoil that he functioned at his most contented.

He picked up the telephone and called the desk.

"Has Miss Nadine Clark registered this morning?" he asked.

In a moment the reply came, "She registered last night, sir."

"Her room number, please."

"Six-nineteen," was the answer.

His own number was six-forty-seven; he was on the same floor. He unpacked his bag, ran an exploratory hand over his chin and decided that a shave would add to his charm. Fifteen minutes later he walked toward the elevators, with no definite plans for making the acquaintance of Miss Nadine Clark. He hoped for inspiration or the helping hand of good luck. The time was eleven o'clock.

Archy pressed the button and waited for the elevator. As he stood there, the question presented itself: Why was it necessary to be devious or clever or to wait for some break of luck? Why not be direct? Might not the simplest way serve his purpose better than any device? There would be the element of surprise. This Nadine Clark, whose sinister abilities Hawks seemed to respect, might be at least momentarily disconcerted by straightforward frontal attack.

Archimedes descended to the street floor and sought a flower shop. He purchased two dozen red roses, enclosed with them a note which said:

My dear Miss Clark: Welcome to Calgary. I will knock on your door at twelve-thirty in the hope that you will lunch with me.

To this he signed his full name of Archimedes Bolivar Butts.

At a half hour after noon Archy stood at the door of six-nineteen. The door opened and Archy saw looking up at him under raised brows the most dramatically beautiful girl he ever had confronted. He was conscious first of violet eyes, large, liquid, naïve. "Naïve" was the word, the just word. They were young eyes that trusted you. They trusted all the world. Her hair was a sort of silver helmet fitting closely the perfection of her shapely head. Her coloring was that of a healthy child just awakened from sleep. But it was not her hair, her eyes, her face that made one gasp; it was the whole of her, the startling perfection of her body, of which Archy was acutely conscious. He had seen women with beautiful figures before, women in many lands and of many races, but never had he stood face to face with one to compare with Nadine Clark.

"Should I whistle, Miss Clark?" he asked.

"Many do," she said demurely. "Your flowers were lovely, Mr. Butts. Will you come in and unbewilder me? Why your gracious welcome to Calgary?"

She stood aside and he entered. She seated herself and motioned to a chair.

"You did not recognize my name?" he asked.

"Should I have done so? It's not an ordinary name. But it means nothing to me, Mr. Butts. Suppose you tell me why you appointed yourself a reception committee for me. How, for instance, you knew my name. How you knew I was in Calgary."

"Do you think a woman as lovely as you could arrive anywhere without exciting the populace?"

"Don't be evasive," Miss Clark said chidingly. "Do you think it is my habit to receive every young man who sends me flowers? Indeed not. I was so complaisant because it seemed desirable to find out who you are and why you should be interested in me. Please identify yourself."

"I," Archy said, "am a mud engineer plying my art up in the new Shining Brook oil field."

"Shining Brook, I understand, is some hundreds of miles from Calgary. Would I be inexcusably vain if I suggested that your presence so far away from your job was due to an uncontrollable urge to make my acquaintance?"

This girl, Archy perceived, would be no negligible opponent. She was shrewd. She made deductions. She did not wait for him to reply. "That would mean, of course," she said thoughtfully, "that you were informed of my coming by someone in New York, and ordered to meet me here. It would indicate, also, that your job is not exclusively mud. Would it be possible, Mr. Butts, that your real job is being somebody's bird dog?" She was laughing at him with quiet enjoyment. "So," she added with raised brows, "that delightful old skeesicks, William Makepeace Hawks, has taken off your leash and sicked you on me."

Looking at her as she sat there, so young, so lovely, it was difficult to believe what President Hawks had said so emphatically in his note. Hawks was not a man to make such statements irresponsibly, but if there had been evil in her past, it had left no scars. Nadine Clark shimmered with class; after one recovered from the first impact of her exuberant beauty, the next attribute that impressed was that she was an aristocrat, a girl so accustomed to high social position that she need not worry about it. Even when she betrayed signs of a certain hardness and sophistication, there was a disarming and innocent frankness in her eyes and manner.

"For the sake of convenience," Archy said, "let us assume that your conjectures are accurate. Let us concede that Mr. Hawks is interested in your goings and comings. Let us even become a trifle ungallant and admit that he warned me that you are a very naughty girl and as dangerous as a black-widow spider."

"That," she said placidly, "would seem to clarify the situation as between you and me."

"What bedevils me," Archy said, "is that nothing fits. Nothing adds up. You don't fit in. You belong in some sort of Park Avenue intrigue, not floundering around in the muskeg of remote Canada. People and unpleasant occurrences are piling up in Shining Brook, without rhyme or reason that I can uncover." He waggled his head ruefully. "Skulduggery that should be taking place in New York is sticking up its ugly head in Shining Brook. This razzle-dazzle violates all the rules."

"Now," said Miss Clark, wide-eyed, "you are bewildering me."

"I'll recite," Archy said; "not so much for your benefit, Aspasia, as to put things in orderly pigeonholes in my personal filing cabinet. This whole monkey business seems to start with a proxy fight for control of Gandolin Oil back in New York. A melodramatic fight for proxies is going on. In the midst of which, J. A. Baldwin, battling to retain the presidency of Gandolin, becomes a corpse. Modern business practice doesn't include assassination. You would think a sensational murder would center things in New York, where it was perpetrated. But no, no. Everybody and everything hops on a magic carpet and whisks off to Shining Brook Field in Alberta, leaving the late Mr. Baldwin very much in the lurch. So, thousands of miles away from proxy fights and oil politics, we have senseless sabotage, the presence of a dubious character named Moffitt, complete with reefer-smoking gunman named Bones Leary. Topped off, no later than last night, with the fantastic murder of an unidentified man, whose body is deposited in the back seat of my car with accessories calculated to involve me (*Continued on Page 145*)

"Blow, blow thou winter wind, eh, Mrs. Baxter?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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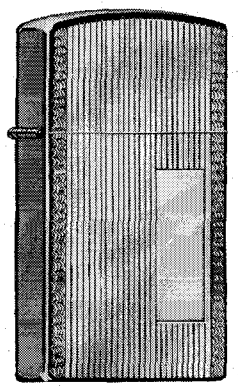

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(*Continued from Page 142*) in the killing. And today, you! By the way, Miss Clark, did you know J. A. Baldwin?"

"I never spoke to the man." She leaned forward and spoke earnestly. "You've been out of touch with things, Mr. Butts," she said. "The killing of Mr. Baldwin had nothing to do with oil or proxies. It was a very ordinary and sordid killing. The woman-scorned sort of thing. J. A. Baldwin was done in by a lady friend who had worn out her welcome—a rather cunning little chick well known in certain circles as Boots Quinto. No mystery. A very ordinary affair."

Suddenly her face changed. It was no longer bland and charming, but sharply concerned—one might almost say alarmed. "What did you say a moment ago," she asked, "about a murder last night in Shining Brook?"

"A man, unidentified, was killed. His neck was broken. He was deposited in my car—wearing my Phi Beta Kappa key on a finger. He seemed to be about forty years old. Weight around a hundred and seventy. Gray eyes. Sandy hair. Blue-serge suit unsuitable to the region. All means of identification removed. . . . Incidentally," he added, "the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in the person of Sergeant Douglas Van Patten, will be taking a very critical view of my disappearance from Shining Brook."

"Mr. Butts," Nadine Clark said earnestly, "my plans have changed. I must get to Edmonton—to Shining Brook. It is imperative."

"So," Archy said coldly, "you recognized the murdered man from my description."

"Nonsense," she said shortly. . . . "How can I reach Edmonton quickly?"

"Well," he said, "far be it from me to give aid and comfort to the enemy. But I'd rather you were there than here. I'll fly you to Edmonton in the company plane. First we have luncheon; then, if you can be ready at once, we'll fly north."

"In ten minutes I can be ready," Miss Clark said. She was not gay now nor ironical, but very intent, very intense.

"Let us have luncheon and be on our way."

Archy delivered Nadine Clark at the hotel in Edmonton. At least she would be a couple of hundred miles closer than if she had remained in Calgary. He had done all he could, for the moment, to carry out Mr. Hawks' directions. Now he was nearing Shining Brook again, where his presence was necessary. He parked his car in its designated place and trod the narrow walk to field superintendent Riggs' office.

"Quick trip," Riggs commented. "Even so, it was too long for the Mounties. Sergeant Van Patten was fit to be tied."

"I'll try to soothe him," Archy said. "Anything happen today that should bring tears to my eyes?"

"Nothing new has happened, but everybody is in a state of jitters."

"Including me," Archy admitted. "Where's Lumpy?"

"He drove in half an hour ago. Over in your trailer, I imagine." . . .

Lumpy stuck his head out of the shower as Archy entered. "Am I glad to see you!" he spluttered.

"Dry yourself off," Archy said, "and bring me up to date. Has Sergeant Van Patten identified our corpse?"

"He has not, and he's not happy. He hasn't found out who the man is, nor where he came from, nor how he got here. Nobody can be located who saw him before he was found dead in your car. Out of the nowhere."

"Exactly what happened at the Pansy Grove store?"

"Three men with red bandannas over their faces busted into the store after everybody had gone to bed. They tore the place apart, looking for something. Didn't hurt anybody, but did an expert job of rummaging. And drove off in a cloud of dust."

Someone rapped on the door, and Archy opened it to admit Sergeant Van Patten, not in the best of humors, but nevertheless not discourteous.

"You should not have gone to Calgary without notifying me, Mr. Butts," he said. "Why did you go?"

"Orders from headquarters," Archy said.

"To meet a beautiful young woman?"

"Yes."

"And escort her back to Edmonton?"

"My orders did not specify that," Archy said. "It was at her request. I do not think it had been contemplated that she would go with me to Edmonton."

Van Patten seemed to be content with that for the moment. "We know no more about the man whose body was found in your car than we did last night," he said. "It is as if he had dropped down from the sky. We've checked railroads, bus lines and airplanes without result. So far as we can discover, no one saw him in Edmonton, and we've located no automobile by which he could have reached Shining Brook." He fixed his intelligent eyes on Archy's face. "There is only your Greek-letter key."

"Which," Archy said, "pretty explicitly indicates some connection between the man and myself."

The sergeant nodded. "You repeat that you do not know the man?"

"I never saw his face before last night."

"When," asked Van Patten, "did you first miss your Greek-letter key?"

"I did not know it was missing," Archy said. "I have not worn it recently. I kept it in a small leather case with my studs and a couple of pairs of cuff links and the like. I have not opened that little case for weeks, at least." He reached for his luggage and opened a handbag. "Here it is," he said, handing the little receptacle to the sergeant. (*Continued on Page 147*)

Advice to be Ignored

By M. M. Parrish

If time is rushing by—in truth
That's what we taught it in our youth.

How we did urge acceleration:
Hurry, Christmas! Come, vacation!

Impatiently we waited for
The gifts that slow time held in store.

Now other youngsters in our place
Coax it to move with swifter pace.

Dear boys and girls, don't try to speed it,
For, oh, so soon you're going to need it!

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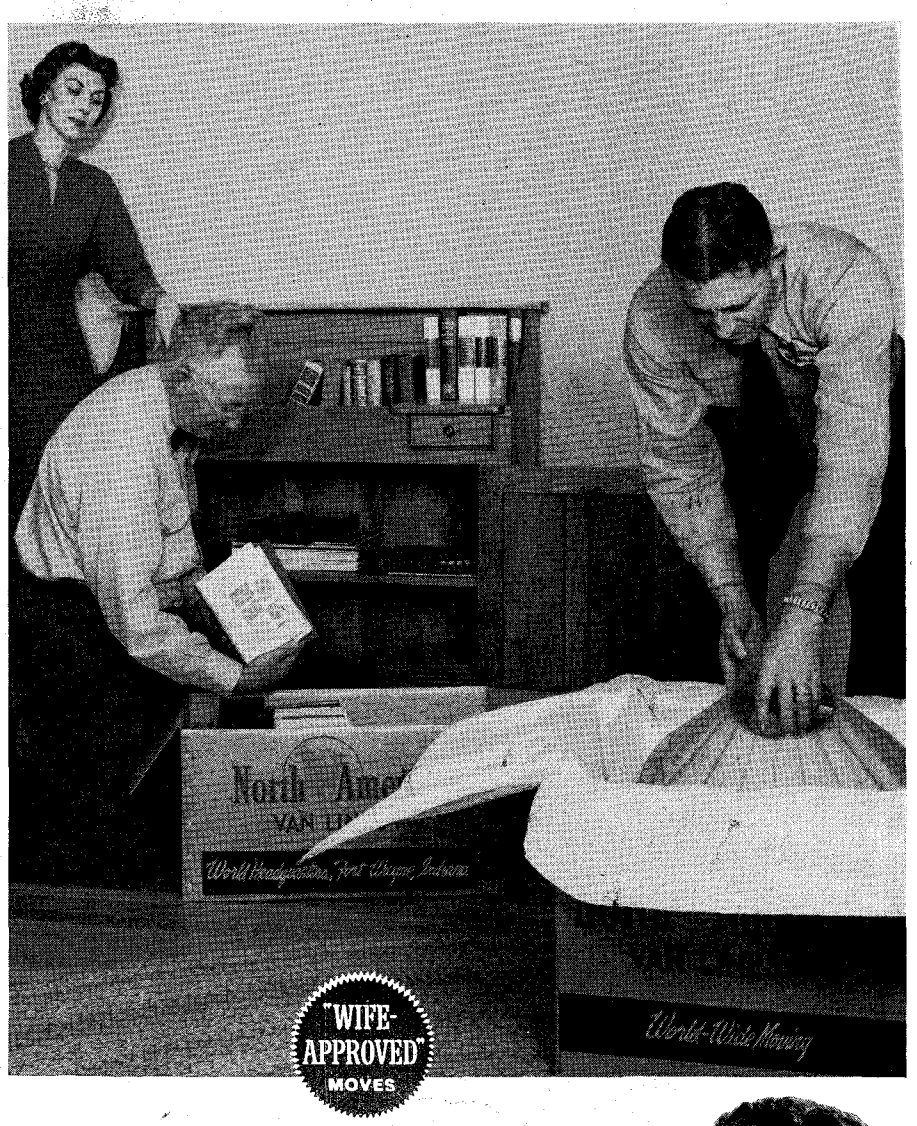

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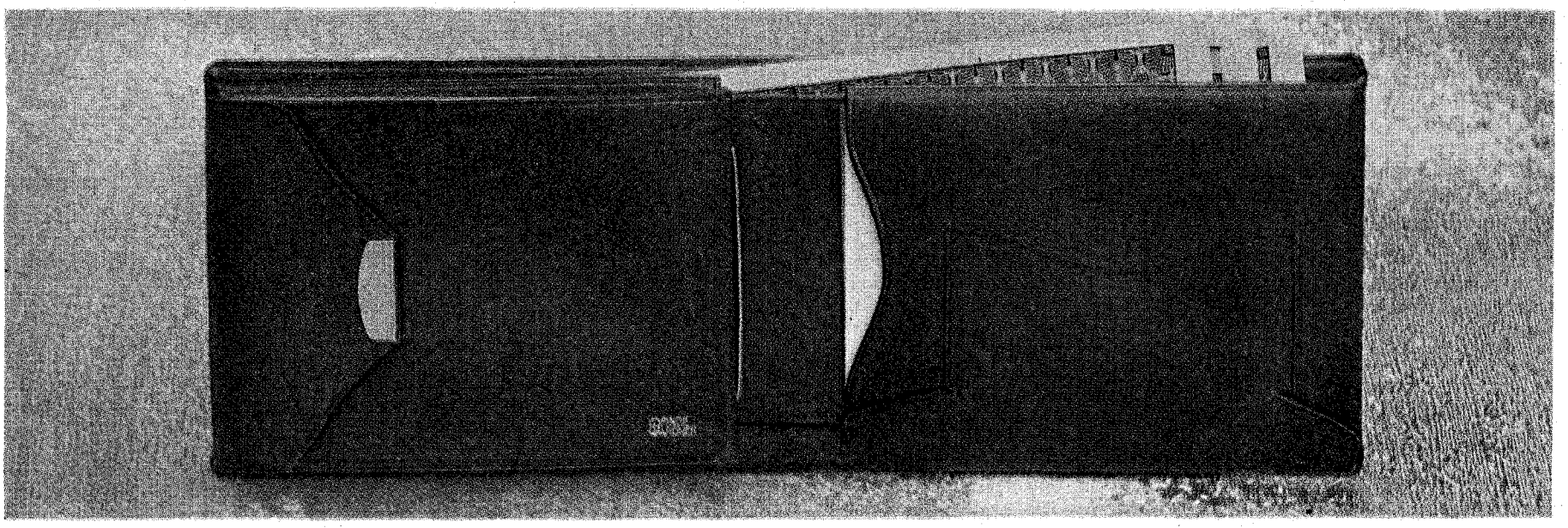

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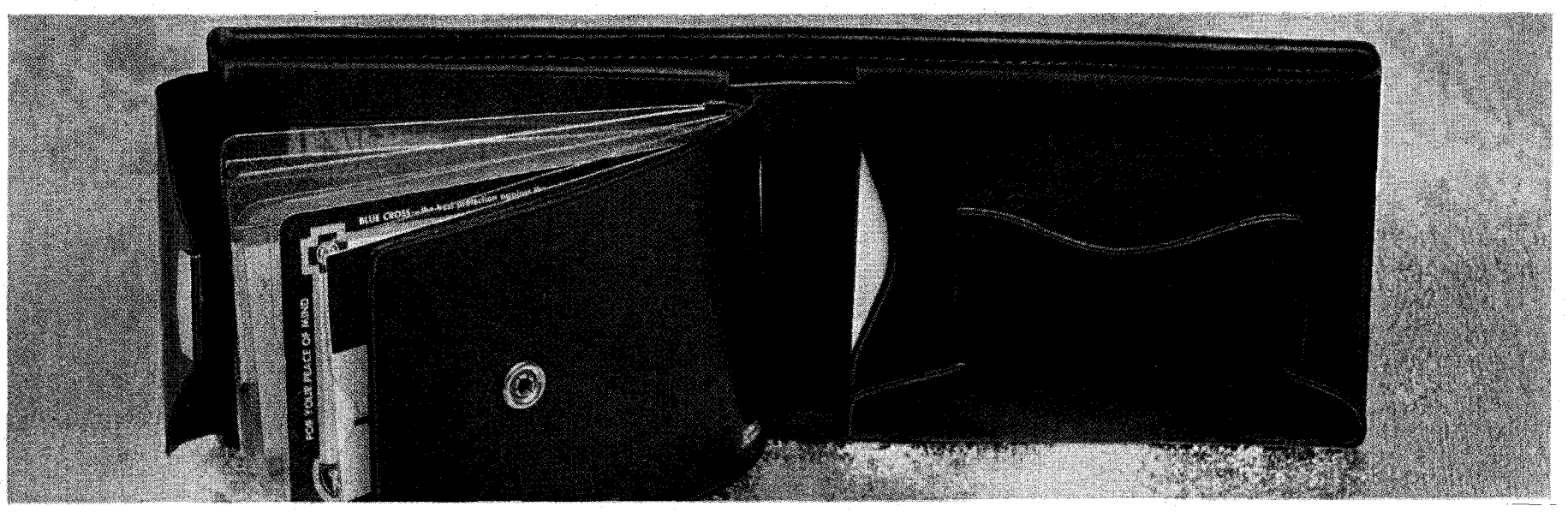

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(*Continued from Page 145*) "Were you aware that your baggage had been meddled with?"

"I was not," Archy said.

"Perhaps fortunately for you, Mr. Butts," the sergeant said, "there is fine co-operation between the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and your Federal Bureau of Investigation. I told you last night that we would investigate you promptly and thoroughly."

"If you have a report already, it was quick work," Archy said.

"A complete and thorough report, Mr. Butts." His face broke into a wide grin. "With what one may designate as colorful commentaries by a gentleman named William Makepeace Hawks."

"Mr. Hawks' comments, if any, would be original," Archy said, and gave the sergeant an answering grin.

"So," Van Patten said, "we have your record in the Near East, and the fact that you were sent here by the president of your company as a trouble shooter. And a man," he went on, after a slight pause, "whose integrity is beyond question."

"Nice to have a clean bill of health," Archy said.

"Mr. Butts, you would not have been summoned from Abadan and rushed to Shining Brook without cogent reason. What was it?"

"You do not know our Mr. Hawks," Archy said. "He told me, in effect, that he was sending me here because he had a feeling in his bones. He sensed that something was not right. Whether he knows more than he told me I can't say. Probably he does. My orders, as I understood them, were to come here, find out what was wrong and put a stop to it. So far, I have discovered that something is very wrong, but who the miscreant is or what he is trying to accomplish, I have not discovered."

"You are not holding out?" the sergeant asked.

"I'm not holding out," Archy said, but even as he gave that assurance he wondered if it was quite true. He had not told the sergeant about the murder of J. A. Baldwin, president of Gandolin Oil, because it did not seem to be relevant; nor did he mention the name of Boots Quinto and that she was hiding in the Shining Brook Field from the police of New York City.

The sergeant stood up. "We'll be seeing each other," he said.

"I am very glad indeed," Archy said sincerely, "that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have taken a hand."

Archy and Lumpy made music after they had eaten, and retired at an early hour. After breakfast in the morning, Butts drove over to the Pansy Grove store. He wanted to know at first hand what had happened there, and there were questions he desired to ask of Boots Quinto. Mr. Magin occupied his accustomed chair on the front porch of the store, a volume of the encyclopedia on his lap. Mrs. Violet Magin, in a man's coat and man's boots, was sprinkling sawdust on the floor and sweeping vigorously. Boots Quinto was not visible. Mrs. Magin, at the sound of his car, thrust her head out of the door and then withdrew it. Archy heard her shout, "Oh, Boots; young spriggins is here!"

Archy alighted. Mr. Magin closed his book and assumed a hospitable expression. "Set 'n' rest your feet," he said. "Kind of a brisk mornin'. Kind of brisk happenin's have been acomin' to pass. Depredations 'n' vi'lence."

Boots Quinto, slender legs encased in threadbare jeans, feet in scuffed cowboy boots, disreputable floppy felt hat concealing her hair, appeared in the open doorway. "Depredations and violence," she said gravely, "are the normal habit of life. Every little spot of serenity is eccentric and contrary to nature, uncle."

"That," said Archy, "is a bitter philosophy, Miss Quinto."

"Can you challenge its veracity?" she demanded.

"I think I could," he said briskly, "but not this morning. I've got business with you."

"A trifle imperative, aren't you?" she asked.

"Not imperative, Miss Quinto," he said, "only a bit driven. I promise to be suave and tactful when I have more leisure."

She peered up at him under bent brows. Then she relaxed and smiled, and it was a very pleasant smile indeed. "I'm a girl," she said gaily, "who knows when to cooperate. I await instructions."

He motioned to his car. "Shall we ride?" he said.

She climbed in meekly. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," she said.

He started the motor and drove in the direction of the river. "Leon Moffitt knows you are here," he said.

"Someone knew I was here," she said. "Therefore the search on Saturday night."

"Was anything found?" he asked.

"Nothing was found," she said.

He felt he would have to be contented with that. For some minutes he drove on in silence, from time to time stealing a glance at what he could see of her pert, almost elfin face under the brim of her hat. He compared the girl who sat beside him with the girl who had invaded his room in New York, and found few points of similarity. That girl—the New York one—had been sophisticated, very modern, almost flippant. She had been the sort who spent a great deal of time on her personal appearance to make herself alluring. This girl beside him was none of those things. She was lovely, but seemed to desire to conceal it; what had been sophistication in the New York girl became reticence in this one. She seemed younger, not so complex, but nevertheless enigmatic. He found it difficult to talk to her; found it impossible to get on a footing of friendship or anything that resembled intimacy. Then he put his finger on it—she was on guard.

It was not the best of roads they traveled, deeply rutted after the recent rains, marred by chuckholes, but nevertheless firm and passable. The terrain through which it passed was drab and uninteresting. Off to the right was an isolated farm. Archy wondered what sort of life the people lived who dwelt there. Beyond, the woods seemed thicker, the ground higher.

"Miss Quinto," he said, slowing the car to a snail's pace, "during the days when you were a pet of café society, did you ever encounter a young woman by the name of Nadine Clark?"

Boots Quinto was suddenly alert. She thrust back her hat, so that she could look up into his face. "How does Nadine Clark enter the conversation?" she asked tersely.

"She flew into it," Archy answered, "arriving in Calgary, Saturday—where I was the reception committee. She is a dish. I flew her to Edmonton, where she slept last night. Did you know her, Miss Quinto?"

"Even in café society," Boots said, "there is the caste system. There are social orders that impinge, but don't mingle. None of them would arouse the enthusiasm of your Victorian grandmother, but some of them make even madcap debutantes look askance. Personally I looked at Nadine Clark askance."

"What made her that way?" Archy asked.

"A kind of an aura," Boots said. "Not definite, not specific, but a thing. You, for instance, sit cheek by jowl in some elite night spot with the boss of the slot-machine racket and his lady friend. You get a kick out of it. He's a personage, and you know exactly what sort of personage. You rub elbows with a lovely who is the mistress of a top financier, and it's mildly exciting. You're seeing life. Those people you can pigeonhole. Maybe they're even fun to experiment with. Nadine Clark wasn't like that."

"What was she like?"

"You couldn't put a price tag on her. You couldn't pin her down. People buzzed about her behind their hands, but nobody claimed to have the facts. Lots of murky smoke, but no fire. She looked like a *contessa* in the ancient regime, but known mobsters took off their hats and were very polite to her. Her tastes were catholic—from United States senators to Hollywood stars to people who were out on bail. It was asserted that she could get a speeding ticket canceled or an indictment for perjury dismissed."

"No specific gentleman friend?"

"Scandal said she played the field and was the most expensive lady on Park Avenue."

"Was she interested in oil?" Archy asked. "How would she come into our picture? Why should she disturb William Makepeace Hawks?"

Her reply seemed to Archy Butts to be a *non sequitur*. "Because," she said, "Mr. Hawks was the closest friend of J. A. Baldwin."

"The murdered president of Gandolin?"

"Yes," she said; and explained, "Mr. Baldwin was compiling a dossier on Nadine Clark at the time of his death. Private investigators."

"Why? For what purpose?"

"That," she said, "I do not know. Mr. Butts, one of the whispers about Nadine Clark was to the effect that it was bad for the health to be too inquisitive about her. Instances were stated, but without proof."

"You suggest," Archy said gravely, "that she was implicated in the murder of Mr. Baldwin?"

"One wonders," she answered.

"Now she," Archy said, and turned to scrutinize her for possible reactions as he spoke, "told me there was nothing complex about the killing of Baldwin. She asserted that he was shot by a cast-off mistress."

She reacted, but not in any way he might have anticipated. She laughed with real gaiety and spontaneity. "And, of course," she said, when she could speak clearly again, "she named me as that mistress."

"She did," Archy said.

She was serious again. "You speak as if Miss Clark's flying with you to Edmonton was a sudden impulse," she said. "What caused it?"

"You've heard, of course, about the body found in the back seat of my car?"

"The bush telegraph brought that news."

"It was when I mentioned that business to her that the impulse overtook her."

Boots was thoughtful; she concentrated. "Did you describe the dead man to her, Mr. Butts?"

"I did."

"And she recognized the description?"

"I thought so."

"Will you describe him to me?"

Archy did so, graphically, accurately. She stared straight before her as she listened and then nodded.

"You recognize the man?" Archy asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Oh, yes. His name is Seth Bowen. He was chief of the detective agency employed by Mr. Baldwin to investigate Nadine Clark."

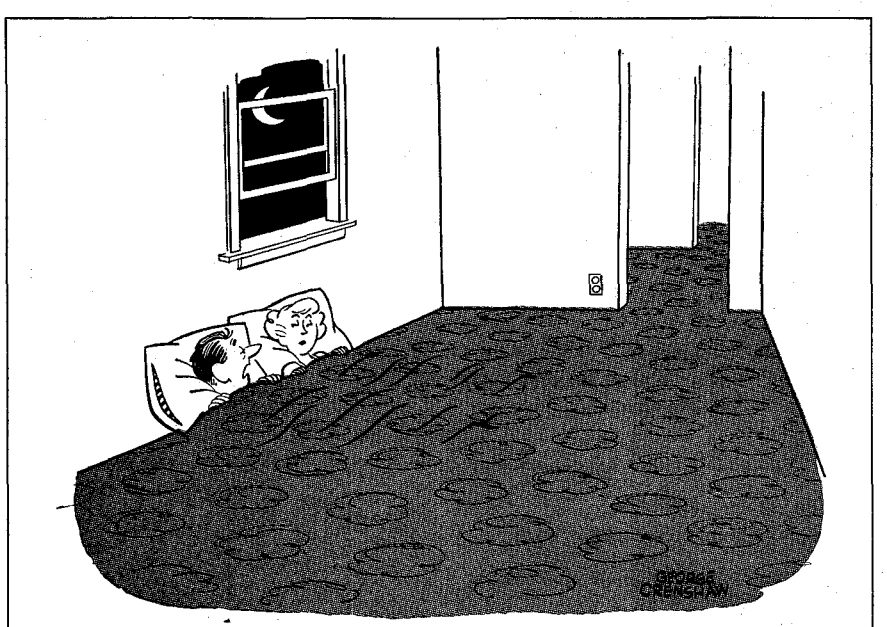
Here was a fact, and Archy Butts was uncertain what to do with it. If he communicated it to Sgt. Douglas Van Patten, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, there would be immediate complications. He would be required to disclose by what means he had succeeded in making the identification. He would be compelled to talk about Boots Quinto. The sergeant, an official policeman, would see it as his bounden duty to communicate with the New York police, for Boots was definitely a fugitive from the New York jurisdiction and a material witness, if nothing worse.

He drove on toward the river, his face set, his jaw grim. Boots, having made her disturbing disclosure, said no more.

"You've kicked over the frying pan!" Archy said savagely. "Why couldn't you have kept your pretty little trap shut?"

"Archy," she said, and it was the first time she ever had addressed him by this shortening of his Christian name, "a girl can't be on her guard every minute. She bumps up against a time when she can't be self-sufficient, when she wants to pile it on somebody else's back."

"I'm glad," he said, "it was my back that was handy. So, all right. My orders from the Old Man were to handle things. So I'll handle them my way." He summoned up a grin. "Do you know what the esoteric people do when they bump into a mental impasse? When the so-called objective mind refuses to function? They do what they call 'go into the silence.'"



"It's beautiful, dear, but wouldn't beds and a stove have been a more practical way to begin furnishing?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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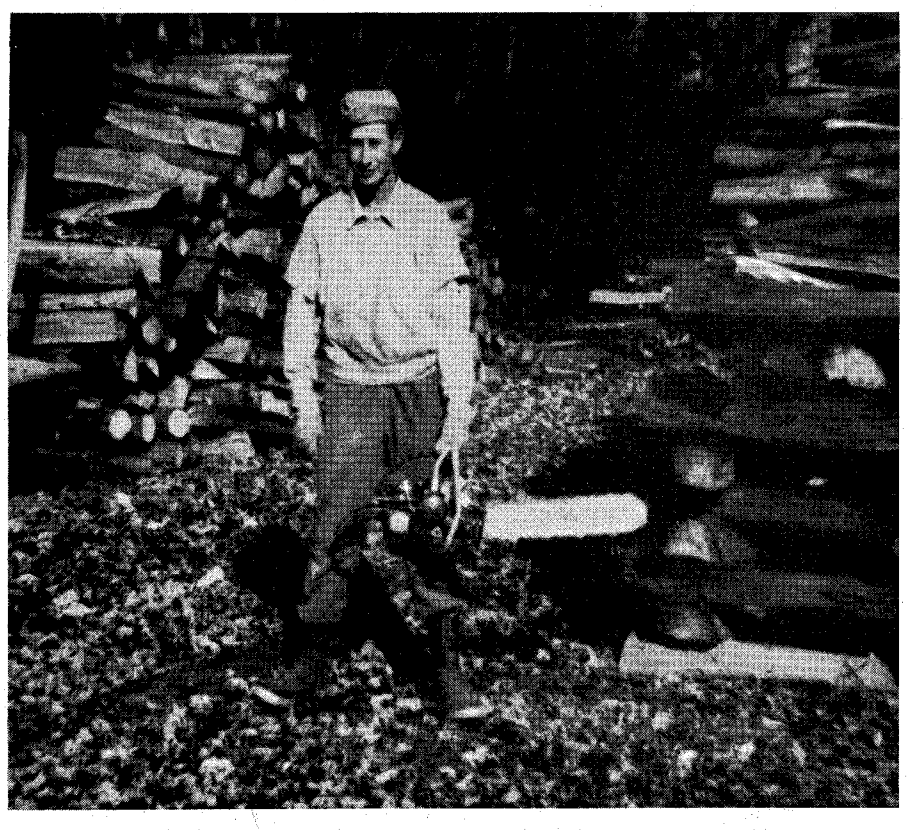

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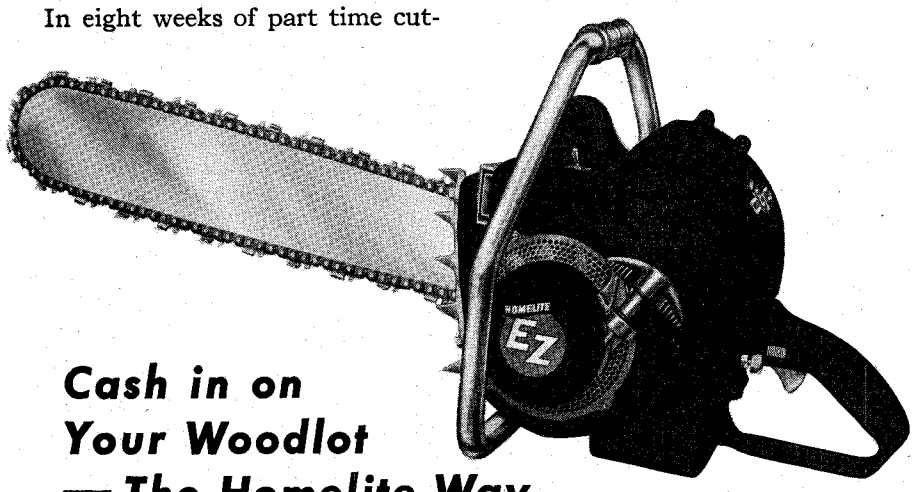

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"What does that do?" Boots asked.

"They claim," he explained, "that it gives the subconscious a chance to go to work. It cleans out the channel of communication, so there is a free flow from that part of the mind which imagines and remembers and originates. Maybe that's Eastern mysticism, but I've seen it work. Stop consciously thinking about your problem, unclog your mind and, the first you know, something spreads the answer on the table before you."

"You're an amateur mahatma," she said, and her voice sounded almost gay. "So we just stop worrying and enjoy ourselves and hope for the best. Like baiting the trap for inspiration."

They lurched around a curve, and the river lay before them, flowing placidly. Archy drove the car to a level spot and stepped to the ground.

"How about we explore?" he suggested. "This is pretty primitive country that won't stay primitive very long. Two hundred and fifty thousand acres of the primeval being jerked almost in the wink of an eye out of its million-year-old sleep into the very lap of the atomic age! Here's land that, but for the discovery of oil, might have dozed away here unchanged for another million years."

"Maybe you'll write an epic about it," she said lightly.

"It's worthy of an epic. A trackless wilderness endowed with a network of roads, because progress must have transportation. Aladdin stuff. Three thousand oil wells spilling untold wealth!"

"The young man," Boots said, "is surprisingly capable of enthusiasm."

They strode vigorously along on the bank of the river. Here there was a profusion of white birch, a rolling and more sightly country than Archy had seen since coming to Shining Brook. Boots halted and gripped his arm.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Smoke," she said, pointing.

They advanced more cautiously. Through the trees they saw a glint of white, which, as they drew nearer, became a canvas tent on a knoll. Before it was a campfire, a sort of rough stone fireplace. The aroma of bacon and coffee was wafted to their noses. On a blanket spread between tent and fireplace reclined an almost nude man of enormous proportions. He was smoking a pipe and reading a small book.

His hearing must have been extraordinarily acute, for he turned his head and reared himself upon an elbow, peering in their direction. He watched their approach without speaking or changing his expression of watchfulness until they were thirty feet away. Then he seemed to relax.

"Salaam aleikum," he said.

"Peace be upon your house," Archy replied in Arabic.

"You are welcome, and your companion," the man said gravely, "to this spot of serenity and contemplation."

The expression on his great round face was mild, beneficent. The eyes were china blue and guileless above smooth pink cheeks—the countenance of a gigantic baby. It was a baby face mounted upon the body of a Roman gladiator. When the man moved, beautiful muscles rippled.

"Seat yourselves. There will be coffee. You are my first guests, and so, doubly welcome." He closed his book and tossed it on the grass. It was the Anabasis in its original Greek. Boots pressed against Archy's arm, and he could feel her shiver as with a chill. He looked down into her face, and it was pale and her eyes were dark with some emotion that might have been fear.

"Our intrusion," Archy said, "is not intentional. We did not know you were camped here."

"A lovely, lonely spot for meditation and preparation," said the man, getting to his knees and hooking the coffeepot from the

(*Continued on Page 152*)

"O.K., then at 12:01 you, Higgins, will have the rope, ladder and hooks ready at the wall. At 12:15 you, Bivins and Smalley, overpower the guards. At 12:16 you, Santo, are covering me from the left. At 12:18 I'm in the clear. At 12:20 you guys are back in your cells."

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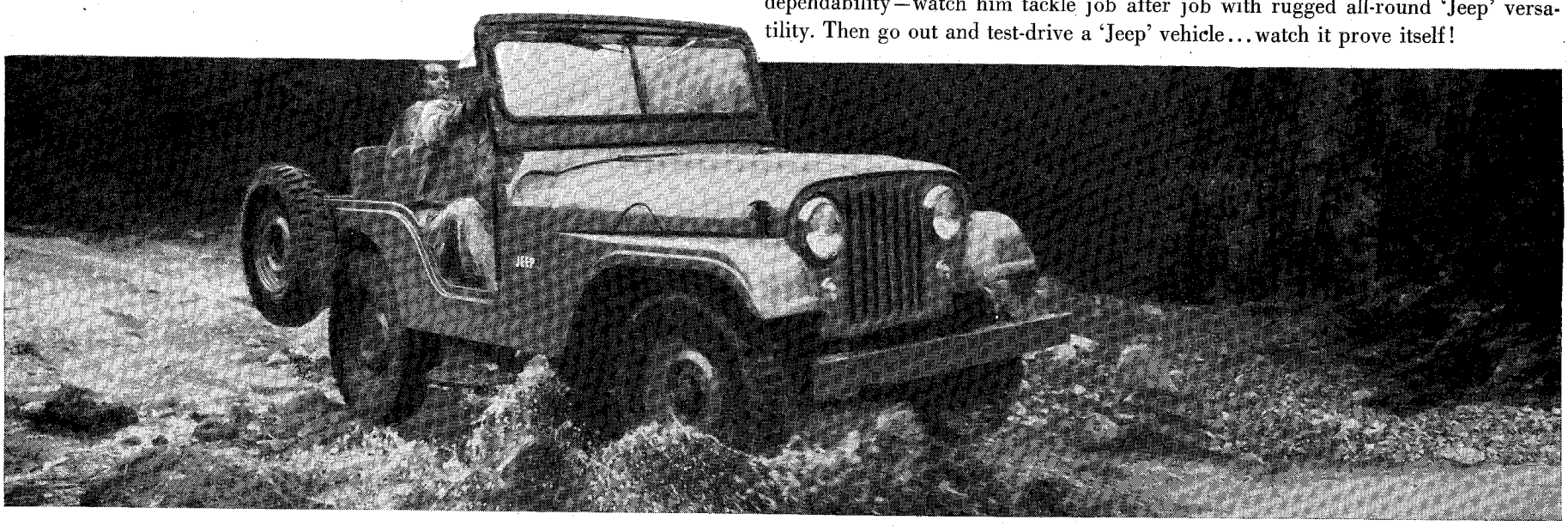

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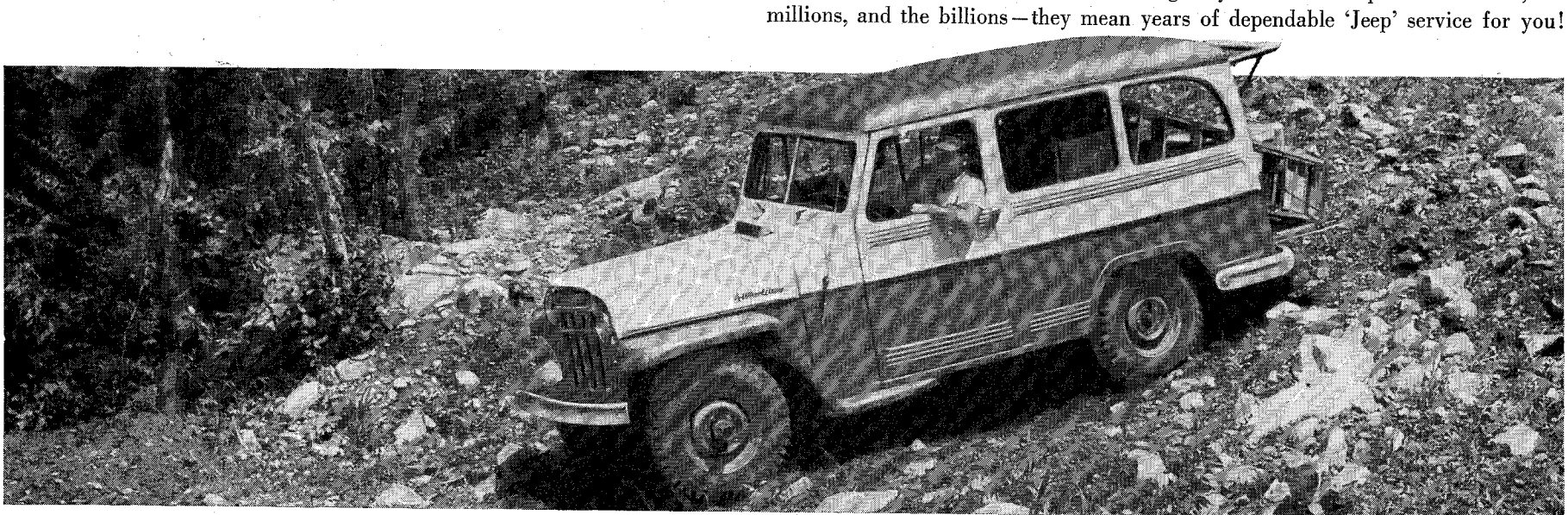

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(*Continued from Page 148*) fire. "Mr. Archimedes Bolivar Butts, is it not? Recently of the Near East?"

"Right," Archy said. "We saw you arrive the other day, pack on back." Archy studied the man as he hovered over his coffeepot. "I thought I recognized you then, but the Anabasis makes me sure. Though I never saw you before."

"John Smith is the very undistinguished name. Sometimes"—he smiled guilelessly—"known as Fisherman John."

"Because," said Archy, "you fish in troubled waters."

"I spread oil on troubled waters," John Smith said gravely.

Archy turned to Boots Quinto. "We are being entertained by a famous character—in an obscure way," he told her. "In the old days of rumrunning, he would have been the king of the hijackers. Rumor, which has never been proved, says that he never does business until someone else has committed a crime. . . . Am I right, Fisherman?"

"I never have been accused of committing a crime," John Smith said.

He did not seem to be resentful, but rather to be amused. He smiled broadly at Boots Quinto. "I'm a character," he said. "I'm unique."

"I'm told there was a day when he might have joined the faculty of any university," Archy said to Boots. "To rest his mind, he reads Xenophon in the original or corrects Jowett's translation of Plato. . . . How many languages, Fisherman?"

"Like the great von Moltke," the man said, "I can keep silent in seven."

"It is reported that his real ambition is to found a cult of which he shall be the messiah."

A zealot's fire blazed from the big blue eyes of the man. "The world today," he said, "stands in need of a prophet, a leader—as you say, a messiah."

Again Archy spoke to Boots. "You see," he said, "there is agreement that the man is sincere. The urge to moral leadership mounted on a criminal chassis. It costs money to become a messiah. The Fisherman has no moral scruples as to how he finances his campaign."

"If the world is to be saved," said John Smith, "it should not object to paying for its salvation."

Boots stretched out her hand and laid it on Archy's sleeve. "Let's get away from here," she said urgently.

"My dear young lady!" Smith expostulated. He was wounded. "You find me repugnant? Or is it," he asked, and his smile was sly, "that you fear you will not find me repugnant?"

"The point I am trying to make, Boots," Archy said, "is that when a great and profitable crime has been committed, this gentleman is seen to be hovering. He appeared in Boston after the Brinks robbery. He was seen in the background on the Riviera after the theft of the khedive's jewels. He put in an appearance in Greece, which was the refuge of an American absconder. He haunted Havana after the flight of the king of New York gangsters with a million of crooked money. I could enumerate a dozen more."

"Give a dog a bad name," John Smith said.

"What is the correct word for it?" Archy asked. "To be sure—'battens.' He battens on criminals who have got away with big loot. What was it Whistler said about Ruskin—that a critic was one who could not function until someone else did something? The Fisherman is like that. He doesn't originate. He doesn't commit. He only functions after someone else has done a depredation."

John Smith was almost purring. He seemed to be delighted by Archy Butts' description of his mission in life. He was boyishly flattered. "What you would call an original sort of opportunist," he said, preening himself.

He was a strange and rather frightening spectacle—a man of superior mental attainments, a man with a curious, high sincerity of purpose and a strange, distorted, abnormal mind. The body of an ancient Greek winner of the Olympic games topped by the head of a guileless child. And the mind of a genius distorted by some curious unreason. As he sat there, all but naked, he was a personage; he exerted charm even while he aroused aversion and fear.

"Who," Archy asked, "has committed what crime to bring you to Shining Brook Field?"

John Smith poured steaming coffee into tin cups and handed them with courteous smiles to his guests.

"If the rest of your summation of myself," he said, "is correct, then your deduction is justified." He leaned toward Archy Butts very earnestly and said in an admonitory tone, "But if it be justified, I would not like it. You can see that. I could not tolerate any action based on that assumption. Much as I regret it, I would have to take steps."

"Such as?" Archy asked.

John Smith did a strange and impressive and somehow shocking thing, smiling an odd smile as he accomplished the astonishing feat. From a gunny sack near the tent he took two sound potatoes, each the size of a goose's egg. One of these he grasped in each of his big hands, and then he stood, legs apart, and squeezed. The splendid muscles of his shoulders, of his arms, even of his legs, exerted themselves. It was a tremendous, an awesome putting forth of animal strength. His lips parted and his white teeth exhibited themselves in a sort of feral grin. And then his fingers commenced to close as they crushed the tubers until their skins and pulp squirted out through his fingers. He opened his hands, wiped them on his loincloth and regarded his guests quizzically.

Boots Quinto felt as if she were going to be ill; Archy Butts released his pent breath.

"Impressive," he said.

"Horrible," whispered Boots Quinto.

"An object lesson," said John Smith. "I can be very physical, very unpleasant, to people who meddle."

"Your hands," Archy said, and his voice was not steady, "could break a man's neck."

"Only after extreme provocation," John Smith said.

"Did Seth Bowen provoke you extremely?" Archy asked harshly. "I know of no other hands that could break his neck as it was broken."

Before John Smith could reply to that accusation, there came the detonation of a high-powered rifle from across the river. The coffeepot on the fire disintegrated. Instinctively each of the three flattened against the earth. There came no second shot.

"You have an ill-wisher," Archy said, not raising his head.

"Or you," John Smith said, "or Miss Quinto. You leap to conclusions, Mr. Butts. You did not earn your reputation that way. First marshal your facts; only then should you make deductions."

"Archy," Boots said urgently, "let us go away from here. Not sometime else, but now."

"I think," said John Smith, "that to go now is a very sound idea. When I'm annoyed I sometimes become impulsive. I want to be alone to contemplate. Go while the going is good."

TO BE CONTINUED

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We're Lucky to be Teachers

(Continued from Page 49)

Finally, our house was completed, built the way the book said. We called our folks out to admire our handiwork. Mother arranged a stiff smile on her face.

My father moaned. "Paint the thing," he said. "Paint it as soon as you can."

Bob told me that he had found a man who would move our furniture for only five dollars. Then, with elaborate casualness, he added, "He works for the Street Department."

"Oh, Bob!" I was horrified by a mental picture of a garbage truck moving us back to the neighborhood where I had grown up. But on moving day the man arrived in a clean pickup truck. Our furniture was loaded quickly, but there were still our books.

As the moving man staggered past me, carrying the last crate, he gave me a dark look. "Funny people," he said. "Only one truckload of furniture and ten boxes of books."

According to our plan, Bob would go to college for three solid years. I was to go whenever our finances would allow it. I had three years of college credit behind me, gained during the time when Bob was on the business end of a machine gun in France and Germany. He had won a Purple Heart, the usual way, in the Battle of the Bulge.

Once we were started toward the teaching profession, I began to have misgivings. My mother, five aunts and countless cousins are teachers. I wasn't too sure that I wanted to follow suit. As a college freshman, I had been quite sure that I didn't want to teach. I listed journalism as my major, and gave education courses a wide berth.

When I left college in my third year, I was looking for excitement and money of my own. I worked as a reporter on my home-town newspaper for a year. Then I got a job as hostess on a streamliner running between New York and New Orleans. After Bob and I were married, I worked in the personnel office of a department store in Birmingham, Alabama. Now I found it hard to believe that I was going back to school so I would be qualified to teach, the one thing I had vowed not to do.

Bob had no preconceived notions about teaching. He did know that two Storrs men, Charles and Augustus, had thought highly enough of public education to found Storrs Agricultural School, which later became the University of Connecticut, at Storrs, Connecticut. But that had been in the dim past, and to Bob teaching had become a means to an end.

We knew where we were going, but we soon began to wonder how. The application for Bob's tuition and our living allowance, mailed from Birmingham to the Veterans' Administration office in Montgomery, hadn't turned up. Our savings were gone. Then Bob found an ad in the newspaper. "Blood donors wanted. Ten dollars a pint." Blood was something that we still had plenty of.

As we sat in the waiting room of the clinic, I had an acute attack of false pride. "Don't tell them your real name," I whispered. Bob looked at me as if I had slapped him. I slid down in my chair, feeling ashamed. When the nurse indicated that we were next, I told her who I was in a clear voice. We left a few minutes later, feeling strangely light and dizzy. But it felt good to have twenty dollars again.

The blood money, as we called it, was soon gone. There was still no word from the Veterans' Administration. We borrowed a car and drove the 100 miles to Montgomery, taking duplicate records. Bob asked for a personal interview with the man in charge of the state VA, and got it.

Two hours later the original application had been found and approved, and we were on our way home.

The allotment money began coming regularly, but we soon saw that we always had too much month left at the end of our money. I no longer pretended to balance our budget. I just kept an

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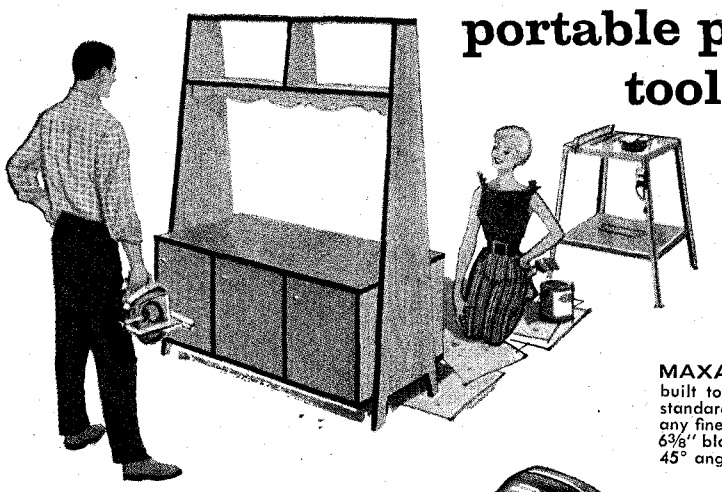

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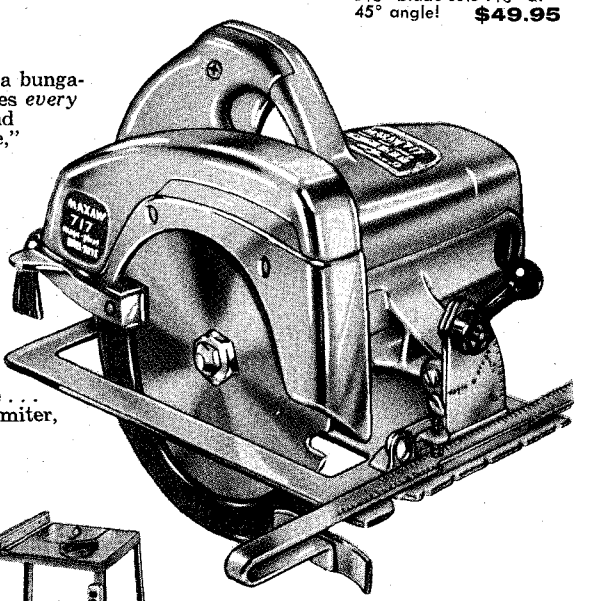

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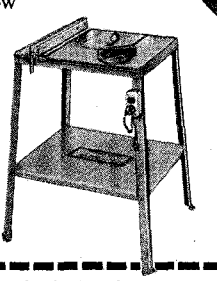

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informal record of which way the money went.

Yet we cherished each day of our new-found freedom. The old nine-to-five routine was only a memory; we worked hard, but we were together almost always. Then something wonderful happened to us: we became friends. We had never doubted our love for each other, but now our constant companionship was bringing new meaning into our marriage.

I found a new respect for my husband. Not only was he the man I loved but he was also a wonderful person. I admired his patience in time of trouble, the unassuming self-confidence with which he prepared for a difficult job or an exam at school. I loved his gentle brand of humor, always evident in a time of crisis.

He attended morning classes and worked at an endless succession of part-time jobs. At various times he was a truck driver, an electrical repairman, a tool grinder in a rifle factory. He painted houses and installed furnaces. In the Christmas season he carried mail. Possibly I am married to a versatile man. Perhaps he is merely stubborn. But in all our years together I have never heard him say, "I can't."

I took jobs that I could do at home, whenever I could find one. Once Bob came home to find 5000 envelopes on our kitchen table, I had agreed to address them for a hearing-aid salesman at a penny apiece. One happy day the letters were finished, and I proudly showed Bob a check for fifty dollars. That night we celebrated by buying hot tamales from a cart. We built a bonfire and ate tamales by firelight, and talked. We couldn't have been happier. "Of all the places to be," Bob said, "and of all the people in the world to be with, I'm glad we're right here together." I felt the same way.

The day came when I registered for classes along with Bob. We caught the early bus, after leaving Bobby with his grandmother. Riding along one morning, we saw an old Model A Ford convertible sitting in a used-car lot. We got off the bus, bought the little car and drove away. My tuition money was gone, but by this time we had acquired a reckless disregard for the problems tomorrow might bring. We enjoyed riding to school in our ancient car. It had no side windows, only "pneumonia holes," as we called them. In freezing weather we wrapped ourselves in blankets and rolled along, singing so loudly that pedestrians stared.

With degree and certificate requirements completed in August, I signed a contract to teach the following winter. The next June I returned to my Alma Mater and was graduated with that year's class, proudly wearing cap and maternity gown. Bonnie Jeanne was born in September, six days after Bobby's fifth birthday. The following June the children and I sat on the lawn of the college quadrangle and saw Bob receive his degree.

Our dream was coming true. Three years had passed since that night when we had decided we wanted to teach. Now, if either of us was tempted by some of the attractive offers which had been made to Bob since graduation, we said nothing. We had learned more in those three years than was shown on our college records. We knew that money and happiness are not always found in the same house, because we had just passed through three of our happiest years with a minimum of money.

Bob taught manual training the next winter. I had signed a contract to teach second grade. Bobby went to school with us every day, and Bonnie stayed with her aunt, who had a two-year-old daughter. During that year, I learned that Bob had a special gift that I hadn't known about: He could win the respect and friendship of adolescent boys. As for myself, I found that there was a lot to learn even after four years of college. After my first day in class, I began going from room to room, talking with experienced teachers and borrowing material to study at night in an attempt to stay one day ahead of my second-grade pupils.

At the end of that year Bob was offered the job as counselor in the guidance department of the Birmingham city schools. He administers intelligence and psychological tests, confers with parents and children, and makes recommendations to the parents and teachers. If Bob is to advance in his work he must earn a master's degree, and maybe someday a Ph.D.

At present I am a first-grade teacher at Inglenook School in Birmingham. My job is to begin at the beginning; to teach the first letter of the first word, and to teach the basic laws of group behavior. I like my job best of all those in the entire educational field.

How do our jobs compare with others we might have taken? We have asked ourselves that question because we need to know. Bob is thirty-one years old; I, am thirty. In a few years it will be too late to make another major change. Happily for us, we don't want to change. We have found what we were looking for primarily—more time together. We have more time for family fun, and we do things that would be impossible if we held ordinary jobs. During the school's three months' vacation last summer, Bob built us a home in the country with seven rooms, two baths and a full basement. He subcontracted very little labor. Then he cleared new ground and planted a garden. Do-it-yourself isn't a fad with us. It is a way of life, and one that we enjoy. Together we filled the freezer and at Christmas we butchered a calf that we had bought and fattened. We buy milk, eggs and bread as needed. For the rest, we make one trip a month for groceries—about forty dollars' worth. Our leisure time has paid off.

Another reason we like teaching is the fact that it is not a high-pressure job. There are no towering sales quotas to meet, no overnight failures in our profession. We deal with human beings, and they all move at different speeds. Most of our superiors were classroom teachers themselves. Trusting us to do our best, they demand nothing that is unreasonable.

We have great freedom in the way we do our work. It is largely up to the teacher to decide how to help a child adjust socially, or how to teach multiplication most effectively, or what to tell parents to give them insight into their children's problems.

As long as Americans keep on producing children, our profession has a good future. Each September the schools will receive a new batch of the wide-eyed little darlings, smelling of shoe polish, cough drops and peanut-butter sandwiches. They won't know the difference between a penny and a quarter or between *c-a-t* and *d-o-g;* they won't even recognize their own names when they see them in writing for the first time. We work in a sort of eternal Fountain of Youth, where each fall the world is new again.

Another reason why we don't quit is that many parents, and children, too, tell us that they appreciate what we are doing. We were Christmas shopping when a young couple backed Bob into a corner. A teen-age boy stood behind them, grinning. "We want to thank you for helping Andy," the father said. "He is making good grades and was elected class president last week."

Our phone rang one Saturday night. As Bob talked, I watched a smile light up his face. "That was Ed, a boy I worked with," he told me. "He just wanted to say 'Thanks.'"

"What did you do?" I asked.

Bob explained that the boy had come to see him because he was failing every subject he was taking. Ed had two ambitions: to quit school and to work on radios. Bob had not tried to lecture him on the importance of going on with his education. Instead, he got out the morning paper and told the boy they were going to find a job. Together they looked through the classified ads. Over and over again, the ads read, "High-school graduates only need apply." Bob called several radio shops and made appointments for the boy to be interviewed for a job. Ed came back the next morning.

"It's no use, Mr. Storrs," he said. "I'll have to finish school." He did go back to school, and he's making passing grades in all his subjects.

"Man, I thought you'd never get here!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I remember Mrs. C. She sat across the desk from me, well dressed and intelligent, but visibly distressed. "Why isn't Hank making any progress? We work with him, and I know you do. He's forgotten everything by the time he goes out the door in the morning." She had a right to know, and I told her that her son had a low I.Q. and would always be a slow learner.

"You will never know how grateful I am that you told me that," she said. "I know it wasn't easy for you because I know how hard it will be for me to tell my husband." At the door, she took my hand. "'Thank you' isn't much to say, but what else can I say?" Her eyes filled with unshed tears, and I remember thinking, *What a lucky little boy Hank is.*

I remember a rainy winter afternoon when the last bell rang. A tiny little woman came into the room, dressed in dungarees, her hair tied up in a bandanna. "I know you must be tired when you get home," she said. "Here's a chocolate pie, fresh from the oven, to go with your dinner tonight."

Just one incident like that cancels out the sting of a dozen clashes with the other kind of parents that a teacher meets. It is puzzling to me that there should ever be unpleasantness between teachers and parents. After all, they both love the child, even if the nature and extent of the love differ.

One of the most enjoyable aspects of being a teacher is that we teachers like each other. We're all working toward the same goal and we all have to begin over again every September. Most teachers that Bob and I know cope bravely with the problem of inadequate salaries. Our three years of have-not economy fitted us well for the penny-pinching and dollar-stretching that we still have to do.

Of course, we could use larger salary checks, but the greatness of the teaching profession lies in that which we give away. Love and understanding hearts aren't for sale anywhere. All the gold in Fort Knox can't buy one act of kindness or one moment of happiness. But the teacher offers these things to her children, and if we are repaid, it is in ways that touch the heart—a piece of mashed chocolate cake, a fistful of flowers picked on the way to school, valentines with "I love you" scrawled on them.

Oh, it isn't absolutely necessary to love children to teach them. Just shut yourself up in a room with them. Worry over the slow ones. Rejoice over the bright ones. Deal with the noisy ones, prod the lazy ones. Look at the ones who seldom speak or smile, and wish fervently that just once that child would perk up enough to misbehave. Feel your heart break when one arrives on a frosty morning, barefoot, and carrying no lunch. Pay extra attention to the girl who wears expensive clothes, but clings to you at every opportunity; she has too much of everything except love. Send a couple of children home with raging fevers. Wash one flushed little face for the child who suddenly lost his lunch. Feel yourself grow a little when you learn to say, to someone half your size, "I'm sorry; I was mistaken." No, a teacher doesn't have to love her children, but she's fighting a losing battle when she tries to remain impersonal.

Bob and I will keep going back, year after year, because we treasure the human values we have found in the teaching profession. Our days are full and happy. Teaching is a job, but it is also a way of life. Money is a problem, but there is no chip on our shoulders. We don't feel that we are being ill-treated. We went into the teaching with our eyes open, we like it and we aren't going to quit.

THE END

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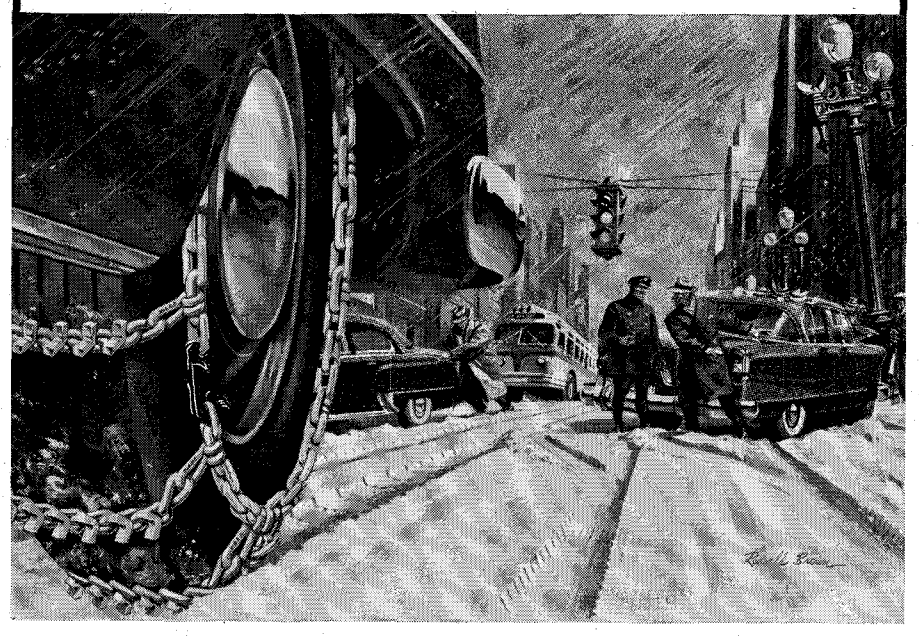

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In Business for Your Safety

The Merry Maestro of Michigan State

(Continued from Page 37)

fun. It is this that sets him apart in the ulcer-prone coaching profession. This is also the quality that links him most closely, in the minds of some, to the little people of the Irish moonlight.

Although it has never been established scientifically that Daugherty is himself a leprechaun, the little old ladies—and many others—can tell you that a specimen of Duffy's age and dimensions would look and act very much as he does. He is forty-one years old, five feet nine and a half, and weighs 190 pounds. His face is a map of Ireland divided by rivers of laugh lines. His nose is an impudent, flaring thing. His chin is strong. His eyes are blue. His once-red hair is graying but curly. In the interest of accuracy, it must be reported that his ears do not come to a point nor do his toes curl up, as they do in the classic leprechaun, but perhaps these characteristics of the breed are dying out.

One hallmark he has in abundance: the gift of laughter. Duffy is the new sensation of the banquet circuit and of the coaching clinics. There are many coaches and athletic directors who have platform presence and can tell a good story, but this fellow is something special. He is a working comedian. His technique is as polished and diversified as his football team's multiple offense.

Using the "in-my-old-home-town" approach, Daugherty gave a typical performance last fall at a meeting of the Chicago American Quarterback Club. One of his stories brought tears of laughter to the eyes of Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley, who has heard a few thousand after-dinner speakers in his time.

It was a story about a young man named Fred, with whom Daugherty had worked in the coal mines back home in Barnesboro, Pennsylvania. Fred's ambition in life was to own a $300 suit. As Daugherty told it, the young miner eventually was the beneficiary of a financial windfall that enabled him to purchase a luxurious handmade suit from Adam Adamowski, a Barnesboro tailor. Fred was tremendously pleased with his $300 investment until jealous comrades began planting seeds of discontent.

With gestures and in dialect, Daugherty related how the first false friend told Fred his left sleeve was too short. The perturbed young man went back to tailor Adamowski, who calmed his client by assuring him that the sleeve would lengthen if it were pulled on for a week. Daugherty ambled up and down the elevated speakers' platform to show how Fred walked the streets of Barnesboro, tugging at his sleeve.

Then the right lapel popped up. Fred was told to hold it down for a few days. Daugherty demonstrated what his pal Fred looked like at this point, tugging his sleeve with one hand and holding his lapel with the other.

Finally, some spoilsport remarked that the seat of the trousers didn't fit properly. Adamowski, the tailor, somewhat desperate now, tried to convince his no-longer-satisfied customer that this situation also would adjust itself if the belt were tugged at for a day or so. It was here that the tears began to roll from the eyes of Mayor Daley as he watched Michigan State's football coach laboriously make his way along the platform, pulling at a coat sleeve with his left hand, holding a lapel in place with his chin, and tugging at his belt with his right hand.

Daugherty wound up the story by recounting a conversation between two visitors to Barnesboro as they watched Fred's strange contortions on Main Street.

"Look at that poor guy," the first stranger said. "He's in terrible physical shape, ain't he?"

"Yeah," the second stranger replied, "but he's sure wearing a beautiful suit."

That punch line admittedly is no rouser, but by then it didn't matter. Daugherty's platform antics had his listeners laughing so hard they couldn't hear him anyway.

Such comedy routines are only part of Duffy's repertoire as an impromptu entertainer. He is an accomplished pantomimist, and also an enthusiastic tenor. He was good enough to sing in the Tambourine and Bones Society shows in his student days at the University of Syracuse. His songs and patter were the hit of one of the All-American-football-team banquets in New York last fall.

Some coaches who leave 'em laughing in the luncheon league seem about as funny as a forearm in the face to the kids who play for them. Daugherty makes his players laugh too—and he wants them to make him laugh. In 1947, when Daugherty was an assistant coach, Michigan State established the "Oil Can" award. This is an inscribed green oilcan presented annually to the ranking humorist of the football squad.

> The quickest way to win a child's heart is to give him what he wants—just as you do with grownups.
>
> VESTA M. KELLY

Duffy explained something about the award—and revealed much about himself—at a University of Cincinnati football clinic last spring. "I encourage a lot of laughs," Duffy told the assembled coaches. "You should get a kick out of the game. It shouldn't be drudgery, especially at practice. We have this award for the player who contributes the most humor. That doesn't mean he's just a comedian. He has to be a good player too."

Duffy's way with the boys who play for him, and his ability to captivate football writers and fans, are the extra assets that remind old-timers of the immortal Rockne, who was an irresistible personality as well as a marvelously successful coach. Rockne himself couldn't have done a better public-relations job than Daugherty did last year in connection with the Rose Bowl game. Too often in the previous nine years of Big Ten-Pacific Coast rivalry, Rose Bowl preparations had the air of a battle for survival between mortal enemies.

Daugherty would have none of this hysteria. He retained his "let's-have-fun" policies and put them in a showcase for all of California to see. Instead of posting guards and drilling behind closed gates, he invited the public to watch the Spartans work out at their East Los Angeles Junior College practice field on December nineteenth. More than 3000 people turned up, and Duffy took over the public-address microphone to explain the Spartans' maneuvers to them humorously and intelligently.

Duffy won his Coach of the Year award last season by the largest vote in the twenty-one-year history of the American Football Coaches Association, receiving 199 of 492 first-place ballots. He has the liking and respect of coaches who are his bitterest professional rivals, such as Terry Brennan, the bright young man of Notre Dame.

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Brennan says that Daugherty has an instinct for making the right gesture. Terry relates, "In 1954—the first season for both of us as head coaches—Duffy received a shillelagh a few days before our game. That Saturday he carried it around on the field for good luck. However, we won, 20–19, and when we met at midfield for the traditional handshake after the game, Duffy handed me the shillelagh and said, 'Here, Terry, you take it. It didn't bring me any luck today.' After our game last year, which Michigan State won, I turned the shillelagh back to Duffy." This year Daugherty retained the "trophy" by a wide margin as his Spartans snowed under Notre Dame, 47–14.

In his amiable way, Duffy ridicules the deadly seriousness that afflicts some of the followers of college football teams. After his fine season last fall, Daugherty addressed an alumni group. "I want to thank you for inviting me here to tell you about my team," Duffy began. Then, like a small boy who had blurted the wrong thing in the presence of his elders, the coach paused. "Oh! Excuse me," he said sheepishly. "This is your team. Last year, when we won only three games, it was my team."

On April 13, 1955, when Michigan State College became Michigan State University, Duffy was asked to comment on the change. "I'm sure," he declared impishly, "that everyone will understand that a brand-new university can't be expected to produce a winning football team overnight."

Daugherty is not one of those successful men who wear a big smile in public and a sourpuss at home. His wife, Frances, says, "He has the most wonderful disposition of anyone you'd want to meet." The Daughertys, who have two children, live in a tastefully decorated six-room house in East Lansing, the university town.

His own childhood surroundings were, of course, considerably different. It is taken for granted that every football player who lived in a coal region made good in sports because he hated working in the mines. But the nonconformist Duffy says, "I didn't go to school and play football simply to get away from the mines. As a matter of fact, if I had it to do all over again, I'd want to be raised in the same home town and work in the mine with the same people I worked with when I was a kid."

Daugherty found more than drudgery in the pit. Down below the surface he found interesting companions and, incidentally, learned the dialects that now help him put over his stories. But his early years included plenty of hardship; if he had grown up an embittered man instead of a sunny one, the psychiatrists would have found it easy to explain.

Duffy, two older brothers and a younger sister were born to Joseph Aloysius Daugherty and Elizabeth Nesbit Wilson in Emeigh, Pennsylvania, a very small town in the west-central part of the state. Although the name of Hugh Duffy Daugherty sounds Irish all the way, only his paternal grandparents came from Ireland. His maternal grandparents were natives of Scotland. He is a Presbyterian. His middle name comes from a grandmother, Margaret Duffy Daugherty, who lived with the family for many years.

His father worked as a miner and as manager of a mine-company store. Then Mr. Daugherty opened his own clothing store in Barnesboro, a somewhat larger town not far from Emeigh. The Daughertys prospered in Barnesboro until the area was hit by a coal strike that dragged on for eighteen months in the middle 1920's. Joe Daugherty was wiped out financially, but Duffy's father resolved to pay off all his obligations in full, no matter how long it took.

"I was very young when the store failed," Duffy says, "but I know the debt was in the thousands of dollars. My dad and mother had a very tough time. Many years they had all they could do to meet the interest. But when dad died in February of 1951, every penny had been paid."

Mrs. Daugherty, still very active at the age of sixty-six as a sorority house mother on the Syracuse University campus, recalls that her two younger sons, Joe and Duffy, gave her no dull moments. One of their most uninhibited stunts was "tobogganing" down the stairs in the two sections of her turkey roaster.

Joe and Duffy got their first taste of competitive football with a team that has become historic in Barnesboro. This was the Alley Eleven, organized in the alley behind the main street—a team for boys between eleven and fourteen who weighed from eighty-five to 110 pounds. The thirty-three-boy squad was fostered and coached by Francis Fagan, a former high-school star. The Alley Eleven won twenty-seven games and lost only one in 1926-27-28.

"Some of our games were played on snow-covered fields lined with coal dust," recalls Fagan. "On Saturday night the major college-football scores would be printed in whitewash on the window of the old corner drugstore, and the Alley Eleven's score would top all the rest."

Another illustrious alumnus of the team is Augie Donatelli, the National League umpire. Augie and Joe Daugherty were halfbacks, Duffy was a lineman.

Although there was time for sports, the Daugherty brothers always worked to help their parents with that overwhelming debt. Joe and Duffy caddied at the Chetremon Country Club, where Duffy's grin and spirit paid off. "He was probably the most popular caddie on the course," Joe says. "Influential members would haul Duff with them to caddie wherever they played."

At Barnesboro High, first Joe and then Duffy succeeded their big brother, Jack, as varsity center. "For about nine straight years there, nobody but a Daugherty played center for the school," Duffy says.

Each of the Daugherty brothers graduated from high school at sixteen. Each went through college, as did sister Jean, but not right away. "Our family goal was four college degrees," says Duffy's mother now, "but I must admit that our chances of reaching that goal seemed remote." The three boys and sister Jean ultimately got those degrees because the Daughertys decided to make their own breaks.

Older brother Jack worked with the state highway engineers for two years before he enrolled at Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. He is now an associate professor of physical education at Indiana University. Middle brother Joe set the family endurance record by staying out of school seven years. He worked in a bakery, in a shirt factory and around the mines. Now Joe is a superintendent of a ship-fitting firm in Waynesboro, Virginia. Duffy himself worked four years—in the shirt factory and in the mines—before he began his college education. Sister Jean is a writer and director at station WHEN-TV in Syracuse, New York.

Tragedy was part of life in Barnesboro, as it is in every mining town. When Duffy was fourteen months old, his grandfather, Joseph Wilson, was killed in a mine. Hugo Vivadelli, a pal of the Daugherty brothers, lost his father in the Marsteller mine.

Young Duffy couldn't let any of this discourage him. "Mining was the main industry around Barnesboro," Daugherty explains. "If you were going to work—and I had to work—the mine was it. I knew that someday—I didn't know when—I'd get out of the colliery."

Looking back, Duffy says, "Everybody asks me if the years I spent out of school were dismal ones. On the contrary, they were very happy years. Sure, we had a tough time during the depression, but everybody in Barnesboro was pretty much in the same boat, and we helped one

"The trouble with you, Quentin, is you allow yourself to become downhearted too easily."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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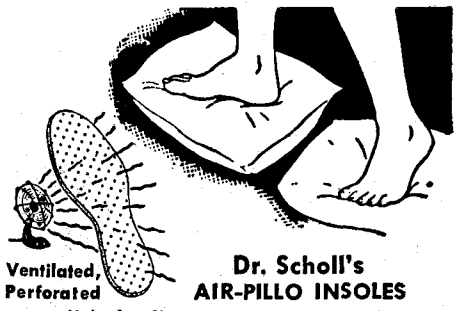

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another. Heck, we could go to the Friday-night dances at Sunset Park and have a good time for about forty cents."

The Daugherty brothers and their sister also had a good time in their home. Father and mother Daugherty saw to that. Hugo Vivadelli, today the high-school principal in Spangler, Pennsylvania, says, "The Daugherty house on Tenth Street was the stopping place for everyone in the neighborhood. After my dad was killed in the mine, Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty took on another son by the name of Hugo. I was treated as one of the family."

After they left high school, Joe and Duffy played football with a town team, as their father had before them. Eventually Jim Rorapaugh, a Barnesboro boy who had played football at the University of Syracuse, suggested that Duffy would be good scholarship material. Duffy entered Syracuse in 1936, with brother Joe enrolling a year later.

Joe had no chance to play varsity football, because he broke a leg during a scrimmage in his freshman year. Things worked out better for Duffy, who was called "Stubby" in his Syracuse days. Still a center by inclination, the 175-pounder was switched to guard in his freshman season. The next year Daugherty came into the orbit of large Clarence Munn, varsity line coach under Ossie Solem. Biggie Munn, who had twice been an All-American guard at the University of Minnesota, already was one of the bright young men of the coaching profession.

Recalling that long-ago season, Munn says, "Daugherty was a little, curly-headed, redheaded guy. He was smaller than the other linemen, but I kinda took a fancy to him, and pleaded with the head coach to start him in the Cornell-Syracuse game of 1937. Duffy played real well and we upset Cornell. He was a first-string guard the rest of the way."

A year later Munn was gone to the University of Michigan—not to be confused with Michigan State—as assistant to Fritz Crisler. Daugherty then came under the direction of another assistant who was destined to become a big man in football—Bud Wilkinson, now coach at the University of Oklahoma.

In his junior year Duffy saw East Lansing for the first time, when Syracuse played Michigan State. He literally broke his neck in the game. "It wasn't really as bad as it sounds," he says; "just a cracked vertebra. But they put me in a cast from my head down to my waist."

Daugherty recovered from the broken neck and was co-captain in his senior year. He graduated in June of 1940 and went into the Army in February of 1941. After Pearl Harbor he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Transportation Corps and assigned to an overseas outfit at Oakland, California.

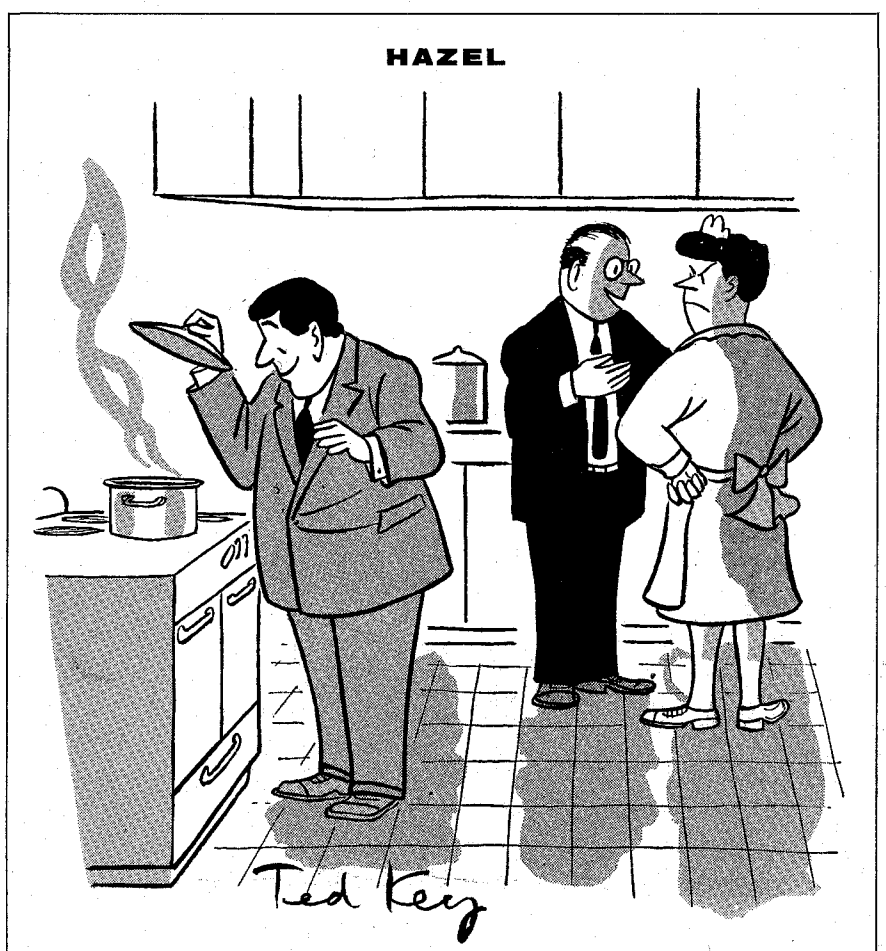
Duffy met Frances Steccati, a slender, brown-eyed brunette, in San Francisco on the eighth day of June, 1942, when he was calling upon another girl. Frances and the redheaded lieutenant were married just eighteen days later in San Francisco's St. Vincent de Paul Roman Catholic Church. They now have a son, Danny, almost ten, and a daughter, Dree, two and a half.

Duffy served twenty-six months in New Guinea with the 387th Port Battalion and was discharged as a major. Back in the United States in the fall of 1945, he underwent a kidney operation at Fort Jay, New York, while on terminal leave. During his recuperation he took a coaching job on a part-time basis at Trinity School, in New York City.

Michigan came to New York that season to play Army, and Daugherty had a reunion with his old line coach, Biggie Munn. Biggie was going to move to Syracuse to become head coach in 1946. He wanted Duffy as an assistant, but there was a catch to the offer—Munn could pay him only $2000 a year.

"That's all I have right now," Biggie explained apologetically. "That's all I can offer. But I'll take you and teach you line play and get you up in this business as fast as I can." Daugherty, then thirty years old, took the job at $2000.

Munn and his staff produced no miracles at Syracuse. They won four of nine games in 1946. There were some problems. "We didn't have enough players to scrimmage," Duffy says. "Some afternoons we'd only have seventeen out for practice."



"When who should I run into, as big as life . . . "

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By the spring of 1947 both Munn and Daugherty were working at Michigan State College. Duffy's salary rocketed to $3500, still somewhat less than he would have made annually if he had remained an active member of John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers union.

The debut of Biggie Munn and associates at Michigan State was a resounding flop. Their first Spartan team lost its opening game to powerful Michigan by a score of 55–0, one of the most humiliating defeats in the long series. But things soon improved astonishingly. In the seven years of the Munn regime, the Spartans won fifty-four games, lost nine and tied two. They defeated Michigan four years in succession, and won three in a row from Notre Dame. In 1952 Michigan State was national champion and Munn was Coach of the Year.

In 1953 Michigan State at last began playing football as a member of the Big Ten. Along with the elation on the campus there was embarrassment. The Spartans spent this first season on probation. The school was disciplined by the Big Ten because of the activities of the Spartan Foundation, an alumni group suspected of providing unauthorized financial aid for football players. The university took steps to clean up the situation, the foundation was disbanded and the probation was lifted as of December 11, 1953.

Meanwhile the football team wound up in a tie with Illinois for the 1953 Big Ten championship. Selected to represent the conference in the Rose Bowl, the Spartans beat UCLA, 28–20. Two weeks later Munn moved up to the athletic director's chair. Simultaneously, Daugherty was announced as the new head coach at a salary of $13,000. Last fall he was raised $1000.

"The choice was left entirely up to me," Munn emphasizes. "When I named Duff some administration people said, 'Are you sure?' I told them I was positive."

Daugherty similarly was positive that he was ready. He had been a good line coach under Munn. From 1949 on, Duffy's defensive lines invariably ranked with the best in the nation. His 1952 unit was No. 1 nationally in defense against rushing. He coached six All-American linemen—Ed Bagdon, Don Coleman, Don Mason, Dick Tamburo, Frank Kush and Larry Fowler.

Biggie was sure of Duffy, and Duffy was sure of himself, but when Daugherty's first squad lost those six games everybody else was unsure. "When you're winning, they think the informal approach is wonderful, but when you're losing, they say you're too easygoing," Duffy remarks dryly. "But I'm not easygoing, and neither are the members of my staff. We work the kids hard. But we try to keep it from being all work. The kids call me Duffy. They call the other coaches by their first names too. That's how it was under Biggie, so it's nothing new around here. I go from group to group during practice and try to keep 'em happy by telling a joke or two. Kids eighteen and nineteen have to feel that you are approachable."

Dale Hollern, a June graduate who is now spreading the Daugherty doctrines as coach at Laingsburg High School in Michigan, testifies that football was fun at Michigan State. Hollern, a three-letter man at guard, says, "Duffy would tell us, 'If you don't have a good time out here, there is no point in coming out.' I know I enjoyed playing, and I think the rest of the guys did too. I'm going to try to run my teams the same way."

Walt Kowalczyk, the powerful junior halfback who was voted the outstanding player of the Rose Bowl game, is a witness to the fact that Daugherty can be a driver when driving is necessary. "When Duffy tells you off," Walt says, "he does it in such a way that you don't get mad at him, but at yourself. After Michigan beat us last year, the papers were saying that we really should have won, that we outplayed them. Duffy told us that was a lot of hooey. He really put it to us. We played a lot better after that."

They played so well that they didn't lose another game all year, finishing second in the Big Ten behind Ohio State. Since the Buckeyes had gone to Pasadena the year before, Michigan State got the Rose Bowl assignment this time. In the final minute against UCLA, sophomore end Dave Kaiser, who had never kicked a field goal in a game before, booted an amazing forty-one-yarder to give the Spartans their 17–14 victory.

Last year Michigan State was a surprise team in the Big Ten, but this season everybody had the Spartans tabbed as the outfit to beat. Returning from the Rose Bowl Squad were such standouts as halfbacks Kowalczyk and Clarence Peaks; ends Kaiser, Bob Jewett, Jim Hinesly and Tony Kolodziej; tackle Pat Burke; guards Dan Currie and Arch Matsos; and center John Matsko, the team's captain. The 1956 Spartans picked up where the 1955 team had left off, sweeping through their first four games.

Along with his other assets, Duffy Daugherty has a deserved reputation as a great recruiter of talented players. From personal experience, he knows the problems and ambitions of boys who use football as a springboard to a college degree.

It has been said that because of Daugherty, Michigan State has more Pennsylvanians than Penn State and Fred Waring combined. This merrily malicious jest is something less than literally true. Of the eighty-one boys who dressed for the Spartans' spring-practice game last May, exactly thirteen were from Pennsylvania. However, Michigan State does have a higher percentage of players from other sectors than many state universities. Forty-one of the "horses" listed on the spring roster were corralled in Michigan; the forty others were out-of-state boys.

The great majority of the Pennsylvanians who have come to Michigan State were recommended by Daugherty's friends or friends of friends. Hugo Vivadelli, the high-school principal, who also officiates at numerous schoolboy football games, says, "Since Duffy went to Michigan State, I have been sending boys there every year. I have never had a boy that I recommended come back to me and say that he didn't like Duffy or the school. Duffy possesses those fine qualities of character, honesty and leadership that we need so much in America today. If we only had more like him."

Whether the kids come from Michigan, Pennsylvania or Hawaii, they all seem to respond to Daugherty's coaching approach. In the Michigan State dressing room before the Rose Bowl game last year, Duffy spoke after the pregame prayer. If he had stepped out of character for once to deliver a rousing pregame oration, nobody would have been shocked. The Rose Bowl might do that to any coach. Instead, Duffy said to his boys, "Do you want to be happy tonight? Do you want to be happy tomorrow? Then go out there and have a good time."

The Spartans had a good time. They usually have a good time. Duffy Daugherty has convinced them that victory can be a laughing matter. THE END

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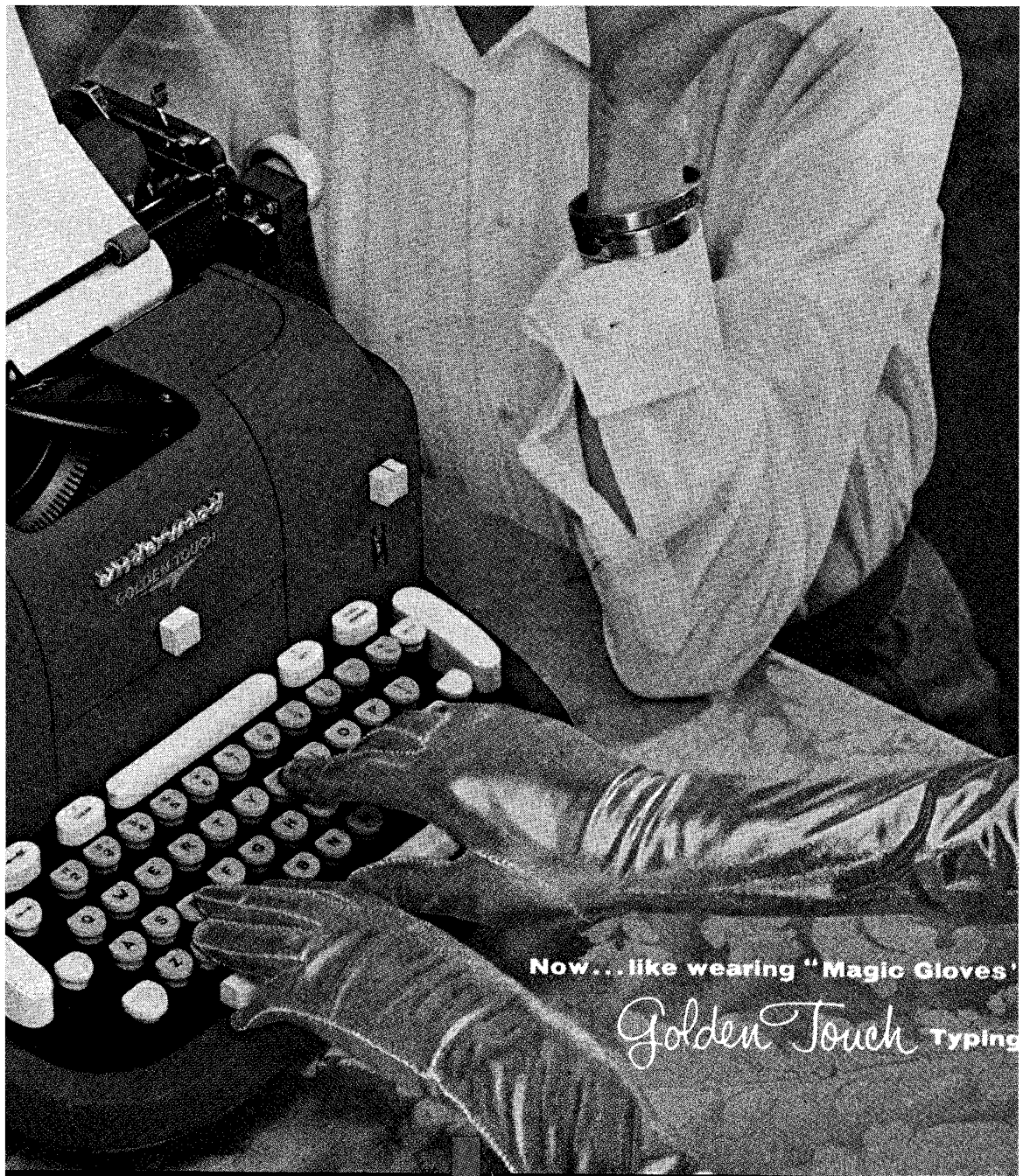

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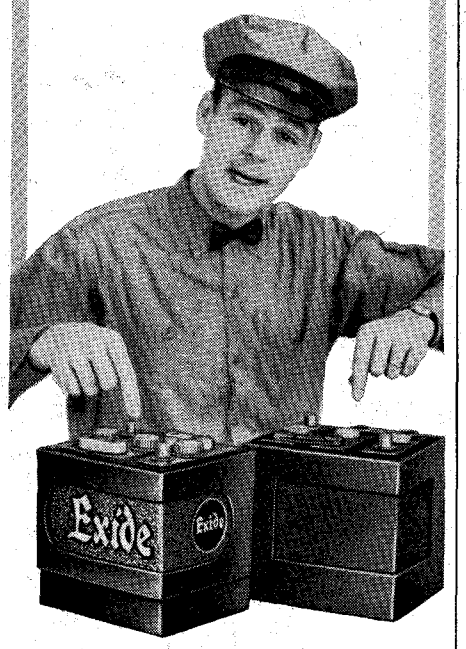

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Keeping Posted

How They Evolved the Story of Walt Disney

Disney drops in as daughter Diane and Pete Martin polish their manuscript.

Walt Disney (page 25) looked up from the manuscript which his daughter Diane had asked him to read, and he said to Pete Martin, Diane's collaborator, "I've been written up a great many times, but this is the first time the warm, intimate, true story has come through." Then he paid a tribute which in Martin's experience, despite all his years of writing about people, was almost unique; Disney's eyes filled with tears. Disney is a man of deep and swift sentiment, as the true geniuses so often are. Indeed, he can cry at a good movie—he walks out on bad movies, which perhaps enables him not to cry at *them*. "In factual writing," Martin reflects, "it's not too hard to make people laugh. But to bring that eye mist is something else again." The tears made Martin happy. Diane too.

They were sitting as you see them in the picture. Behind them is the Disney recreation house, before them the swimming pool. Beyond the pool, the lawn sweeps away to the friendly home over which Mrs. Disney presides. Disney was reading passages in the manuscript in which Diane was tenderly relating childhood memories of her father, telling things that he didn't know she knew or had thought about him.

It made Martin recall a similar experience of his own when he and his son, Peter, now on the editorial staff of Time magazine, collaborated in the Post in 1952 on a talk-back-and-forth piece about Dartmouth College while Peter was a student there. "What the young ones think sort of bowls you over," says Martin; and Disney got bowled over and over. In the end he wrote a letter to Editor Ben Hibbs, glowing about what a sensitive job Diane and Martin had done. Martin latched onto the letter, and let's make a memo to look into Martin's cherished-souvenir department some week—it must be a young museum by now.

Of course, in this unusual daughter-writer hookup, the essence of success had to be co-operation by the father, and that came freely. Late each afternoon, after Diane and Martin had played throw-and-catch with words, Disney would knock off at the studio and come to listen in. "That wasn't easy for him—he has a terrific work schedule," Martin comments. "He didn't do it for me, but because of his deep interest in Diane's writing project. Diane and Sharon—he's crazy about his daughters." Which brings to mind (this being football season) that Diane's husband, Ron Miller, is currently a rookie end with the Los Angeles Rams, and one sees by the papers that he's a dandy at the sport with the crazy-bounding ball.

Early in the talk-it-out task Martin discovered that there were times when he should keep his mouth shut and others when he should do business with it. Often the problem of the told-to person is to deftly guide conversation, helpfully stimulating the teller to tell all. Diane liked it that way. But when her dad would sometimes offer a comment, he didn't go for piloting interjections—they untracked his thinking. So with Disney, Martin occasionally tried just dropping a question to get him started and then jumping back out of the way; and this worked fine.

Only once did Diane and her father get into a hassle. This was regarding the anecdote in which Disney, when Diane was in her teens, asked her what he could put in Disneyland to appeal to teen-age girls, and the admirable answer was alleged to have been "Boys." Diane said she didn't say it; Disney said she did. For a brief time they did-didn'ted; then just wound up in a well-maybe draw. Not really much of a hassle, was it?

Inside Information on the Disney Cover

One day, when he was supposed to be eating his lunch, Art Editor Ken Stuart sketched a design for this week's Walt Disney cover on his napkin. When it came time to select a painter, he remembered that Gustaf Tenggren, world-famous illustrator of children's books, especially of the fairy-tale genre, had some years ago worked with Disney on phases of the exquisite Snow White, Pinocchio, Bambi and Fantasia films. Stuart had to search around some to locate Tenggren, as fairy-tale illustrations have been a little out of the Post's line. Presently pinpointing the illustrator and his charming wife living in a 115-year-old house on an island off the Maine coast (there's a bridge), he sent the painter his design, but not on the napkin. Three weeks later, in came the painting; Tenggren had had a grand time doing it.

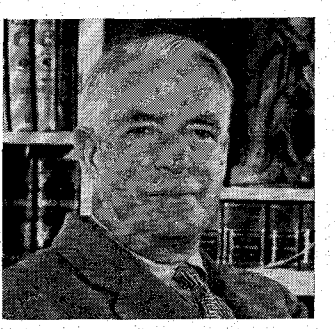
A quick biography of this Swedish-born man hurries across several maps: at eighteen, an illustrator of Swedish fairy-tale books; at nineteen, similar success in Denmark; then, as the first World War began, to America to succeed brilliantly in New York with what one critic has termed "the imaginative charm of his childhood themes and the artist's blending of mature humor, color and style." Presently he went to the land of Disney. And by and by back east, finally to Dogfish Head, West Southport, Maine. Parenthetically, mustn't it be a bit chilly there in winter, with the ocean outside the door? "Oh," says Mrs. Tenggren, "the sea tempers the air. Besides, let me tell you about our great fireplaces."

It seems that Tenggren paints in long, intensive gusts—in the A.M., the P.M., the evening, and why pause for weekends? Then, having had it, suddenly he switches to his other self (or selves), into an architect, a builder, a cabinetmaker, a plumber, a mason, and an artist at every craft. With his own hands and tools, seldom with a single helper, he has

Gustaf Tenggren: a self-portrait.

wholly re-created his venerable house into a place of rare functionalism and beauty—and now he's doing likewise with his studio, the ancient barn. Mrs. Tenggren suspects he is toying with the idea of building a new house. As for those fireplaces: each his own gracious design, each consumes six-foot logs. And to cap the climax of his artistry, they don't smoke.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"Rendezvous in Tokyo"



One of the favorite sleuths of fiction, Mr. Moto, reappears in an exciting new serial by the eminent John P. Marquand, author of The Late George Apley and of other prize-winning novels.

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